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Serious Reflections during  
The Life and Strange Adventures of

# Robinson Crusoe

With his vision of  
The Angelic World

PART II

The History of the Life  
and Surprising Adventures of  
Mr. Duncan Campbell

By

*DANIEL DEFOE*

With the author's preface, and an introduction by

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DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

VOLUME II



The C. T. Bramard  
Publishing Co.

Boston

New York



*EDITION DE LUXE*

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## ROBINSON CRUSOE'S PREFACE

**A**S the design of everything is said to be first in the intention, and last in the execution, so I come now to acknowledge to my reader that the present work is not merely the product of the two first volumes, but the two first volumes may rather be called the product of this. The fable is always made for the moral, not the moral for the fable.

I have heard that the envious and ill-disposed part of the world have raised some objections against the two first volumes, on pretence, for want of a better reason, that (as they say) the story is feigned, that the names are borrowed, and that it is all a romance; that there never were any such man or place, or circumstances in any man's life, that it is all formed and embellished by invention to impose upon the world.

I, Robinson Crusoe, being at this time in perfect and sound mind and memory, thanks be to God therefor, do hereby declare their objection is an invention scandalous in design, and false in fact; and do affirm that the story, though allegorical, is also historical; and that it is the beautiful representation of a life of unexampled misfortunes, and of a variety not to be met with in the world, sincerely adapted to and intended for the common good of mankind, and designed at first, as it is now farther applied, to the most serious uses possible.

Farther, that there is a man alive, and well known too, the actions of whose life are the just subject of these volumes, and to whom all or most part of the

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story most directly alludes ; this may be depended upon for truth, and to this I set my name.

The famous "History of Don Quixote," a work which thousands read with pleasure, to one that knows the meaning of it, was an emblematic history of, and a just satire upon, the Duke de Medina Sidonia, a person very remarkable at that time in Spain. To those who knew the original, the figures were lively and easily discovered themselves, as they are also here, and the images were just ; and therefore, when a malicious but foolish writer, in the abundance of his gall, spoke of the quixotism of R Crusoe, as he called it, he showed, evidently, that he knew nothing of what he said ; and perhaps will be a little startled when I shall tell him that what he meant for a satire was the greatest of panegyrics.

Without letting the reader into a nearer explanation of the matter, I proceed to let him know, that the happy deductions I have employed myself to make, from all the circumstances of my story, will abundantly make him amends for his not having the emblem explained by the original ; and that when in my observations and reflections of any kind in this volume I mention my solitudes and retirements, and allude to the circumstances of the former story, all those parts of the story are real facts in my history, whatever borrowed lights they may be represented by. Thus the fright and fancies which succeeded the story of the print of a man's foot, and surprise of the old goat, and the thing rolling on my bed, and my jumping out in a fright, are all histories and real stories ; as are likewise the dream of being taken by messengers, being arrested by officers, the manner of being driven on shore by the surge of the sea, the ship on fire, the description of starving, the story of my man Friday, and many more most material passages observed here, and on

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which any religious reflections are made, are all historical and true in fact. It is most real that I had a parrot and taught it to call me by my name, such a servant a savage, and afterwards a Christian, and that his name was called Friday, and that he was ravished from me by force, and died in the hands that took him, which I represent by being killed; this is all literally true, and should I enter into discoveries many alive can testify them His other conduct and assistance to me also have just references in all their parts to the helps I had from that faithful savage in my real solitudes and disasters.

The story of the bear in the tree, and the fight with the wolves in the snow, is likewise matter of real history, and, in a word, the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" are one whole scheme of a real life of eight and twenty years, spent in the most wandering, desolate, and afflicting circumstances that ever man went through, and in which I have lived so long in a life of wonders, in continued storms, fought with the worst kind of savages and man-eaters; by unaccountable surprising incidents, fed by miracles greater than that of ravens, suffered all manner of violences and oppressions, injurious reproaches, contempt of men, attacks of devils, corrections from Heaven, and oppositions on earth; have had innumerable ups and downs in matters of fortune, been in slavery worse than Turkish, escaped by an exquisite management, as that in the story of Xury, and the boat at Sallec, been taken up at sea in distress, raised again and depressed again, and that oftener perhaps in one man's life than ever was known before; shipwrecked often, though more by land than by sea In a word, there is not a circumstance in the imaginary story but has its just allusion to a real story, and chimes part for part and step for step with the inimitable Life of Robinson Crusoe.

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In like manner, when in these reflections I speak of the times and circumstances of particular actions done, or incidents which happened, in my solitude and island-life, an impartial reader will be so just to take it as it is, viz, that it is spoken or intended of that part of the real story which the island-life is a just allusion to; and in this the story is not only illustrated, but the real part I think most justly approved. For example, in the latter part of this work called the Vision, I begin thus "When I was in my island-kingdom I had abundance of strange notions of my seeing apparitions," &c. All these reflections are just history of a state of forced confinement, which in my real history is represented by a confined retreat in an island, and it is as reasonable to represent one kind of imprisonment by another, as it is to represent anything that really exists by that which exists not. The story of my fright with something on my bed was word for word a history of what happened, and indeed all those things received very little alteration, except what necessarily attends removing the scene from one place to another.

My observations upon solitude are the same; and I think I need say no more than that the same remark is to be made upon all the references made here to the transactions of the former volumes, and the reader is desired to allow for it as he goes on.

Besides all this, here is the just and only good end of all parable or allegoric history brought to pass, viz., for moral and religious improvement. Here is invincible patience recommended under the worst of misery, indefatigable application and undaunted resolution under the greatest and most discouraging circumstances; I say, these are recommended as the only way to work through those miseries, and their success appears sufficient to support the most dead-hearted creature in the world.

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Had the common way of writing a man's private history been taken, and I had given you the conduct or life of a man you knew, and whose misfortunes and infirmities perhaps you had sometimes unjustly triumphed over, all I could have said would have yielded no diversion, and perhaps scarce have obtained a reading, or at best no attention, the teacher, like a greater, having no honour in his own country. Facts that are formed to touch the mind must be done a great way off, and by somebody never heard of. Even the miracles of the blessed Saviour of the world suffered scorn and contempt, when it was reflected that they were done by the carpenter's son; one whose family and original they had a mean opinion of, and whose brothers and sisters were ordinary people like themselves.

There even yet remains a question whether the instruction of these things will take place, when you are supposing the scene, which is placed so far off, had its original so near home.

But I am far from being anxious about that, seeing, I am well assured, that if the obstinacy of our age should shut their ears against the just reflections made in this volume upon the transactions taken notice of in the former, there will come an age when the minds of men shall be more flexible, when the prejudices of their fathers shall have no place, and when the rules of virtue and religion, justly recommended, shall be more gratefully accepted than they may be now, that our children may rise up in judgment against their fathers, and one generation be edified by the same teaching which another generation had despised.

ROB. CRUSOE.





**SERIOUS REFLECTIONS OF  
ROBINSON CRUSOE**



# SERIOUS REFLECTIONS *of* ROBINSON CRUSOE

## INTRODUCTION

*I MUST have made very little use of my solitary and wandering years if, after such a scene of wonders, as my life may be justly called, I had nothing to say, and had made no observations which might be useful and instructing, as well as pleasant and diverting, to those that are to come after me.*

## CHAPTER ONE

### OF SOLITUDE

How incapable to make us happy, and how unqualified to a  
Christian life

**I** HAVE frequently looked back, you may be sure, and that with different thoughts, upon the notions of a long tedious life of solitude, which I have represented to the world, and of which you must have formed some ideas, from the life of a man in an island. Sometimes I have wondered how it could be supported, especially for the first years, when the change was violent and imposed, and nature unacquainted with anything like it. Sometimes I have as much wondered why it should be any grievance or affliction, seeing upon the whole

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view of the stage of life which we act upon in this world it seems to me that life in general is, or ought to be, but one universal act of solitude, but I find it is natural to judge of happiness by its suiting or not suiting our own inclinations. Everything revolves in our minds by innumerable circular motions, all centering in ourselves. We judge of prosperity and of affliction, joy and sorrow, poverty, riches, and all the various scenes of life—I say, we judge of them by ourselves. Thither we bring them home, as meats touch the palate, by which we try them, the gay part of the world, or the heavy part, it is all one, they only call it pleasant or unpleasant, as they suit our taste.

The world, I say, is nothing to us but as it is more or less to our relish. All reflection is carried home, and our dear self is, in one respect, the end of living. Hence man may be properly said to be alone in the midst of the crowds and hurry of men and business. All the reflections which he makes are to himself, all that is pleasant he embraces for himself, all that is irksome and grievous is tasted but by his own palate.

What are the sorrows of other men to us, and what their joy? Something we may be touched indeed with by the power of sympathy, and a secret turn of the affections, but all the solid reflection is directed to ourselves. Our meditations are all solitude in perfection, our passions are all exercised in retirement, we love, we hate, we covet, we enjoy, all in privacy and solitude. All that we communicate of those things to any other is but for their assistance in the pursuit of our desires; the end is at home, the enjoyment, the contemplation, is all solitude and retirement, it is for ourselves we enjoy, and for ourselves we suffer.

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What, then, is the silence of life? And how is it afflicting while a man has the voice of his soul to speak to God and to himself? That man can never want conversation who is company for himself, and he that cannot converse profitably with himself is not fit for any conversation at all. And yet there are many good reasons why a life of solitude, as solitude is now understood by the age, is not at all suited to the life of a Christian or of a wise man. Without inquiring, therefore, into the advantages of solitude, and how it is to be managed, I desire to be heard concerning what solitude really is; for I must confess I have different notions about it, far from those which are generally understood in the world, and far from all those notions upon which those people in the primitive times, and since that also, acted, who separated themselves into deserts and unfrequented places, or confined themselves to cells, monasteries, and the like, retired, as they call it, from the world. All which, I think, have nothing of the thing I call solitude in them, nor do they answer any of the true ends of solitude, much less those ends which are pretended to be sought after by those who have talked most of those retreats from the world.

As for confinement in an island, if the scene was placed there for this very end, it were not at all amiss. I must acknowledge there was confinement from the enjoyments of the world, and restraint from human society. But all that was no solitude; indeed no part of it was so, except that which, as in my story, I applied to the contemplation of sublime things, and that was but a very little, as my readers well know, compared to what a length of years my forced retreat lasted.

It is evident then that, as I see nothing but what is far from being retired in the forced retreat of an

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island, the thoughts being in no composure suitable to a retired condition — no, not for a great while ; so I can affirm, that I enjoy much more solitude in the middle of the greatest collection of mankind in the world, I mean, at London, while I am writing this, than ever I could say I enjoyed in eight and twenty years' confinement to a desolate island.

I have heard of a man that, upon some extraordinary disgust which he took at the unsuitable conversation of some of his nearest relations, whose society he could not avoid, suddenly resolved never to speak any more. He kept his resolution most rigorously many years, not all the tears or entreaties of his friends — no, not of his wife and children — could prevail with him to break his silence. It seems it was their ill-behaviour to him, at first, that was the occasion of it, for they treated him with provoking language, which frequently put him into undecent passions, and urged him to rash replies, and he took this severe way to punish himself for being provoked, and to punish them for provoking him. But the severity was unjustifiable, it ruined his family, and broke up his house. His wife could not bear it, and after endeavouring, by all the ways possible, to alter his rigid silence, went first away from him, and afterwards away from herself, turning melancholy and distracted. His children separated, some one way and some another way, and only one daughter, who loved her father above all the rest, kept with him, tended him, talked to him by signs, and lived almost dumb like her father near twenty-nine years with him, till being very sick, and in a high fever, delirious as we call it, or light-headed, he broke his silence, not knowing when he did it, and spoke, though wildly at first. He recovered of the illness afterwards, and frequently talked with his

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daughter, but not much, and very seldom to anybody else.

Yet this man did not live a silent life with respect to himself, he read continually, and wrote down many excellent things, which deserved to have appeared in the world, and was often heard to pray to God in his solitudes very audibly and with great fervency, but the injustice which his rash vow — if it was a vow — of silence was to his family, and the length he carried it, was so unjustifiable another way, that I cannot say his instructions could have much force in them

Had he been a single man, had he wandered into a strange country or place where the circumstance of it had been no scandal, his vow of silence might have been as commendable and, as I think, much more than any of the primitive Christians' vows of solitude were, whose retreat into the wilderness, and giving themselves up to prayer and contemplation, shunning human society and the like, was so much esteemed by the primitive fathers, and from whence our religious houses and orders of religious people were first derived

The Jews said John the Baptist had a devil because he affected solitude and retirement, and they took it from an old proverb they had in the world at that time, that "every solitary person must be an angel or a devil"

A man under a vow of perpetual silence, if but rigorously observed, would be, even on the Exchange of London, as perfectly retired from the world as a hermit in his cell, or a *solitaire* in the deserts of Arabia; and if he is able to observe it rigorously, may reap all the advantages of those solitudes without the unjustifiable part of such a life, and without the austerities of a life among brutes. For the soul of a man, under a due and regular conduct,



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is as capable of reserving itself, or separating itself from the rest of human society, in the midst of a throng, as it is when banished into a desolate island.

The truth is, that all those religious hermit-like solitudes, which men value themselves so much upon, are but an acknowledgment of the defect or imperfection of our resolutions, our incapacity to bind ourselves to needful restraints, or rigorously to observe the limitations we have vowed ourselves to observe. Or, take it thus, that the man first resolving that it would be his felicity to be entirely given up to conversing only with heaven and heavenly things, to be separated to prayer and good works, but being sensible how ill such a life will agree with flesh and blood, causes his soul to commit a rape upon his body, and to carry it by force, as it were, into a desert, or into a religious retirement, from whence it cannot return, and where it is impossible for it to have any converse with mankind, other than with such as are under the same vows and the same banishment. The folly of this is evident many ways.

I shall bring it home to the case in hand thus. Christians may, without doubt, come to enjoy all the desirable advantages of solitude by a strict retirement and exact government of their thoughts, without any of these formalities, rigours, and apparent mortifications, which I think I justly call a rape upon human nature, and consequently without the breach of Christian duties, which they necessarily carry with them, such as rejecting Christian communion, sacraments, ordinances, and the like.

There is no need of a wilderness to wander among wild beasts, no necessity of a cell on the top of a mountain, or a desolate island in the sea, if the mind

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be confined, if the soul be truly master of itself, all is safe; for it is certainly and effectually master of the body, and what signify retreats, especially a forced retreat as mine was? The anxiety of my circumstances there, I can assure you, was such for a time as was very unsuitable to heavenly meditations, and even when that was got over, the frequent alarms from the savages put the soul sometimes to such extremities of fear and horror, that all manner of temper was lost, and I was no more fit for religious exercises than a sick man is fit for labour.

Divine contemplations require a composure of soul, uninterrupted by any extraordinary motions or disorders of the passions, and this, I say, is much easier to be obtained and enjoyed in the ordinary course of life, than in monkish cells and forcible retreats.

The business is to get a retired soul, a frame of mind truly elevated above the world, and then we may be alone whenever we please, in the greatest apparent hurry of business or company. If the thoughts are free, and rightly unengaged, what imports the employment the body is engaged in? Does not the soul act by a differing agency, and is not the body the servant, nay, the slave of the soul? Has the body hands to act, or feet to walk, or tongue to speak, but by the agency of the understanding and will, which are the two deputies of the soul's power? Are not all the affections and all the passions, which so universally agitate, direct, and possess the body, are they not all seated in the soul? What have we to do then, more or less, but to get the soul into a superior direction and elevation? There is no need to prescribe the body to this or that situation, the hands, or feet, or tongue can no more disturb the retirement of the soul, than a man hav-

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ing money in his pocket can take it out, or pay it, or dispose of it by his hand, without his own knowledge.

It is the soul's being entangled by outward objects that interrupts its contemplation of Divine objects, which is the excuse for these solitudes, and makes the removing the body from those outward objects seemingly necessary, but what is there of religion in all this? For example, a vicious inclination removed from the object is still a vicious inclination, and contracts the same guilt as if the object were at hand, for if, as our Saviour says, "He that looketh on a woman to lust after her" — that is, to desire her unlawfully — has committed the adultery already, so it will be no inverting our Saviour's meaning to say that he that thinketh of a woman to desire her unlawfully has committed adultery with her already, though he has not looked on her, or has not seen her at that time. And how shall this thinking of her be removed by transporting the body? It must be removed by the change in the soul, by bringing the mind to be above the power or reach of the allurements, and to an absolute mastership over the wicked desire, otherwise the vicious desire remains, as the force remains in the gunpowder, and will exert itself whenever touched with the fire.

All motions to good or evil are in the soul. Outward objects are but second causes, and though, it is true, separating the man from the object is the way to make any act impossible to be committed, yet where the guilt does not lie in the act only, but in the intention or desire to commit it, that separation is nothing at all, and effects nothing at all. There may be as much adultery committed in a monastery, where a woman never comes, as in any other place, and perhaps is so. The abstaining from evil, therefore, depends not only and wholly upon limiting or

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confining the man's actions, but upon the man's limiting and confining his desires, seeing to desire to sin is to sin, and the fact which we would commit if we had opportunity is really committed, and must be answered for as such. What, then, is there of religion, I say, in forced retirements from the world, and vows of silence or solitude? They are all nothing. 'Tis a retired soul that alone is fit for contemplation, and it is the conquest of our desires to sin that is the only human preservative against sin.

It was a great while after I came into human society that I felt some regret at the loss of the solitary hours and retirements I had in the island, but when I came to reflect upon some ill-spent time, even in my solitudes, I found reason to see what I have said above — that a man may sin alone several ways, and find subject of repentance for his solitary crimes as well as he may in the midst of a populous city.

The excellency of any state of life consists in its freedom from crime, and it is evident to our experience that some society may be better adapted to a rectitude of life than a complete solitude and retirement. Some have said that next to no company, good company is best, but it is my opinion, that next to good company, no company is best, for as it is certain that no company is better than bad company, so 'tis as certain that good company is much better than no company.

In solitude a man converses with himself, and as a wise man said, he is not always sure that he does not converse with his enemy, but he that is in good company is sure to be always among his friends.

The company of religious and good men is a constant restraint from evil, and an encouragement to a religious life. You have there the beauty of religion

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exemplified ; you never want as well instruction in, as example for, all that is good ; you have a contempt of evil things constantly recommended, and the affections moved to delight in what is good by hourly imitation. If we are alone we want all these, and are led right or led wrong, as the temper of the mind, which is sometimes too much the guide of our actions as well as thoughts, happens to be constituted at that time. Here we have no restraint upon our thoughts but from ourselves, no restraint upon our actions but from our own consciences, and nothing to assist us in our mortifications of our desires, or in directing our desires, but our own reflections, which, after all, may often err, often be prepossessed.

If you would retreat from the world, then be sure to retreat to good company, retreat to good books, and retreat to good thoughts, these will always assist one another, and always join to assist him that flies to them in his meditations, direct him to just reflections, and mutually encourage him against whatever may attack him from within him or without him, whereas to retreat from the world, as it is called, is to retreat from good men, who are our best friends. Besides, to retreat, as we call it, to an entire perfect solitude, is to retreat from the public worship of God, to forsake the assemblies, and, in a word, is unlawful, because it obliges us to abandon those things which we are commanded to do.

Solitude, therefore, as I understand by it, a retreat from human society, on a religious or philosophical account, is a mere cheat, it neither can answer the end it proposes, or qualify us for the duties of religion, which we are commanded to perform, and is therefore both irreligious in itself, and inconsistent with a Christian life many ways. Let the man that would reap the advantage of solitude, and that understands the meaning of the word, learn to retire

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into himself. Serious meditation is the essence of solitude; all the retreats into woods and deserts are short of this, and though a man that is perfectly master of this retirement may be a little in danger of quietism, that is to say, of an affectation of reservedness, yet it may be a slander upon him in the main, and he may make himself amends upon the world by the blessed calm of his soul, which they perhaps who appear more cheerful may have little of.

Retiring into deserts in the first days of religion, and into abbeys and monasteries since, what have they been, or what have they been able to do, towards purchasing the retirement I speak of? They have indeed been things to be reckoned among austerities and acts of mortification, and so far might be commendable, but I must insist upon it, that a retired soul is not affected with them any more than with the hurries of company and society. When the soul of a man is powerfully engaged in any particular subject, 't is like that of St Paul, wrapt up, whether it be into the third heaven, or to any degree of lower exaltation. Such a man may well say with the apostle above, "Whether I was in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell" It was in such a wrapt-up state, that I conceived what I call my vision of the angelical world, of which I have here subjoined a very little part

Is it rational to believe, that a mind exalted so far above the state of things with which we ordinarily converse, should not be capable of a separation from them, which, in a word, is the utmost extent of solitude? Let such never afflict themselves that they cannot retreat from the world, let them learn to retreat in the world, and they shall enjoy a perfect solitude, as complete, to all intents and purposes, as if they were to live in the cupola of St. Paul's, or as

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if they were to live upon the top of Cheviot Hill in Northumberland.

They that cannot be retired in this manner must not only retire from the world, but out of the world, before they can arrive to any true solitude. Man is a creature so formed for society, that it may not only be said that it is not good for him to be alone, but 't is really impossible he should be alone. We are so continually in need of one another, nay, in such absolute necessity of assistance from one another, that those who have pretended to give us the lives and manner of the *solitaires*, as they call them, who separated themselves from mankind, and wandered in the deserts of Arabia and Lybia, are frequently put to the trouble of bringing the angels down from heaven to do one drudgery or another for them, forming imaginary miracles to make the life of a true *solitaire* possible. Sometimes they have no bread, sometimes no water, for a long time together, and then a miracle is brought upon the stage, to make them live so long without food, at other times they have angels come to be their cooks, and bring them roast-meat, to be then physicians, to bring them physic, and the like. If St. Hilary comes in his wanderings to the river Nile, an humble crocodile is brought to carry him over upon his back, though they do not tell us whether the crocodile asked him to ride, or he asked the crocodile, or by what means they came to be so familiar with one another. And what is all this to the retirement of the soul, with which it converses in heaven in the midst of infinite crowds of men, and to whom the nearest of other objects is nothing at all, any more than the objects of mountains and deserts, lions and leopards, and the like, were to those that banished themselves to Arabia?

Besides, in a state of life where circumstances are

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easy, and provision for the necessaries of life, which the best saint cannot support the want of, is quietly and plentifully made, has not the mind infinitely more room to withdraw from the world, than when at best it must wander for its daily food, though it were but the product of the field?

Let no man plead he wants retirement, that he loves solitude, but cannot enjoy it because of the embarrassment of the world, 'tis all a delusion; if he loves it, if he desires it, he may have it when, where, and as often as he pleases, let his hurries, his labours, or his afflictions be what they will; it is not the want of an opportunity for solitude, but the want of a capacity of being solitary, that is the case in all the circumstances of life.

I knew a poor but good man, who, though he was a labourer, was a man of sense and religion, who, being hard at work with some other men removing a great quantity of earth to raise a bank against the side of a pond, was one day so out of himself, and wrapt up in a perfect application of his mind to a very serious subject, that the poor man drove himself and his wheelbarrow into the pond, and could not recover himself till help came to him. This man was certainly capable of a perfect solitude, and perhaps really enjoyed it, for, as I have often heard him say, he lived alone in the world.

- (1) Had no family to embarrass his affections,
- (2) his low circumstances placed him below the observation of the upper degrees of mankind,
- (3) and his reserved meditations placed him above the wicked part, who were those in a sphere equal to himself, among whom, as he said, and is most true, it was very hard to find a sober man, much less a good man, so that he lived really alone in the world, applied himself to labour for his subsistence, had no other business with mankind but



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for necessaries of life, and conversed in heaven as effectually, and, I believe, every way as divinely, as St. Hilary did in the deserts of Lybia among the lions and crocodiles.

If this retirement, which they call solitude, consisted only of separating the person from the world — that is to say, from human society — it were itself a very mean thing, and would every way as well be supplied by removing from a place where a man is known to a place where he is not known, and there accustom himself to a retired life, making no new acquaintance, and only making the use of mankind which I have already spoken of, namely, for convenience and supply of necessary food, and I think of the two that such a man, or a man so retired, may have more opportunity to be an entire recluse, and may enjoy more real solitude than a man in a desert. For example —

In the solitude I speak of, a man has no more to do for the necessaries of life than to receive them from the hands of those that are to furnish them, and pay them for so doing, whereas in the solitude of deserts and wandering lives, from whence all our monkish devotion springs, they had every day their food, such as it was, to seek, or the load of it to carry, and except where, as is said, they put Providence to the operation of a miracle to furnish it, they had frequently difficulties enough to sustain life, and if we may believe history, many of them were starved to death for mere hunger or thirst, and as often the latter as the former.

Those that had recourse to these solitudes merely as a mortification of their bodies, as I observed before, and delivering themselves from the temptations which society exposed them to, had more room for the pretence, indeed, than those who allege that they did it to give up themselves to prayer and

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meditation. The first might have some reason in nature for the fact, as men's tempers and constitutions might lead, some having an inordinate appetite to crime, some addicted by nature to one ill habit, some to another, though the Christian religion does not guide us to those methods of putting a force upon our bodies to subdue the violence of inordinate appetite. The blessed apostle St Paul seems to have been in this circumstance when being assaulted with what is called in the text "a thorn in the flesh," be it what it will that is meant there, it is not to my purpose, but he prayed to the Lord thrice, that was the first method the apostle took, and thereby set a pious example to all those who are assaulted by any temptation. He did not immediately fly to austerities and bodily modifications, separating himself from mankind, or flying into the desert to give himself up to fasting, and a retreat from the world, which is the object of all private snare, but he applied himself by serious prayer to Him who had taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." And the answer likewise is instructing in the case, he was not driven out as Nebuchadnezzar into the desert — he was not commanded to retire into the wilderness that he might be free from the temptation, nothing less, but the answer was, "My grace is sufficient for thee" — sufficient without the help of artificial mortification.

So that even in the case of these forcible mortifications they are not required, much less directed, for helps to meditation, for if meditation could not be practised beneficially, and to all the intents and purposes for which it was ordained a duty, without flying from the face of human society, the life of man would be very unhappy.

But doubtless the contrary is evident, and all the parts of a complete solitude are to be as effectually

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enjoyed, if we please, and sufficient grace assisting, even in the most populous cities, among the hurries of conversation and gallantry of a court, or the noise and business of a camp, as in the deserts of Arabia and Lybia, or in the desolate life of an uninhabited island.

## CHAPTER TWO

### AN ESSAY UPON HONESTY

**W**HEN I first came home to my own country, and began to sit down and look back upon the past circumstances of my wandering state, as you will in charity suppose I could not but do very often, the very prosperity I enjoyed led me most naturally to reflect upon the particular steps by which I arrived to it. The condition I was in was very happy, speaking of human felicity, the former captivity I had suffered made my liberty sweeter to me; and to find myself jumped into easy circumstances at once, from a condition below the common rate of life, made it still sweeter.

One time as I was upon my inquiries into the happy concurrence of the causes which had brought the event of my prosperity to pass, as an effect, it occurred to my thoughts how much of it all depended, under the disposition of Providence, upon the principle of honesty which I met with in almost all the people whom it was my lot to be concerned with in my private and particular affairs; and I that had met with such extraordinary instances of the knavery and villainy of men's natures in other circumstances, could not but be something taken up with the miracles of honesty that I had met with among the several people I had had to do with, I mean, those whom I had more particularly to do with in the articles of my liberty, estate, or effects, which fell into their hands

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I began with my most trusty and faithful widow, the captain's wife with whom I first went to the coast of Africa, and to whom I entrusted £200, being the gain I had made in my first adventures to Guinea, as in the first volume, page 18, appears.

She was left a widow, and in but indifferent circumstances, but when I sent to her so far off as the Brazils, where I was in such a condition as she might have reasonably believed I should never have been able to come myself, and if I had, might be in no condition to recover it of her, and having myself nothing to show under her hand for the trust, yet she was so just that she sent the full value of what I wrote for, being £100, and to show, as far as in her lay, her sincere honest concern for my good, put in among many necessary things which I did not write for, I say, put in two Bibles, besides other good books, for my reading and instruction, as she said afterwards, in Popish and heathen countries, where I might chance to fall. Honesty not only leads to discharge every debt and every trust to our neighbour, so far as it is justly to be demanded, but an honest man acknowledges himself debtor to all mankind, for so much good to be done for them, whether for soul or body, as Providence puts an opportunity into his hands to do. In order to discharge this debt, he studies continually for opportunity to do all the acts of kindness and beneficence that is possible for him to do, and though very few consider it, a man is not a completely honest man that does not do this.

Upon this consideration I question much whether a covetous, narrow, stingy man, as we call him, one who gives himself up to himself, as born for himself only, and who declines the advantages and opportunities of doing good, I mean extremely so — I say, I much question whether such a man can be an honest man, nay, I am satisfied he cannot be an honest

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man, for though he may pay every man his own, and be just, as he thinks it, to a farthing, yet this is part of the justice which, in the common phrase, is the greatest injustice. This is one meaning of that saying, *summum jus, summa injuria*.

To pay every man their own is the common law of honesty, but to do good to all mankind, as far as you are able, is the chancery law of honesty, and though, in common law or justice, as I call it, mankind can have no claim upon us if we do but just pay our debts, yet in heaven's chancery they will have relief against us, for they have a demand in equity of all the good to be done them that it is in our power to do, and this chancery court, or court of equity, is held in every man's breast — 't is a true court of conscience, and every man's conscience is a lord chancellor to him. If he has not performed, if he has not paid this debt, conscience will decree him to pay it, on the penalty of declaring him a dishonest man, even in his own opinion, and if he still refuses to comply, will proceed by all the legal steps of a court of conscience process, till at last it will issue out a writ of rebellion against him, and proclaim him a rebel to nature and his own conscience.

But this is by the way, and is occasioned by the observations I have made of many people who think they are mighty honest if they pay their debts, and owe no man anything, as they call it, at the same time, like true misers, who lay up all for themselves, they think nothing of the debt of charity and beneficence which they owe to all mankind.

Rich men are then Maker's freeholders, they enjoy freely the estate He has given them possession of, with all the rents, profits, and emoluments, but charged with a fee-farm rent to the younger children of the family, namely, the poor, or if you will, you may call them God's copy-holders, paying a

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quit-rent to the lord of the manor, which quit-rent he has assigned for the use of the rest of mankind, to be paid in a constant discharge of all good offices, friendly, kind, and generous actions, and he that will not pay his rent cannot be an honest man, any more than he that would not pay his other just debts

The Scripture concurs exactly with this notion of mine, the miser is called by the prophet Isaiah a vile person, one that works iniquity, and practises hypocrisy, and utters error before the Lord (Isaiah xxxii 6) How does this appear? The very next words explain it "He makes empty the soul of the hungry, and he will cause the drink of the thirsty to fail" But lest this should seem a strained text, let us read on, both before and after verse 5 "The vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful" Here the opposite to a liberal man is called a vile person, and the opposite to a bountiful man is called a churl, and in the verse following, the same vile person, as opposed to the liberal man, is called a wicked man, and the liberal man is set up a pattern for us all, in opposition to the vile, churlish, covetous wretch — Vers 7, 8 "The instruments also of the churl are evil he deviseth wicked devices to destroy the poor with lying words, even when the needy speaketh right, but the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand"

In a word, I think my opinion justified by this text, that a churl, a morose, sour disposition, a covetous, avaricious, selfish-principled man, cannot be an honest man he does not pay the common debt of mankind to one another, nor the fee-farm or quit-rent of his estate to God, who is his great landlord or lord of the manor, and who has charged the debt upon him I know the miser will laugh at this

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notion, but I speak my own opinion, let it go as far as reason will carry it

I come back to the examples I was giving in my private case. As the widow was honest to me, so was my good Portuguese captain, and it is this man's original honesty that makes me speak of the honest man's debt to mankind. It was honesty, a generous honesty, that led the poor man to take me up at sea, which, if he had neglected, my boy Xury and I had perished together, it was no debt to me in particular, but a debt to mankind, that he paid in that action, and yet he could not have been an honest man without it. You will say, if he had gone away and left me, he had been barbarous and inhuman, and deserved to be left to perish himself in the like distress, but, I say, this is not all the case, custom and the nature of the thing leads us to say it would have been hard-hearted and inhuman, but conscience will tell any man that it was a debt, and he could not but be condemned by the court of conscience in his own breast if he had omitted it — nay, in the sight of Heaven he had tacitly killed us, and had been as guilty of our death as a murderer, for he that refuses to save a life thrown into his hands takes it away, and if there is a just retribution in a future state, if blood is at all required there, the blood of every man, woman, and child whom we could have saved, and did not, shall be reckoned to us at that day as spilt by our own hands, for leaving life in a posture in which it must inevitably perish, is without question causing it to perish, and will be called so then, by whatever gilded dressed-up words we may express and conceal it now.

But I go farther, for my good Portuguese went farther with me, he not only paid the debt he owed to Heaven in saving our lives, but he went farther — he took nothing of what I had, though, in the



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common right of the sea, it was all his due for salvage, as the sailors call it, but he gave me the value of everything, bought my boat, which he might have turned adrift, my boy Xury, who was not my slave by any right, or, if he had, became free from that time, and the life of Xury, which he had saved, as a servant, was his own, yet he bought everything of me for the full value, and took nothing of me, no, not for my passage.

Here was the liberal man devising liberal things, and the sequel made good the promissory text, for by these liberal things the honest liberal man might be truly said to stand. When I came to reward him at my coming to Lisbon to sell my plantation at Brazil, then he being poor and reduced, and not able to pay even what he owed me, I gave him a reward sufficient to make his circumstances easy all his life after.

The bounty of this man to me, when first he took me up out of the sea, was the highest and most complete act of honesty—a generous honesty, laying hold of an opportunity to do good to an object offered by the providence of Heaven, and thereby acknowledging the debt he had to pay to his Maker in the persons of His most distressed creatures.

And here also let me remind my readers of what, perhaps, they seldom much regard, it is not only a gift from Heaven to us to be put in a condition of doing good, but 'tis a gift, and a favour from Heaven, to have an opportunity of doing the good we are in a condition to do, and we ought to close with the opportunity, as a particular gift from above, and be as thankful for it, I say, as thankful for the occasion of doing good, as for the ability.

I might mention here the honesty of my fellow-planter in the Brazil, and of the two merchants and their sons, by whose integrity I had my share in the plantation preserved and taken care of, as also the

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honesty of the public treasurer for the church there, and the like, but I am carried off in my thoughts, to enlarge upon this noble principle, from the two examples I have already mentioned, viz., the Guinea captain's widow and the Portuguese, and this in particular, because, since I came to England to reside, I have met with abundance of disputes about honesty, especially in cases where honest men come to be unhappy men, when they fall into such circumstances as they cannot be honest, or rather, cannot show the principle of honesty which is really at the bottom of all their actions, and which, but for those circumstances which entirely disable them, would certainly show itself in every branch of their lives; such men I have too often seen branded for knaves by those who, if they come into the same condition, would perhaps do the same things, or worse than they may have done

Both my widow and my Portuguese captain fell into low circumstances, so that they could not make good to me my money that was in their hands, and yet both of them showed to me that they had not only a principle of justice, but of generous honesty too, when the opportunity was put into their hands to do so

This put me upon inquiring and debating with myself what this subtle and imperceptible thing called honesty is, and how it might be described, setting down my thoughts at several times, as objects presented, that posterity, if they think them worth while, may find them both useful and diverting. And first, I thought it not improper to lay down the conditions upon which I am to enter upon that description, that I may not be mistaken, but be allowed to explain what I mean by honesty, before I undertake to enter upon any discourses or observations about it.

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And to come directly to it, for I would make as few preambles as possible, I shall crave the liberty, in all the following discourse, to take the term honesty, as I think all English expressions ought to be taken, namely, honestly, in the common acceptation of the word, the general vulgar sense of it, without any circumlocutions or *double-entendres* whatsoever, for I desire to speak plainly and sincerely. Indeed, as I have no talent at hard words, so I have no great veneration for etymologies, especially in English, but since I am treating of honesty, I desire to do it, as I say above, honestly, according to the genuine signification of the thing.

Neither shall I examine whether honesty be a natural or an acquired virtue — whether a habit or a quality — whether inherent or accidental — all the philosophical part of it I choose to omit.

Neither shall I examine it as it extends to spirituals and looks towards religion, if we inquire about honesty towards God, I readily allow all men are born knaves, villains, thieves, and murderers, and nothing but the restraining power of Providence withholds us all from showing ourselves such on all occasions.

No man can be just to his Maker, if he could, all our creeds and confessions, litanies and supplications, were ridiculous contradictions and impertinences, inconsistent with themselves, and with the whole tenor of human life.

In all the ensuing discourse, therefore, I am to be understood of honesty, as it regards mankind among themselves, as it looks from one man to another, in those necessary parts of man's life, his conversation and negotiation, trusts, friendships, and all the incidents of human affairs.

The plainness I profess, both in style and method, seems to me to have some suitable analogy to the

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subject, honesty, and therefore is absolutely necessary to be strictly followed, and I must own, I am the better reconciled, on this very account, to a natural infirmity of homely plain writing, in that I think the plainness of expression, which I am condemned to, will give no disadvantage to my subject, since honesty shows the most beautiful, and the more like honesty, when artifice is dismissed, and she is honestly seen by her own light only, likewise the same sincerity is required in the reader, and he that reads this essay without honesty, will never understand it right, she must, I say, be viewed by her own light. If prejudice, partiality, or private opinions stand in the way, the man's a reading knave, he is not honest to the subject, and upon such an one all the labour is lost — this work is of no use to him, and, by my consent, the bookseller should give him his money again.

If any man, from his private ill-nature, takes exceptions at me, poor, wild, wicked Robinson Crusoe, for prating of such subjects as this is, and shall call either my sins or misfortunes to remembrance, in prejudice of what he reads, supposing me thereby unqualified to defend so noble a subject as this of honesty, or, at least, to handle it honestly, I take the freedom to tell such, that those very wild wicked doings and mistakes of mine render me the properest man alive to give warning to others, as the man that has been sick is half a physician. Besides, the confession which I all along make of my early errors, and which Providence, you see, found me leisure enough to repent of, and, I hope, gave me assistance to do it effectually, assists to qualify me for the present undertaking, as well to recommend that rectitude of soul which I call honesty to others, as to warn those who are subject to mistake it, either in themselves or others. Heaven itself receives those

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who sincerely repent into the same state of acceptance as if they had not sinned at all, and so should we also.

They who repent, and their ill lives amend,  
Stand next to those who never did offend

Nor do I think a man ought to be afraid or ashamed to own and acknowledge his follies and mistakes, but rather to think it a debt which honesty obliges him to pay, besides, our infirmities and errors, to which all men are equally subject, when recovered from, leave such impressions behind them on those who sincerely repent of them, that they are always the forwardest to accuse and reprove themselves. No man need advise them or lead them, and this gives the greatest discovery of the honesty of the man's heart, and sincerity of principles. Some people tell us they think they need not make any open acknowledgment of their follies, and 'tis a cruelty to exact it of them — that they could rather die than submit to it — that their spirits are too great for it — that they are more afraid to come to such public confessions and recognitions than they would be to meet a cannon bullet, or to face an enemy. But this is a poor mistaken piece of false bravery, all shame is cowardice, as an eminent poet tells us that all courage is fear, the bravest spirit is the best qualified for a penitent. 'Tis a strange thing that we should not be ashamed to offend, but should be ashamed to repent, not afraid to sin, but afraid to confess. This very thought extorted the following lines from a friend of mine, with whom I discoursed upon this head —

Among the worst of cowards let him be named,  
Who, having sinned, 's afraid to be ashamed,  
And to mistaken courage he's betrayed,  
Who, having sinned, 's ashamed to be afraid

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But to leave the point of courage and cowardice in our repenting of our offences, I bring it back to the very point I am upon, namely, that of honesty. A man cannot be truly an honest man without acknowledging the mistakes he has made, particularly without acknowledging the wrong done to his neighbour, and why, pray, is justice less required in his acknowledgment to his Maker? He, then, that will be honest must dare to confess he has been a knave, for, as above, speaking of our behaviour to God, we have been all knaves, and all dishonest, and if we come to speak strictly, perhaps it would hold in our behaviour to one another also, for where's the man that is not chargeable by some or other of his neighbours, or by himself, with doing wrong, with some oppression or injury, either of the tongue or of the hands?

I might enlarge here upon the honesty of the tongue, a thing some people, who call themselves very honest men, keep a very slender guard upon, I mean, as to evil-speaking, and of all evil-speaking that worst kind of it, the speaking hard and unjust things of one another.

This is certainly intended by the command of God, which is so express and emphatic, Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour, at least that part which is what we call slander, raising an injurious and false charge upon the character and conduct of our neighbour, and spreading it for truth.

But this is not all, that honesty I am speaking of respects all detraction, all outrageous assaults of the tongue, reproach is as really a part of dishonesty as slander, and though not so aggravated in degree, yet 't is the same in kind.

There is a kind of murder that may be committed with the tongue, that is in its nature as cruel as that

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of the hand This can never be the practice of an honest man, nay, he that practises it cannot be an honest man

But perhaps I may come to this again, but I must go back to explain myself upon the subject a little farther in the general, and then you shall hear more of me as to the particulars.

### OF HONESTY IN GENERAL

I have always observed, that however few the real honest men are, yet every man thinks himself and proclaims himself an honest man Honesty, like heaven, has all men's good word, and all men pretend to a share of it, so general is the claim, that like a jest which is spoiled by the repetition, 't is grown of no value for a man to swear by his faith, which is, in its original meaning, by his honesty, and ought to be understood so

Like heaven, too, 't is little understood by those who pretend most to it, 't is too often squared according to men's private interest, though at the same time the latitude which some men give themselves is inconsistent with its nature

Honesty is a general probity of mind, an aptitude to act justly and honourably in all cases, religious and civil, and to all persons, superior or inferior, neither is ability or disability to act so any part of the thing itself in this sense

It may be distinguished into justice and equity, or, if you will, into debt and honour, for both make up but one honesty

Exact justice is a debt to all our fellow-creatures, and honourable, generous justice is derived from that golden rule, *Quod tibi fieri non vis alteri ne feceris*, and all this put together, makes up honesty, hon-

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our, indeed, is a higher word for it, but 't is the same thing, and

•  
Differs from justice only in the name,  
For honesty and honour are the same

This honesty is of so qualifying a nature, that 't is the most denominative of all possible virtues, an honest man is the best title can be given in the world, all other titles are empty and ridiculous without it, and no title can be really scandalous if this remain. 'T is the capital letter, by which a man's character will be known, when private qualities and accomplishments are worm-eaten by time, without it a man can neither be a Christian or a gentleman. A man may be a poor honest man, an unfortunate honest man, but a Christian knave, or a gentleman knave, is a contradiction. A man forfeits his character and his family by knavery, and his escutcheon ought to have a particular blot, like that of bastardy. When a gentleman loses his honesty, he ceases to be a gentleman, commences rake from that minute, and ought to be used like one.

Honesty has such a general character in the minds of men, that the worst of men, who neither practise or pretend to any part of it, will yet value it in others, no man ever could be so out of love with it as to desire his posterity should be without it, nay, such is the veneration all men have for it, that the general blessing of a father to his son is, "Pray God make thee an honest man."

Indeed, so general is the value of it, and so well known, that it seems needless to say anything in behalf of it. So far as it is found upon earth, so much of the first rectitude of nature and of the image of God seems to be restored to mankind.

The greatest mischief which to me seems to attend this virtue, like the thorn about the rose, which



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pricks the finger of those who meddle with it, is pride, 't is a hard thing for a man to be very honest, and not be proud of it, and though he who is really honest has, as we say, something to be proud of, yet I take this honesty to be in a great deal of danger who values himself too much upon it

True honest honesty, if I may be allowed such an expression, has the least relation to pride of any view in the world, 't is all simple, plain, genuine, and sincere, and if I hear a man boast of his honesty, I cannot help having some fears for him, at least, that 't is sickly and languishing

Honesty is a little tender plant, not known to all who have skill in simples, thick sowed, as they say, and thin come up, 't is nice of growth, it seldom thrives in a very fat soil, and yet a very poor ground, too, is apt to starve it, unless it has taken very good root. When it once takes to a piece of ground, it will never be quite destroyed, it may be choked with the weeds of prosperity, and sometimes 't is so scorched up with the droughts of poverty and necessity, that it seems as if it were quite dead and gone, but it always revives upon the least mild weather, and if some showers of plenty fall, it makes full reparation for the loss the gardener had in his crop.

There is an ugly weed, called cunning, which is very pernicious to it, and which particularly injures it, by hiding it from our discovery, and making it hard to find. This is so like honesty, that many a man has been deceived with it, and has taken one for t'other in the market, nay, I have heard of some who have planted this wild honesty, as we may call it, in their own ground, have made use of it in their friendships and dealings, and thought it had been the true plant, but they always lost credit by it. And that was not the worst neither, for they had the loss who dealt with them, and who chaffered

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for a counterfeit commodity, and we find many deceived so still, which is the occasion there is such an outcry about false friends, and about sharpening and tricking in men's ordinary dealings in the world.

This true honesty, too, has some little difference in it, according to the soil or climate in which it grows, and your simplers have had some disputes about the sorts of it, nay, there have been great heats about the several kinds of this plant, which grows in different countries, and some call that honesty which others say is not, as, particularly, they say, there is a sort of honesty in my country, Yorkshire honesty, which differs very much from that which is found in these southern parts about London, then there is a sort of Scots honesty, which they say is a meaner sort than that of Yorkshire; and in New England I have heard they have a kind of honesty which is worse than the Scottish, and little better than the wild honesty called cunning, which I mentioned before. On the other hand, they tell us that in some parts of Asia, at Smyrna, and at Constantinople, the Turks have a better sort of honesty than any of us. I am sorry our Turkey Company have not imported some of it, that we might try whether it would thrive here or no. 'Tis a little odd to me it should grow to such a perfection in Turkey, because it has always been observed to thrive best where it is sowed with a sort of grain called religion, indeed, they never thrive in these parts of the world so well apart as they do together. And for this reason, I must own, I have found that Scots honesty, as above, to be of a very good kind. How it is in Turkey I know not, for, in all my travels, I never set my foot in the Grand Signior's dominions.

But to waive allegories, disputes about what is or is not honesty are dangerous to honesty itself, for

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no case can be doubtful which does not border upon the frontiers of dishonesty, and he that resolves not to be drowned had best never come near the brink of the water

That man who will do nothing but what is barely honest, is in great danger. It is certainly just for me to do everything the law justifies, but if I should only square my actions by what is literally lawful, I must throw every debtor, though he be poor, in prison, and never release him till he has paid the uttermost farthing. I must hang every malefactor without mercy, I must exact the penalty of every bond, and the forfeiture of every indenture. In short, I must be uneasy to all mankind, and make them so to me, and in a word, be a very knave too, as well as a tyrant, for cruelty is not honesty.

Therefore, the Sovereign Judge of every man's honesty has laid us down a general rule, to which all the particulars are resolved, *Quod tibi fieri non vis alteri ne feceris*. This is a part of that honesty I am treating of, and which indeed is the more essential of the two, this is the test of behaviour, and the grand article to have recourse to when laws are silent.

I have heard some men argue, that they are not bound to any such considerations of the indigence of persons as lead to concessions of time, or compositions with them for debts, that 't is all *ex gratia*, or the effects of policy, because circumstances lead them to judge it better to take what they can get than lose the whole.

Speaking of the letter of the law, I allow that they may be in the right.

On the other hand, a man who gives a bond for a debt, pleads he is answerable for no more than the law will force him to; that is, he may defend a suit, stand out to the last extremity, and at last keep

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out of the way, so as not to have judgment or execution served on him, he may secure his estate from the execution, as well as his person, and so never pay the debt at all, and yet in the eye of the law be an honest man, and this part of legal literal honesty is supported only by the other, namely, the cruel part, for really such a man, speaking in the sense of common justice, is a knave, he ought to act according to the true intent and meaning of his obligation, and in the right of a debtor to a creditor, which is to pay him his money when it became due, not stand out to the last, because he cannot be forced to it sooner.

The laws of the country indeed allow such actions as the laws of conscience can by no means allow, as in this case of the creditor suing for his debt, and the debtor not paying it till he is forced by law. The argument made use of to vindicate the morality of such a practice, stands thus —

If a man trusts me with his money or goods upon my common credit, or upon my word, he then takes me for his money, and depends both upon my ability and my honesty, but if he comes and demands my bond, he quits his dependence upon my honesty, and takes the law for his security, so that the language of such an action is, he will have a bond, that it may be in his power to make me pay him whether I will or no, and as for my honesty, he'll have nothing to do with it; what relief, then, I can have against this bond by the same law to which the person refers himself, is as legal an action on my side as the other man's suing for his own is on his.

And thus the letter of the law will ruin the honesty of both debtor and creditor, and yet both shall be justified too.

But if I may give my opinion in this case, neither

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of these are the honest man I am speaking of, for honesty does not consist of negatives, and 't is not sufficient to do my neighbour no personal injury in the strict sense and letter of the law, but I am bound, where cases and circumstances make other measures reasonable, to have such regard to these cases and circumstances as reason requires. Thus, to begin with the creditor to the debtor, reason requires that where a man is reduced to extremities, he should not be destroyed for debt, and what is unreasonable cannot be honest.

Debt is no capital crime, nor ever was, and starving men in prison, a punishment worse than the gallows, seems to be a thing so severe as it ought not to be in the power of a creditor to inflict it. The laws of God never tolerated such a method of treating debtors as we have since thought proper, I won't say honest, to put in practice, but since the politics of the nation have left the debtor so much at mercy by the letter of the law, 't is honest, with respect to the law, to proceed so, yet compassion is in this case thought reasonable — whiv shouldst thou take his bed from under him? says the text, which implies, 't is unnatural and unreasonable.

I have heard some men insist upon it, that if a man be sued wrongfully at law, he ought rather to submit to the injury than oppose the wrong by the same law, and yet I never found those gentlemen so passive in matters of law, but they would sue a debtor at law if they could not otherwise obtain their right.

I confess I cannot blame them for the last, but I blame them for pretending to the first. I am not arguing against recovering a just debt by a just law, where the person is able but unwilling to be honest, but I think pursuing the debtor to all extremities, to the turning his wife and children into the street,

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expressed in the Scripture by taking his bed from under him, and by keeping the debtor in prison when really he is not able to pay it — there is something of cruelty in it, and the honest man I am speaking of can never do it

But some may object, if I must serve all mankind as I would be served in like case, then I must relieve every beggar and release every poor debtor, for if I was a beggar I would be relieved, and if I was in prison I would be released, and so I must give away all I have. This is inverting the argument; for the meaning is in the negative still, do not to another anything, or put no hardship upon another, which you would not allow to be just if you were in their case

Honesty is equity, every man is lord-chancellor to himself, and if he would consult that principle within him would find reason as fair an advocate for his neighbour as for himself. But I proceed

### OF THE TRIAL OF HONESTY

Necessity makes an honest man a knave, and if the world was to be the judge according to the common received notion, there would not be an honest poor man left alive.

A rich man is an honest man — no thanks to him, for he would be a double knave to cheat mankind when he had no need of it. He has no occasion to press upon his integrity, nor so much as touch upon the borders of dishonesty. Tell me of a man that is a very honest man, for he pays everybody punctually, runs into nobody's debt, does no man any wrong, very well — what circumstances is he in? Why, he has a good estate, a fine yearly income, and no business to do. The devil must have full possession of this man if he should be a knave, for

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no man commits evil for the sake of it, even the devil himself has some farther design in sinning than barely the wicked part of it. No man is so hardened in crimes as to commit them for the mere pleasure of the fact — there is always some vice gratified, ambition, pride, or avarice makes rich men knaves, and necessity the poor. But to go on with this rich honest man, his neighbour, a thriving merchant, and whose honesty had as untainted a character as he can pretend to, has a rich ship cast away, or a factor abroad broke in his debt, and his bills come back protested, and he fails — is fain to abscond and make a composition. Our rich honest man flies out upon him presently — he is a knave, a rogue, and don't pay people what he owes them, and we should have a law that he that runs into debt farther than he is able to pay should be hanged, and the like. If the poor man is laid hold on by some creditor, and put in prison — ay, there let him lie, he deserves it, 'twill be an example to keep others from the like. And now, when all is done, this broken merchant may be as honest a man as the other.

You say you are an honest man, how do you know it? Did you ever want bread, and had your neighbour's loaf in your keeping, and would starve rather than eat it? Was you ever arrested, and being not able by yourself or friends to make peace with your plaintiff, and at the same time having another man's money in your cash chest committed to your keeping, suffered yourself to be carried to gaol rather than break bulk and break in upon your trust? God Himself has declared that the power of extremity is irresistible, and that so, as to our integrity, that He has bid us not despise the thief that steals in such a case, not that the man is less a thief, or the fact less dishonest. But the text is

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most remarkably worded for instruction in this point, don't you despise the man, but remember, if you were driven to the same exigence, you would be the same man and do the same thing, though now you fancy your principle so good, therefore, whatever his crime may be as to God, don't reproach him with it here, but you that think you stand, take heed lest you fall

I am of the opinion that I could state a circumstance in which there is not one man in the world would be honest. Necessity is above the power of human nature, and for Providence to suffer a man to fall into that necessity is to suffer him to sin, because nature is not furnished with power to defend itself, nor is grace itself able to fortify the mind against it

What shall we say to five men in a boat at sea, without provision, calling a council together, and resolving to kill one of themselves for the others to feed on, and eat him? With what face could the four look up and crave a blessing on that meat? With what heart give thanks after it? And yet this has been done by honest men, and I believe the most honest man in the world might be forced to it, yet here is no manner of pretence, but necessity, to palliate the crime. If it be argued it was the loss of one man to save the four, it is answered, but what authority to make him die to save their lives? How came the man to owe them such a debt? 'Twas robbery and murder, 't was robbing him of his life, which was his property, to preserve mine, 'tis murder, by taking away the life of an innocent man; and at best 't was doing evil that good may come, which is expressly forbidden

But there is a kind of equity pleaded in this case. Generally, when men are brought to such a pass, they cast lots who shall be the man, and the voluntary



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consent of the party makes it lawful (God Himself being supposed to determine who shall be the man), which I deny, for it is in no man's power legally to consent to such a lot, no man has a right to give away his own life, he may forfeit it to the law and lose it, but that 's a crime against himself, as well as against the law, and the four men might by our law have been tried and hanged for murder. All that can be said is, that necessity makes the highest crimes lawful, and things evil in their own nature are made practicable by it. From these extremes of necessity we come to lighter degrees of it, and so let us bring our honest man to some exigencies. He would not wrong any man of a farthing, he could not sleep if he should be in anybody's debt, and he cannot be an honest man that can.

That we may see now whether this man's honesty lies any deeper than his neighbour's, turn the scale of his fortune a little. His father left him a good estate, but here come some relations, and they trump up a title to his lands, and serve ejectments upon his tenants, and so the man gets into trouble, hurry of business, and the law. The extravagant charges of the law sink him of all his ready money, and, his rents being stopped, the first breach he makes upon his honesty (that is, by his former rules), he goes to a friend to borrow money, tells him this matter will be over, he hopes, quickly, and he shall have his rents to receive, and then he will pay him again, and really he intends to do so. But here comes a disappointment, the trial comes on, and he is cast, and his title to the estate proves defective, his father was cheated, and he not only loses the estate, but is called upon for the arrears of the rent he has received, and, in short, the man is undone, and has not a penny to buy bread or help himself, and, besides this, cannot pay the money he borrowed.

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Now, turn to his neighbour the merchant, whom he had so loudly called knave for breaking in his trade, he by this time has made up with his creditors and got abroad again, and he meets him in the street in his dejected circumstances. "Well," says the merchant, "and why don't you pay my cousin, your old neighbour, the money you borrowed of him?" — "Truly," says he, "because I have lost all my estate, and can't pay, nay, I have nothing to live on." — "Well, but," returns the merchant, "want you a knave to borrow money, and now can't pay it?" — "Why, truly," says the gentleman, "when I borrowed it I really designed to be honest, and did not question but I should have my estate again, and then I had been able also, and would have paid him to a penny, but it has proved otherwise, and though I would pay him if I had it, yet I am not able." — "Well, but," says the merchant again, "did you not call me knave, though I lost my estate abroad by unavoidable disasters, as you have lost yours at home?" Did you not upbraid me because I could not pay? I would have paid everybody, if I could, as well as you." — "Why, truly," says the gentleman, "I was a fool, I did not consider what it was to be brought to necessity; I ask your pardon."

Now, let's carry on this story. The merchant compounds with his creditors, and paying every one a just proportion as far as 't will go, gets himself discharged, and being bled to business, and industrious, falls into trade again, and raises himself to good circumstances, and at last a lucky voyage or some hit of trade sets him above the world again. The man, remembering his former debts, and retaining his principle of honesty, calls his old creditors together, and though he was formerly discharged from them all, voluntarily pays them the remainder of

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their debts. The gentleman being bred to no business, and his fortune desperate, goes abroad and gets into the army, and behaving himself well, is made an officer, and, still rising by his merit, becomes a great man, but in his new condition troubles not his head with his former debts in his native country, but settles in the court and favour of the prince under whom he has made his fortunes, and there sets up for the same honest man he did before.

I think I need not ask which of these two is the honest man, any more than which was the honest penitent, the Pharisee or the publican.

Honesty, like friendship, is tried in affliction, and he that cries out loudest against those who in the time of this trial are forced to give ground, would perhaps yield as far in the like shock of misfortune.

To be honest when peace and plenty flow upon our hands, is owing to the blessing of our parents, but to be honest when circumstances grow narrow, relations turbulent and quarrelsome, when poverty stares at us, and the world threatens, this blessing is from Heaven, and can only be supported from thence. God Almighty is very little beholding to them who will serve Him just as long as He feeds them. 'Twas a strong argument the devil used in that dialogue between Satan and his Maker about Job. "Yes, he is a mighty good man, and a mighty just man, and well he may while you give him everything he wants. I would serve you myself, and be as true to you as Job, if you would be as kind and as bountiful to me as you are to him. but now, do but lay your finger on him, do but stop your hand a little, and cut him short, strip him a little, and make him like one of those poor fellows that now bow to him, and you will quickly see your good man be like other men, nay, the passion he will be in at his losses will make him curse you to your face."

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'T is true the devil was mistaken in the man, but the argument had a great deal of probability in it, and the moral may be drawn, both from the argument and from the consequences

1 That 't is an easy thing to maintain the character of honesty and uprightness when a man has no business to be employed in, and no want to press him

2 That when exigencies and distresses pinch a man, then is the time to prove the honesty of his principle

The prosperous honest man can only by boasting tell the world he is honest, but the distressed and ruined honest man hears other people tell him he is honest

In this case, therefore, since allowance must be made for human infirmities, we are to distinguish between an accident and a practice. I am not pleading to encourage any man to make no scruple of trespassing upon his honesty in time of necessity, but I cannot condemn every man for a knave who by unusual pressures, straits, difficulties, or other temptation, has been left to slip and do an ill action, as we call it, which perhaps this person would never have stooped to if the exigence had not been too great for his resolution. The Scripture says of David, "He was a man after God's own heart," and yet we have several things recorded of him, which, according to the modern way of censuring people in this age, would have given him the character of a very ill man. But I conceive the testimony of David's uprightness, given us so authentically from the Scripture, is given from this very rule, that the inclination of his heart and the general bent of his practice were to serve and obey his great Sovereign Benefactor, however human frailty, backed with extremities of circumstances or powerful temptations,

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might betray him to commit actions which he would not otherwise have done. The falling into a crime will not denominate a man dishonest, for *humanum est errare*. The character of a man ought to be taken from the general tenor of his behaviour, and from his allowed practice. David took the shew-bread from the priests, which it was not lawful for him to eat. David knew that God, who commanded the shew-bread should not be eaten, had, however, commanded him by the law of Nature not to be starved, and therefore, pressed by his hunger, he ventures upon the commandment. And the Scripture is very remarkable in expressing it, "David, when he was an hungry." And the occasion for which our blessed Lord Himself quoted this text is very remarkable, viz, to prove that things otherwise unlawful may be made lawful by necessity — Matt xii 4

Another time, David in his passion resolves the destruction of Nabal and all his family, which, without doubt, was a great sin, and the principle which he went upon, to wit, revenge for his churlish and sauey answer to him, was still a greater sin, but the temptation, backed by the strength of his passion, had the better of him at that time, and this upright, honest man had murdered Nabal and all his house if God had not prevented him.

Many instances of like nature the Scripture has left upon record, giving testimony to the character of good men, from the general practice and bent of their hearts, without leaving any reproach upon them for particular failings, though those sins have been extraordinary provoking, and in their circumstances scandalous enough.

If any man would be so weak as from hence to draw encouragement to allow himself in easy trespasses upon his honesty, on the pretence of necessity

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ties, let him go on with me to the further end of this observation, and find room for it if he can.

If ever the honest man I speak of, by whatsoever exigence or weakness, thus slips from the principle of his integrity, he never fails to express his own dislike of it, he acknowledges upon all occasions, both to God and to man, his having been overcome, and been prevailed upon to do what he does not approve of, he is too much ashamed of his own infirmity to pretend to vindicate the action, and he certainly is restored to the first regulation of his principles as soon as the temptation is over. No man is fonder to accuse him than he is to accuse himself, and he has always upon him the sincere marks of a penitent.

'Tis plain from hence that the principle of the man's integrity is not destroyed, however he may have fallen, though seven times a day, and I must, while I live, reckon him for an honest man.

Nor am I going about to suppose that the extenuities and exigencies which have pressed men of the best principles to do what at another time they would not do, make those actions become less sinful, either in their own nature or circumstances. The guilt of a crime with respect to its being a crime, viz, an offence against God, is not removed by the circumstances of necessity. It is without doubt a sin for me to steal another man's food, though it was to supply starving nature, for how do I know whether he whose food I steal may not be in as much danger of starving for want of it as I? And if not, 'tis taking to my own use what I have no right to, and taking it by force or fraud, and the question is not as to the right or wrong, whether I have a necessity to eat this man's bread or no, but whether it be his or my own? If it be his, and not my own, I cannot do it without a manifest contempt of God's law, and breaking the eighth article of it,

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"Thou shalt not steal." Thus, as to God, the crime is evident, let the necessity be what it will.

But when we are considering human nature subjected, by the consequences of Adam's transgression, to frailty and infirmity, and regarding things from man to man, the exigencies and extremities of straitened circumstances seem to me to be most prevailing arguments why the denomination of a man's general character ought not by his fellow-mortals (subject to the same infirmities) to be gathered from his mistakes, his errors, or failings, no, not from his being guilty of any extraordinary sin, but from the manner and method of his behaviour. Does he go on to commit frauds, and make a practice of his sin? Is it a distress? Is it a storm of affliction and poverty has driven him upon the lee-shore of temptation? Or is the sin the port he steered for? A ship may by stress of weather be driven upon sands and dangerous places, and the skill of the pilot not be blamable, but he that runs against the wind, and without any necessity, upon a shelf which he sees before him, must do it on purpose to destroy the vessel, and ruin the voyage.

In short, if no man can be called honest but he who is never overcome to fall into any breach of this rectitude of life, none but he who is sufficiently fortified against all possibility of being tempted by prospects, or driven by distress, to make any trespass upon his integrity — woe be unto me that write, and to most that read! where shall we find the honest man?

The Scripture is particularly expressive of this in the words, "The righteous man falleth seven times a day, and riseth again." Why, this is very strange, if a man come to commit seven crimes in a day, that is, many, for the meaning is indefinite, can this be an honest man? What says the world of him? Hang

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him, he is a knave, a rascal, a dishonest fellow. This is the judgment of men, but in the judgment of Scripture this may be a righteous man.

The main design of this head, and the proper application of it, is to tell us we ought not to be too hasty to brand our brother for his sins, his infirmities, or misfortunes, since he that is dishonest in your eyes, by a casual or other crime which he commits, may rise from that disaster by a sincere repentance, and be to-morrow an honest man than himself in the eyes of his Maker.

But here I am assaulted with another censorious honest man. Here you talk of falling to-day, and rising again to-morrow, sinning and repenting, why, here is a fellow has cheated me of £500, and he comes canting to me of his repentance, tells me he hopes God has forgiven him, and it would be hard for me to call to remembrance what God has wiped out, he is heartily sorry for the fault, and the like, and begs my pardon, that is, begs my estate indeed. For what is all this to my money? Let him pay me, and I will forgive him too. God may forgive him the sin, but that's nothing to my debt.

Why, truly, in answer to this in part, you are in the right if the man be able to make you any satisfaction, and does not do it, for I question not, but every trespass of this nature requires restitution as well as repentance, restitution as far as the possible power of the party extends, and if the last be not found, the first is not likely to be sincere.

But if the man either is not able to make you any restitution at all, or does make you restitution to the utmost of his capacity, and then comes and says as before, then the poor man is in the right, and you in the wrong, for I make no question likewise to affirm, and could prove it by unanswerable arguments, he may be an honest man who cannot



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pay his debts, but he cannot be an honest man who can, and does not

Innumerable accidents reduce men from plentiful fortunes to mean and low circumstances, some procured by their own vices and intemperance, some by infirmities, ignorance, and mere want of judgment to manage their affairs, some by the frauds and cheats of other men, some by mere casualty and unavoidable accidents, wherein the sovereignty of Providence shows us, that the race is not to the swift, or the battle to the strong, or riches to men of understanding

First, some by vices and intemperance are reduced to poverty and distress. Our honest man cannot fall in the misfortunes of this class, because there the very poverty, is a sin, being produced from a sinful cause. As it is far from being allowed as an excuse to a murderer to say he was in drink, because it is excusing a crime with a crime, so for a man to ruin his fortunes, as the prodigal in the Gospel, with riotous living, all the effects are wicked and dishonest, as they partake of the dishonesty of the cause from whence they proceed, for he cannot be an honest man who wants wherewith to pay his debts after having spent what should have discharged them in luxury and debauches

Secondly, some by ignorance and want of judgment to manage their affairs are brought to poverty and distress. These may be honest men, notwithstanding their weakness, for I won't undertake that none of our honest men shall be fools. 'Tis true the good man is the wise man as to the main part of wisdom, which is included in his piety, but many a religious man, who would not do any wrong wilfully to his neighbour, is obliged at last to injure both his own family and other people's for want of discretion to guide him in his affairs, and to judge

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for himself, and therefore I dare not tax all our fools with being knaves, nor will I say but such a man may be honest. Some will say that such a man should not venture into business which he is not able to manage, and therefore 't was the vice of his understanding, and, like the case in the first article, is excusing a fault with a fault.

I cannot allow this, for if I am asked why a fool ventures into trade, I answer, because he is a fool, not because he is a knave.

If fools could their own ignorance discern,  
They 'd be no longer fools, because they 'd learn

If you would convince a man that he wants discretion, you must give him discretion to be convinced, till then he cannot know he has it not, because he has it not. No man is answerable either to God or man for that which he never was master of. The most proper expression that ever I met with in this nature, was of a certain idiot or natural which a gentleman of my acquaintance kept in his family, who being on his deathbed, was observed to be very pensive and much concerned about dying. The gentleman sent a minister to him, who, as well as he could to his understanding, discoursed with him about death and judgment to come. The poor creature, who was hardly ever able to give a rational answer to a question before, after hearing him very attentively, broke out into tears with this expression — that he hoped God would not require anything of him that He had not given him judgment to understand. Whatever it may be as to the soul, I am positive, in the case of human affairs, no man is answerable to man for any more than his discretion. Events are not in our power; a man may be meely honest in life, though he may be weak enough in judgment.

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Thirdly, some are ruined, and are yet merely passive, being either defrauded and cheated by knaves, or plundered and rifled by thieves, or by immediate casualties, as fire, enemies, storms, floods, and the like, these are things which neither touch the man's honesty nor his discretion. Thus Job was, by God's permission and the agency of the devil, reduced in a moment from a plentiful estate to be as naked as he came out of his mother's womb. I would fain ask those who say no man can be an honest man if he does not pay his debts, who paid Job's debts if he owed any, and where was his dishonesty if he did not pay them? I still readily grant that he cannot be an honest man who does not pay his debts if he can, but if otherwise, then the words ought to be altered, and they should say, he cannot be an honest man who borrows any money, or buys anything upon his credit, and this cannot be true.

But since I have led myself into the argument, I cannot but make a small digression concerning people who fail in trade. I conceive the greatest error of such is then terror about breaking, by which they are tempted while their credit is good, though their bottom be naught, to push farther in, expecting, or at least hoping, by the profits of some happy voyage, or some lucky hit, as they call it, to retrieve their circumstances, and stand their ground.

I must confess I cannot vindicate the honesty of this, for he who, knowing his circumstances to be once naught, and his bottom worn out, ought not in justice to enter into any man's debt, for then he trades on their risk, not on his own, and yet trades for his own profits, not theirs. This is not fair, because he deceives the creditor, who ventures his estate on that bottom which he supposes to be good, and the other knows it not. Nay, though he really pays this creditor, he is not honest, for, in conscience,

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his former creditors had a right to all his effects in proportion to their debts, and if he really pays one all, and the rest but a share, 'tis a wrong to the whole.

I would therefore advise all tradesmen who find their circumstances declining, as soon, at least, as they first discern themselves to be incapable of paying their debts, if not while yet they can pay every one all, make a full stop, and call all people together, if there is enough to pay them all, let them have it, if not let them have their just shares of it. By this means you will certainly have God's blessing, and the character of an honest man left to begin again with, and creditors are often prevailed with, in consideration of such a generous honesty, to throw back something to put such a man in a posture to live again, or by further voluntary credit and friendship to uphold him. This is much better also with respect to interest, as well as honesty, than to run on to all extremities, till the burden falls too heavy either for debtor or creditor to bear. This would prevent many of the extremities, which, I say, puts the honesty of a man to so extraordinary a trial.

An honest principle would certainly dictate to the man, if it were consulted with, that when he knows he is not able to pay, it is not lawful for him to borrow. Taking credit is a promise of payment: a promise of payment is tacitly understood, and he cannot be honest who promises what he knows he cannot perform, as I shall note more at large on another head. But if the man be paid, yet it was not an honest act, 'twas deceiving the man, and making him run a greater risk than he knew of, and such a risk as he would not have run had he known your circumstances and bottom as you do, so that here is deceit upon deceit.

This I know is a disputed point, and a thing which

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a great many practise who pass for very honest men in the world, but I like it not the better for that, I am very positive, that he who takes my goods on the foot of his credit, when, if he should die the next day, he knows his estate will not pay me five shillings in the pound, though he should not die, but does pay me at the time appointed, is as much guilty of a fraud as if he actually robbed my house. Credit is a received opinion of a man's honesty and ability, his willingness to pay, and his having wherewith to pay, and he who wants either of these, his credit is lame. Men won't sell their goods to a litigious, quarrelsome man, though he be never so rich, nor to a needy man, though he be never so honest. Now if all the world believe that I am honest and able, and I know that I am not the last, I cannot be the first if I take their goods upon credit, 't is vain to pretend men trade upon the general risk of men's appearance, and the credit of common fame, and all men have an equal hazard. I say no, men may venture their estates in the hands of a flourishing bankrupt, and he by virtue of his yet unshaken credit is trusted, but he cannot be honest that takes this credit, because he knows his circumstances are quite otherwise than they are supposed to be, that the man is deceived, and he is privy to the deceit.

This digression is not so remote from the purpose as I expected when I began it. the honesty that I am speaking of chiefly respects matters of commerce, of which credit and payment of debt are the most considerable branches.

There is another article in trade, which many very honest men have made familiar to themselves, which yet, I think, is in no case to be defended, and that is relating to counterfeit money. Custom, before the old money was suppressed in England, had prevailed so far upon honesty, that I have seen some men put

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all their brass money among their running cash, to be told over in every sum they paid, in order to have somebody or other take it, I have heard many people own they made no scruple of it, but I could never find them give one good reason to justify the honesty of it

First, they say it comes for money, and it ought to go so to which I answer, that is just as good a reason as this A has cheated me, and therefore I may cheat B If I have received a sum of money for good, and knowing not that any of it is otherwise offer it in payment to another, this is just and honest, but if, on this other man's telling it over, he returns me a piece of brass or counterfeit money which I change again, and afterwards, knowing this to be such, offer the same piece to another, I know no worse fraud in its degree in the world, and I doubt not to prove it so beyond contradiction

If the first person did not take this piece of money, it was because, being both watchful and skilful, he could discover it, and if I offer it to another, 'tis with an expectation that he, being either less watchful or less skilful, shall overlook it, and so I shall make an advantage of my neighbour's ignorance, or want of care

I'll put some parallel cases to this, to illustrate it Suppose a blind man comes into a shop to buy goods of me, and giving me a guinea to change, I shall give him the remainder in bad money, would not everybody say 't was a barbarous thing? Why, the other is all one, for if the person be ignorant of money, he is blind as to the point in hand, and nothing can be more unfair than to take the advantage

Suppose, again, a young boy or a servant newly entered in trade is sent to buy goods, and by his master's order he asks for such a commodity, and you, presuming upon the rawness of the messenger,

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deliver a sort of a meaner quality, and take the full price of him, would you grudge to be used scurvily for such a trick? Why, no less or better is offering brass for silver, presuming only the want of care or skill in the receiver shall pass it unobserved.

"Ay, but," says a learned tradesman, who would be thought honestest than ordinary, "I always change it again, if it be brought back." Yes, sir, so does a pickpocket give you your handkerchief again when you have fastened on him, and threatened him with the mob. The matter, in short, is this: if the man whom you have cheated can cheat nobody else, then no thanks to you, when he comes to you, and charges the fraud upon you, you'll make satisfaction, because, if you won't, the law will compel you to it.

But if the fraud may be carried on, as you are manifestly willing, consenting, and instrumental in it that it should, behold the consequence: your first sin against honesty is multiplied in all the hands through whom this piece of bad money knowingly so passes, till at last it happens to go single to a poor man that can't put it off, and the wrong and injury may issue where it was wanted to buy bread for a starving family.

All the excuses I could ever meet with could never satisfy me that it can consist with honesty to put brass or copper away for gold or silver, any more than it would to give a blind messenger sand instead of sugar, or brown bread instead of white.

### OF HONESTY IN PROMISES

"A man is known by his word, and an ox by his horns," says an old English proverb. If I understand the true meaning of it, 't is that the honesty of a man is known by his punctually observing his word,

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as naturally and plainly as any creature is known by the most obvious distinction. 'Tis the peculiar quality of an honest man, the distinguishing mark to know him by. His word or promise is as sacred to him in all his affairs in the world as the strongest obligation which can be laid on him, nor is it a thing formed by him from settled resolutions, or measures of policy taken up of course to raise or fix his reputation, but it is the native produce of his honest principle. 't is the consequence, and his honesty is the cause, he ceases to be honest when he ceases to preserve this solemn regard to his word.

If he gives his word, any man may depend upon it for the safety of his life or estate, he scorns to prevaricate or shift himself off from the punctual observance of it, though it be to his loss.

I can't abate an honest man an inch in the punctual observance of a promise made upon parole if it be in the man's possible power to perform it, because there seems to be something too base to consist with honesty in the very nature of a man that can go back from his word.

The reverence our ancestors paid to their promises, or word passed, I am of the opinion, gave that remarkable brand of infamy and scandal upon the affront of giving the lie. A gentleman, which is, in short, the modern term for an honest man, or a man of honour, cannot receive a greater reproach than to be told he lies, that is, that he forfeits his word, breaks his veracity, for the minute he does that he ungentleman himself, disgraces the blood of his family, degenerates from his ancestors, and commences rake, scoundrel, and anything.

Some people, who have run their points of honour to the extremes, are of the opinion that this affront of the lie ought not to be given to anything they call a gentleman, or that calls himself so, till he has



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so far exposed himself to all other degrees of infamy as to bear kicking or caning, and the like, that after this, when he breaks his word, he may be told he lies, or anything else, but till then the very thing itself is so intolerable an abuse, that the person who ventures to trespass so foully on the rules of good manners deserves not the honour of fair play for his life, but as some beasts of prey are refused the fair law of the field, and are knocked down in every hedge, so these, like bulhes and mere rakes, may be pistolled in the dark and stabbed at the corner of an alley, that is to say, any measure may be used with them to dismiss them from the society of mankind, as fellows not sufferable in the commonwealth of good manners.

I do not argue for these extremes, but I instance in this to testify the veneration all good men have for the word or promise of an honest man, and the esteem which the integrity of the mind, expressed by a zealous regard to the words of the mouth, has obtained in the world. The French, when they express themselves in vindication of their honour, always bring it about by this, *Je suis homme de parole*, I am an honest man, or a man of my word, that is, I am a man that may be trusted upon my parole, for I never break my word.

Such was the value put upon the promises of men in former time, that a promise of payment of money was recoverable in our courts by law, till the inconveniences proved so many that an Act was made on purpose to restrain it to a sum under ten pounds. But to this day if a man promises marriage to a woman, especially if she has granted him any favours upon that condition, the laws of the land, which therein have regard to the laws of honour, will oblige him to make it good, and allow it to be a sufficient plea to forbid his marrying with anybody else.

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There are innumerable instances of the veneration all nations pay to the expressive article of human veracity. In the war you meet with frequent instances of prisoners dismissed by a generous enemy upon their parole, either to pay their ransom, or to procure such or such conditions, or come back and surrender themselves prisoners, and he that should forfeit this parole would be posted in the enemy's army, and hissed out of his own.

I know nothing a wise man would not choose to do rather than, by breaking his word, give the world such an undeniable testimony of his being a knave. This is that good name which Solomon says is better than life, and is a precious ointment, and which when a man has once lost he has nothing left worth keeping. A man may even hang himself out of the way, for no man that looks like a man will keep his company.

When a man has once come to breaking his word, no man that has any value for his reputation cares to be seen in his company, but all good men shun him, as if he were infected with the plague.

There are men, indeed, who will be exceeding punctual to their words and promises, who yet cannot be called honest men, because they have other vices and excursions that render them otherways wicked. These give then testimony to the beauty of honesty by choosing it as the best mask to put a gloss upon their actions, and conceal the other deformities of their lives, and so honesty, like religion, is made use of to disguise the hypocrite, and raise a reputation upon the shadow, by the advantage it takes of the real esteem the world has of the substance. I say of this counterfeit honesty, as is said of religion in like cases. If honesty was not the most excellent attainment, 't would not be made use of as the most specious pretence, nor is there a more exquisite way for a man to play the hypocrite, than to pretend an

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extraordinary zeal to the performance of his promises ; because, when the opinion of any man's honesty that way has spread in the thoughts of men, there is nothing so great but they will trust him with, nor so hard but they will do it for him

All men reverence an honest man the knaves stand in awe of him, fools adore him, and wise men love him, and thus is virtue its own reward

Honest men are in more danger from this one hypocrite than from twenty open knaves, for these have a mark placed upon them by their general character, as a buoy upon a rock to warn strangers from venturing upon it But the hypocrites are like a pit covered over, like shoals under water, and danger concealed which cannot be seen I must confess I have found these the most dangerous, and have too deeply suffered by throwing myself on their protestations of honesty The esteem I always entertained of the most beautiful gift God has bestowed, or man could receive, has made me the easier to be deceived with the resemblance of it

So much as I, or any one else, by the viciousness of our own nature, or the prevailing force of accidents, snares, and temptations, have deviated from this shining principle, so far as we have been foolish as well as wicked, so much we have to repent of towards our Maker, and be ashamed of towards our neighbour

For my part, I am never backward to own, let who will be the reader of these sheets, that to the dishonour of my Maker, and the just scandal of my own honesty, I have not paid that due regard to the rectitude of this principle which my own knowledge has owned to be its due, let those who have been juster to themselves, and to the Giver of it, rejoice in the happiness, rather than triumph over the infirmity.

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But let them be sure they have been juster on their own parts, let them be positive that their own integrity is untainted, and would abide all the trials and racks that a ruined fortune, strong temptations, and deep distresses, could bring it into, let them not boast till these dangers are past, and they put their armour off, and if they can do it, then I will freely acknowledge they have less need of repentance than I

Not that I pretend, as I noted before, and shall often repeat, that these circumstances render my failing, or any man's else, the less a sin, but they make the reason why we that have fallen should rather be pitied than reproached by those who think they stand, because, when the same assaults are made upon the chastity of their honour, it may be every jot as likely to be prostituted as their neighbour's

And such is the folly of scandal, as well as the blindness of malice, that it seldom fixes reproach upon the right foot. I have seen so much of it, with respect to other people, as well as to myself, that it gives me a very scoundrel opinion of all those people whom I find forward to load their neighbours with reproach. Nothing is more frequent in this case than to run away with a piece of a man's character, in which they err, and do him wrong, and leave that part of him untouched which is really black, and would bear it, this makes me sometimes, when with the humblest and most abasing thoughts of myself I look up, and betwixt God and my own soul, cry out, "What a wretch am I!" at the same time smile at the hare-brained enemy, whose tongue, tipped with malice, runs ahead of his understanding, and missing the crimes for which I deserve more than he can inflict, reproaches me with those I never committed. Methinks I am ready to call him back, like the huntsman, when the dogs run upon the foil, and say,

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"Hold, hold, you are wrong, take him here, and you have him."

I question not but 'tis the same with other people, for when malice is in the heart, reproach generally goes a mile before consideration, and where is the honesty of the man all this while? This is trampling upon my pride, *sed majori fastu*, but with greater pride; 'tis exposing my dishonesty, but with the highest knavery, 'tis a method no honest man will take, and when taken, no honest man regards, wherefore, let none of these sons of slander take satisfaction in the frequent acknowledgments I am always ready to make of my own failing, for that humility with which I always find cause to look into my own heart, where I see others worse, and more guilty of crimes than they can lay to my charge, yet makes me look back upon their weakness with the last contempt, who fix their impotent charges where there is not room to take hold, and run away with the air and shadow of crimes never committed.

I have instanced this, not at all on my own account, for 'tis not worth while, for if I am injured, what's that to troubling the world with when I am forgotten? But while I am examining the nicest article in the world, honesty, I cannot but lay down these three heads from the preceding observations —

1 He who is forward to reproach the infirmities of other men's honesty, is very near a breach of his own

2 He that hastily reproaches another without sufficient ground, cannot be an honest man

3 Where there may be sufficient ground of reproach, yet an honest man is always tender of his neighbour's character from the sense of his own frailty

But I return to honesty, as it affects a man's pledging his word, which is the counterpart of his

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principle, and this because, as I said, I should chiefly regard this honesty as it concerns human affairs, conversation, and negotiation

And here I meet with a tradesman come just in from dunning one of his neighbours "Well, I have been at a place for money," says he, "but I can get none There's such an one, he passes for an honest man, but I am sure he is a great rogue to me, for he has promised me my money a long time, but puts me off still from time to time, he makes no more of breaking his word, than of drinking a glass of beer. I am sure he has told me forty lies already This is one of your honest men, if all such honest men were hanged, we should have a better trade." And thus he runs on.

If all such honest men were hanged, they that were left might have a better trade, but how many of them would there be?

Now, though I shall in no way vindicate men's hasty promises absolutely to perform what is doubtful in the event, yet I cannot agree that every man who, having promised a payment, does not perform it to his time, is a knave or a liar If it were so, the Lord have mercy upon three parts of the city

Wherefore, to state this matter clearly, it must be taken a little to pieces, and the articles spoken to apart

First Without question, when a man makes a promise of payment to another on a set day, knowing in his own thoughts that it is not probable he should be capable to comply with it, or really designing not to comply with it, or not endeavouring to comply with it, 't is a deceit put upon the party, 't is a premeditated formal lie, the man that made it is a stranger to honesty, he is a knave, and everything that is base and bad But,

Secondly Promises ought to be understood, both

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by the person to whom and the person by whom they are made, as liable to those contingencies that all human affairs and persons are liable to, as death, accidents, disappointments, and disorder. Thus, if a man who ought to pay me to-day tells me, "Sir, I cannot comply with you to-day, but if you call for it next week, you shall have it," if I may put this answer into plainer English, and I suppose the man to be an honest man, I cannot understand his meaning otherwise than thus —

"Sir, I acknowledge your money is due. I have not cash enough by me to pay you to-day, but I have several running bills, and several persons who have promised me money, which I doubt not I shall receive against such a time, and if you call then, I make no question but I shall be able to do it, and if it is possible for me to pay you, I will do it at that time without fail."

I confess it were as well to express themselves thus at large in all the appointments people make for payment, and would the persons who make them consider it, they would do so, but custom has prevailed in our general way of speaking, whereby all things that are subject to the common known contingents of life, or visible in the circumstances of the case, are understood without being expressed. For example —

I make an appointment of meeting a man positively at such a town, such a certain day or hour. If I were talking to a Turk or a pagan that knows nothing, or believes nothing of supreme Providence, I would say — If the Lord of heaven and earth, that governs all my actions, please to preserve and permit me. But when I am talking to a Christian, it should seem to be so universally supposed that every appointment is subjected and submits to the government of Providence, that the repetition would be needless, and that when a man promises positively to meet, 'tis

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with a general *sub-intelligitur*, a reserve as natural as Nature itself, to the Divine permission. All men know, that unless I am alive I cannot come there, or if I am taken sick, both which may easily happen, I shall disappoint him. And, therefore, if he should urge me again to come without fail, and I should reply, "I won't fail if I am alive and well," the man ought to take it for an affront, and ask me if I take him for a fool, to think if I am taken sick, I should come with my bed at my back, or if death should intervene, he had occasion to speak with my ghost.

In this sense, a tradesman who promises payment of money at a set time, first, 'tis supposed he has it not now in his hands, because he puts off the person demanding to a further day, and promises to comply with it then. This promise, therefore, can be understood no otherwise than that he expects to receive money by that time. Now, if this man, by the like disappointments from other men, or any other involuntary casualty, is really and *bonâ fide* unable to comply with the time of promised payment, I cannot see but this may befall an honest man, and he neither designing to fail when he promised, not being able to prevent the accident that obliged him to do it, nor in any way voluntary in the breach, is not, in my opinion, guilty of a lie, or breach of his honour, though he did not make those verbal reserves in the promises he had given.

If every man who cannot comply with promised payments should be thus branded with lying and dishonesty, then let him who is without the sin cast the stone, for nobody else ought to do it.

'Tis true, there is a difference between an accident and a practice, that is, in short, there is a difference between him who meets with a great many occasions thus to break his word, and he that meets with but few, but if it be a crime, he that commits it once is



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no more an honest man than he that commits it forty times, and if it be not a crime, he that does it forty times is as honest as he that has occasion to do it but once

But let no man take encouragement from hence to be prodigal of his word, and slack in his performance, for this nice path is so near the edge of the pit of knavery, that the least slip lets you fall in.

These promises must have abundance of circumstances to bring the honest man out of the scandal.

As, first The disappointments which occasioned this breach of his word must have been unforeseen and unexpected, otherwise the expectation of performing his promise was ill grounded, and then his honesty is answerable for the very making the promise, as well as the breaking it

Second No endeavours must be wanting to comply with the promise, otherwise 'tis wrong to say, "I am disappointed, and can't make good my word" The man ought to say, "Sir, I have disappointed myself by my negligence or wilfulness, and have obliged myself to break my word," or, in English, "Sir, I am a knave, for though I made you a promise which I might have performed, I took no care about it, not valuing the forfeiture of my word"

If, then, the case is so nice, though, in the strictness of speaking, such a disappointment may oblige an honest man to break his word, yet every honest man, who would preserve that character to himself, ought to be the more wary, and industriously avoid making such absolute unconditional promises, because we are to avoid the circumstances of offence

But as to the nature of the thing, 'tis plain to me that a man may in such cases be obliged to break his word unwillingly, and nothing can be a fraud or dishonest action in that case, which is not either voluntary in itself, or the occasion voluntarily procured.

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## OF RELATIVE HONESTY

As honesty is simple and plain, without gloss and pretence, so it is universal. He that may uphold an untainted reputation in one particular, may be justly branded with infamy in another. A man may be punctual in his dealings, and a knave in his relations, honest in his warehouse, and a knave at his fireside, he may be a saint in his company, a devil in his family, true to his word, and false to his friendship, but whosoever he be, he is no honest man. An honest man is all of a piece the whole contexture of his life, his general conduct is genuine, and squared according to the rules of honesty, he never runs into extremes and excesses on one hand or other.

I confess I find this thing which they call relative honesty very little thought of in the world, and that which is still worse, 'tis very little understood. I'll bring it down to but a few examples, some of which frequently happen among us, and will therefore be the more familiarly received.

There are relative obligations entailed on us in our family circumstances, which are just debts, and must be paid, and which, in a word, a man can no more be honest if he does not make conscience of discharging, than he can in the case of the most unquestionable debts between man and man.

The debts from children to parents, and from wives to their husbands, are in a manner relatively changed, and the obligation transferred into the order of religious duties. God, the guide and commander of all subordination, has, as it were, taken that part into His own hand. 'Tis rather called a duty to Him than a relative duty only. But if men take this for a discharge to them of all relative

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obligations to wives and to children, or that God had less required one than the other, they must act upon very wrong principles

Nature, indeed, dictates in general a man's providing subsistence for his family, and he is declared to be so far from a Christian that he is worse than an infidel that neglects it. But there are other parts of our obligations which honesty calls upon us to perform

A wife and children are creditors to the father of the family, and he cannot be an honest man that does not discharge his debt to them, any more than he could if he did not repay money borrowed to a stranger, and not to lead my reader on to intricate and disputed particulars, I instance principally in those that nobody can dispute, as, first, education. By this I mean, not only putting children to school, which some parents think is all they have to do with or for their children, and indeed with some is all that they know how to do, or are fit to do, I say, I do not mean this only, but several other additional cares, as (1) Directing what school, what parts of learning are proper for them, what improvements they are to be taught, (2) studying the genius and capacities of their children in what they teach them. Some children will voluntarily learn one thing, and can never be forced to learn another, and for want of which observing the genius of children we have so many learned blockheads in the world, who are mere scholars, pedants, and no more. (3) But the main part of this debt which relative honesty calls upon us to pay to our children, is the debt of instruction, the debt of government, the debt of example. He that neglects to pay any of these to his family is a relative knave, let him value himself upon his honesty in paying his other debts as much as he will

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'T is a strange notion men have of honesty and of their being honest men, as if it related to nothing but tradesmen or men who borrow and lend, or that the title was obtained by an ordinary observance of right and wrong between man and man. 'T is a great mistake, the name of an honest man is neither so easily gained, nor so soon lost as these men imagine. David was a very honest man, notwithstanding his passion and revenge in the case of Nabal, his murder in the case of Uriah, or his adultery in the case of Bathsheba. The intent and main design of his life was upright, and whenever he fell by the power of that temptation that overcame him, he rose again by repentance.

Let no vain men flatter themselves with the pride of their honesty in mere matters of debtor and creditor, though that is also absolutely necessary and essential to an honest man.

But trace this honest man home to his family. Is he a tyrant or a churl to his wife? Is he a stranger to the conduct and behaviour of his children? Is he an Eli to their vices? Are they uninstructed, uncorrected, unexhorted, ungoverned, or ill governed? That man is a knave, a relative knave, he neither does his duty to God, or pays the debt of a husband, or of a parent, to his wife or his family.

Secondly, after the debt of education, there is the debt of induction due from us to our children. The debt from a parent is far from ending when the children come from school, as the brutes who turn their young off from them when they are just able to pick for themselves. It is our business, doubtless, to introduce them into the world, and to do it in such a manner as suits the circumstances we are in, as to their supply, and the inclinations and capacities of our children. This is a debt the want of paying which makes many children too justly re-

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proach their parents with neglecting them in their youth, and not giving them the necessary introduction into the world, as might have qualified them to struggle and shift for themselves

Not to do this is to run our children negatively on one hand, as doing it without judgment and without regard to our family circumstances, and our children's capacities, is a positive running them on the other. I could very usefully run out this part into a long discourse on the necessity there is of consulting the inclinations and capacities of our children in our placing them out in the world. How many a martial spirit do we find damned to trade, while we spoil many a good porter, and convert the able limbs and bones of a blockhead into the figure of a long robe, or a gown and cassock?

How many awkward clumsy fellows do we breed to surgery or to music, whose fingers and joints Nature originally designed, and plainly showed it us by their size, were better suited for the blacksmith's sledge or the carpenter's axe, the waterman's oar or the carman's whip?

Whence comes it to pass that we have so many young men brought to the bar and to the pulpit with stammering tongues, hesitations and impediments in their speech, unmusical voices, and no common utterance, while, on the other hand, Nature's cripples — bow-legged, battle-hammered, and half-made creatures — are bred tumblers and dancing-masters?

I name these because they occur most in our common observation, and are all miserable examples, where the children curse the knavery of their fathers in not paying the debt they owed to them as parents, in putting them to employments that had been suitable to their capacities, and suitable to what Nature had cut them out for.

I came into a public-house once in London, where

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there was a black mulatto-looking man sitting, talking very warmly among some gentlemen, who, I observed, were listening very attentively to what he said, and I sat myself down and did the like. "I was with great pleasure I heard him discourse very handsomely on several weighty subjects. I found he was a very good scholar, had been very handsomely bred, and that learning and study were his delight, and, more than that, some of the best of science was at that time his employment. At length I took the freedom to ask him if he was born in England?"

He replied with a great deal of good humour in the manner, but with an excess of resentment at his father, and with tears in his eyes, "Yes, yes, sir, I am a true-born Englishman, to my father's shame be it spoken, who, being an Englishman himself, could find it in his heart to join himself to a negro woman, though he must needs know the children he should beget would curse the memory of such an action, and abhor his very name for the sake of it. Yes, yes," says he, repeating it again, "I am an Englishman, and born in lawful wedlock; happy had it been for me, though my father had gone to the devil for whoredom, had he lain with a cook-maid, or produced me from the meanest beggar-woman in the street. My father might do the duty of nature to his black wife, but, God knows, he did no justice to his children. If it had not been for this damned black face of mine," says he, then smiling, "I had been bred to the law, or brought up in the study of divinity, but my father gave me learning to no manner of purpose, for he knew I should never be able to rise by it to anything but a learned valet de chambre. What he put me to school for I cannot imagine, he spoiled a good tarpauling when he strove to make me a gentleman. When he had resolved to marry a slave and lie with a slave,

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he should have begot slaves, and let us have been bred as we were born, but he has twice ruined me — first, with getting me a frightful face, and then going to paint a gentleman upon me ”

It was a most affecting discourse indeed, and as such I record it, and I found it ended in tears from the person, who was in himself the most deserving, modest, and judicious man that I ever met with under a negro countenance in my life

After this story I persuaded myself I need say no more to this case, the education of our children, their instruction, and the introducing them into the world, is a part of honesty, a debt we owe to them, and he cannot be an honest man that does not, to the utmost of his ability and judgment, endeavour to pay it

All the other relative obligations, which family circumstances call for the discharge of, allow the same method of arguing for, and are debts in their proportion, and must be paid upon the same principle of integrity I have neither room nor is there any occasion to enlarge upon them

## CHAPTER THREE

### OF THE IMMORALITY OF CONVERSATION, AND THE VULGAR ERRORS OF BEHAVIOUR

**C**ONVERSATION is the brightest and most beautiful part of life, 'tis an emblem of the enjoyment of a future state, for suitable society is a heavenly life, 'tis that part of life by which mankind are not only distinguished from the inanimate world, but by which they are distinguished from one another. Perhaps I may be more particularly sensible of the benefit and of the pleasure of it, having been so effectually mortified with the want of it. But as I take it to be one of the peculiarities of the rational life that man is a conversable creature, so it is his most complete blessing in life to be blessed with suitable persons about him to converse with. Bringing it down from generals to particulars, nothing can recommend a man more, nothing renders him more agreeable, nothing can be a better character to give of one man to another, next to that of his being an honest and religious man, than to say of him that he is very good company.

How delightful is it to see a man's face always covered with smiles, and his soul shining continually in the goodness of his temper, to see an air of humour and pleasantness sit ever upon his brow, and to find him on all occasions the same, ever agreeable to others and to himself—a steady calm of mind, a clear head, and serene thoughts always acting the



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mastership upon him. Such a man has something angelic in his very countenance, the life of such a man is one entire scene of composure, 't is an anticipation of the future state, which we well represent by an eternal peace.

To such a man to be angry, is only to be just to himself, and to act as he ought to do, to be troubled or sad is only to act his reason, for as to being in a passion he knows nothing of it, passion is a storm in the mind, and this never happens to him, for all excesses, either of grief or of resentment, are foreigners, and have no habitation with him. He is the only man that can observe that Scripture heavenly dictate, "be angry and sin not," and if ever he is very angry, 't is with himself, for giving way to be angry with any one else.

This is the truly agreeable person, and the only one that can be called so in the world, his company is a charm, and is rather wonder'd at than imitated. 'T is almost a virtue to envy such a man, and one is apt innocently to grieve at him, when we see what is so desirable in him, and cannot either find it or make it in ourselves.

But take this with you in the character of this happy man, namely, that he is always a good man, a religious man. 'T is a gross error to imagine that a soul blackened with vice, loaded with crime, degenerated into immorality and folly, can be that man — can have this calm, serene soul, those clear thoughts, those constant smiles upon his brow, and the steady agreeableness and pleasantness in his temper, that I am speaking of, there must be intervals of darkness upon such a mind. Storms in the conscience will always lodge clouds upon the countenance, and where the weather is hazy within it can never be sunshine without, the smiles of a disturbed mind are all but feigned and forged, there may be

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a good disposition, but it will be too often and too evidently interrupted by the recoils of the mind, to leave the temper untouched and the humour free and unconcerned, when the drum beats an alarm within, it is impossible but the disturbance will be discovered without

Mark the man of crime, sit close to him in company, at the end of the most exuberant excursion of his mirth, you will never fail to hear his reflecting faculty whisper a sigh to him, he will shake it off, you will see him check it and go on. Perhaps he sings it off, but at the end of every song, nay, perhaps of every stanza, it returns, a kind of involuntary sadness breaks upon all his joy, he perceives it, rouses, despises it, and goes on, but in the middle of a long laugh in drops a sigh, it will be, it can be no otherwise, and I never conversed closely with a man of levity in my life but I could perceive it most plainly, 't is a kind of respiration natural to a stifled conviction—a hesitation that is the consequence of a captivated virtue, a little insurrection in the soul against the tyranny of profligate principles

But in the good man the calm is complete—it is all nature, no counterfeit, he is always in humour, because he is always composed

He's calm without, because he's clear within

A stated composure of mind can really proceed from nothing but a fund of virtue, and this is the reason why it is my opinion that the common saying, that content of mind is happiness, is a vulgar mistake, unless it be granted that this content is first founded on such a basis as the mind ought to be contented with, for otherwise a lunatic in Bedlam is a completely happy man, he sings in his hutch, and dances in his chain, and is as contented as any man living. The possession or power which that

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vapour or delirium has upon his brain makes him fancy himself a prince, a monarch, a statesman, or just what he pleases to be, as a certain duchess is said to have believed herself to be an empress, has her footmen drawn up, with javelins, and dressed in antic habits, that she may see them through a window, and believe them to be her guards, is served upon the knee, called her majesty, imperial majesty, and the like, and with this splendour her distempered mind is deluded, forming ideas of things which are not, and at the same time her eyes are shut to the eternal captivity of her circumstances, in which she is made a property to other persons, her estate managed by guardianship, and she a poor demented creature to the last degree, an object of human compassion, and completely miserable

The only contentment which entitles mankind to any felicity is that which is founded upon virtue and just principles, for contentment is nothing more or less than what we call peace, and what peace where crime possesses the mind, which is attended, as a natural consequence, with torment and disquiet? What peace where the harmony of the soul is broken by constant regret and self-reproaches? What peace in a mind under constant apprehensions and terrors of something yet attending to render them miserable, and all this is inseparable from a life of crime

For where there 's guilt, there always will be fear

Peace of mind makes a halcyon upon the countenance, it gilds the face with a cheerful aspect, such as nothing else can procure, and which indeed, as above, it is impossible effectually to counterfeit

Bow, mighty reason, to thy Maker's name,  
For God and Peace are just the same,  
Heaven is the emanation of His face,  
And want of peace makes hell in ev'ry place

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Tell us, ye men of notion, tell us why  
You seek for bliss and wild prosperity  
In storms and tempests, fuds and war —  
Is happiness to be expected there?  
Tell us what sort of happiness  
Can men in want of peace possess?

Blest charm of Peace, how sweet are all those hours  
We spend in thy society!  
Afflictions lose their acid powers,  
And turn to joys when join'd to thee

The darkest article of life with peace  
Is but the gate of happiness,  
Death in his blackest shapes can never fright,  
Thou can'st see day beyond his night,  
The smile of Peace can calm the frown of Fate,  
And, spite of death, can life anticipate,  
Nay, hell itself, could it admit of peace,  
Would change its nature, and its name would cease,  
The bright transforming blessing would destroy  
The life of death, and damn the place to joy,  
The metamorphosis would be so strange,  
'T would fright the devils, and make them bless the change;  
Or else the brightness would be so intense  
They'd shun the light, and fly from thence

Let heav'n, that unknown happiness,  
Be what it will, 't is best described by peace  
No storms without, or storms within,  
No fear, no danger there, because no sin  
'T is bright essential happiness,  
Because He dwells within whose name is Peace

Who would not sacrifice for thee  
All that men call felicity?  
Since happiness is but an empty name,  
A vapour without heat or flame,  
But what from thy original derives —  
And dies with thee, by whom it lives

But I return to the subject of conversation, from  
which this digression is made only to show that the  
fund of agreeable conversation is, and can only be,  
founded in virtue, this alone is the thing that keeps  
a man always in humour, and always agreeable

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They mistake much who think religion or a strict morality discomposes the temper, sours the mind, and unfits a man for conversation. 'Tis irrational to think a man can't be bright unless he is wicked, it may as well be said a man cannot be merry till he is mad, not agreeable till he is offensive, not in humour till he is out of himself. 'Tis clear to me no man can be truly merry but he that is truly virtuous, wit is as consistent with religion as religion is with good manners, nor is there anything in the limitations of virtue and religion, I mean the just restraints which religion and virtue lay upon us in conversation, that should abate the pleasure of it, on the contrary, they increase it. For example restraints from vicious and indecent discourses, there's as little manners in those things as there is mirth in them, nor indeed does religion or virtue rob conversation of one grain of true mirth. On the contrary, the religious man is the only man fully qualified for mirth and good humour, with this advantage, that when the vicious and the virtuous man appears gay and merry, but differ, as they must do, in the subject of their mirth, you may always observe the virtuous man's mirth is superior to the other, more suitable to him as a man, as a gentleman, as a wise man, and as a good man, and, generally speaking, the other will acknowledge it, at least afterwards, when his thoughts cool, and as his reflections come in.

But what shall we do to correct the vices of conversation? How shall we show men the picture of their own behaviour? There is not a greater undertaking in the world, or an attempt of more consequence to the good of mankind, than this, but 'tis as difficult also as it is useful, and at best I shall make but a little progress in it in this work let others mend it.

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### OF UNFITTING OURSELVES FOR CONVERSATION

Before I enter upon the thing which I call the immorality of conversation, let me say a little about the many weak and foolish ways by which men strive, as it were, to unfit themselves for conversation. Human infirmities furnish us with several things that help to make us unconversable, we need not study to increase the disadvantages we lie under on that score. Vice and intemperance, not as a crime only, that I should speak of by itself, but even as a distemper, unfit us for conversation; they help to make us cynical, morose, surly, and rude. Vicious people boast of their polite carriage and their nice behaviour, how gay, how good-humoured, how agreeable! For a while it may be so, but trace them as men of vice, follow them till they come to years, and observe, while you live, you never see the humour last, but they grow fiery, morose, positive, and petulant. An ancient drunkard is a thing indeed not often seen, because the vice has one good faculty with it, viz, that it seldom hands them on to old age, but an ancient and good-humoured drunkard I think I never knew.

It seems strange that men should affect unfitting themselves for society, and study to make themselves unconversable, whereas their being truly sociable as men is the thing which would most recommend them, and that to the best of men, and best answers to the highest felicity of life. Let no man value himself upon being morose and cynical, sour and unconversable — 't is the reverse of a good man, a truly religious man follows the rule of the apostle — "Be affable, be courteous, be humble, in meekness esteeming every man better than ourselves," whereas conversation now is the reverse of the Christian

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rule, 'tis interrupted with conceitedness and affectation — a pride, esteeming ourselves better than every man, and that which is worse still, this happens generally when indeed the justice of the case is against us, for where is the man who, thus overruling himself, is not evidently inferior in merit to all about him? Nay, and frequently those who put most value upon themselves, have the least merit to support it. Self-conceit is the bane of human society, and, generally speaking, is the peculiar of those who have the least to recommend them. 'tis the ruin of conversation, and the destruction of all improvement, for how should any man receive any advantage from the conversation of others, who believes himself qualified to teach them, and not to have occasion to learn anything from them?

Nay, as the fool is generally the man that is conceited most of his own wit, so that very conceit is the ruin of him, it confirms him a fool all the days of his life, for he that thinks himself a wise man is a fool, and knows it not, nay, 'tis impossible he should continue to be a fool if he was but once convinced of his folly.

If fools could their own ignorance discern,  
They 'd be no longer fools, because they 'd learn

It will be objected here, indeed, that folly and conceit may be hurtful to conversation, may rob men of the advantage of it, unfit one side for conversing, and make it unprofitable, as well as unpleasant to the other, but that this is nothing to the immorality of conversation, that ignorance and conceit may be an infirmity, but is not always a crime, that the mischief of men's being fools is generally their own, but the mischief of their being knaves is to other people, and this is very true. But certainly egregious folly merits one paragraph of re-

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buke ; perhaps it may touch the senses of some weak brethren one time or other, and the labour may not be lost

I never saw a more simple, or yet a more furious irreconcilable quarrel, than once between two of the most empty, conceited people that ever I knew in the world, and it was upon one calling the other fool, which, on both sides, was unhappily very true. They fought upon the spot, but were parted by the company, they challenged, and could not meet, their friends getting notice of it, in short, it ruined them both, they made new appointments, and at last deceived their friends and fought again, they were both wounded, and one died, the other fled the country, and never returned. The first owned he was a fool, which was indeed some diminution of his folly. I say he knew himself to be a fool, but could not bear the other to tell him so, who was more a fool than himself. The other boldly asserted his own capacities to be infinitely greater than they were, and despised the first to the last degree, who indeed, if he had not more wit, had more modesty than the other, but both, like fools, fought about nothing, for such, indeed, the question about their wit might very well have been called.

But it is true, after all, the want of a conversable temper, if from a want or defect of sense, may be an infirmity, not an immorality, that is to say, the cause is not so in itself, but it may be so in its consequences that way also, for the conversation of fools is vanity in the abstract. I might here, indeed, find subject for a large tract upon the infinite diversity of fools, and by consequence the wondrous beauty of their conversation. I have on this occasion reckoned up a list of about seven and thirty several sorts of fools, besides Solomon's fool, whom I take to be the wicked fool only, these I have diversified by their tempers and



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humours, and in the infinite variety of their follies of several sorts, in every one of which they rob themselves, and all that keep them company, of the felicity of conversation, there being nothing in them but emptiness, or a fulness of what is ridiculous, and only qualified to be laughed at or found fault with

I have likewise described some of their conversation, their vain repetitions, their catchwords, their laughings and gestures, and adapted them to make the world merry. I have thoughts of running it on into foreign characters, and describe French, Spanish, Portuguese fools, and fools of Russia, China, and the East Indies, but as this is something remote from the design in hand, which is more serious, and done on a much better view, and likewise of an unmeasurable length, like the weighty subject it is upon (for folly is a large field), so I refer it to another opportunity.

The truth is, that part of conversation which I am now to speak of, or which I mean by what I have said upon this subject, is the weighty and serious part, and is not the mere common talk, or a conversation which fools are capable of, 't is exercised in a solid and well-tempered frame, and when regulated, as it ought to be, by virtue and good morals, is qualified to make mankind happy in the enjoyment of the best things and of the best company, and therefore the evils that creep into and corrupt this part of our conversation are of the more fatal quality, and worth our exposing, that people may see and shun them, and that conversation may be restored among us to what it should be

### *I Of the Immorality of Conversation in General.*

Some may object against the term, the immorality of conversation, and think the word improper

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to the subject, but to save any critic the dearly-beloved labour of cavilling in favour of ill manners and unbecoming behaviour, I shall explain myself before I go any farther.

I call conversation immoral where the discourse is indecent, where 't is irreligious or profane, where 't is immodest or scandalous, or where 't is slanderous and abusive. In these and such cases, *loqui est agere*, thus talking lewdly, or talking profanely, is an immodest action. Such is the power of words, that mankind is able to act as much evil by their tongues as by their hands, the ideas that are formed in the mind from what we hear are most piercing and permanent, and the force of example in this case is not more powerful than the force of argument.

Some of the worst sins are not to be committed but by the tongue, as the sin of blasphemy, speaking treason against the majesty of God, cursings and imprecations among men, lies, slanders, and a vast variety of petty excursions, which are grown modish by custom, and seem too small to be reprov'd.

We are here in England, after many years' degeneracy, arriv'd to a time wherein vice is in general discountenanced by authority, God in mercy to the age has inspir'd our government with a resolution to discourage it, the king, now his wars are over, and his foreign enemies allow him some rest, will, we hope, declare war against this domestic enemy.

The late Queen Mary, of heavenly memory for her piety and blessed example, appear'd in her time gallantly in the cause of virtue, magistrates were encouraged to punish vice, new laws made to restrain it, and justice seem'd to be at work to reclaim it. But what can kings, or queens, or parliaments do? Laws and proclamations are weak and useless things, unless some secret influence can affect the practices of those whom no laws can reach.

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To make laws against words would be as fruitless as to make a shelter against the lightning. There are so many inlets to the breach that the informers would be as numerous as the criminals, and the trespass as frequent as the minutes we live in.

Conversation has received a general taint, and the disease is become a chain. The way to cure it is not by forcible restraints on particulars, but by some general influence on the public practice. When a distemper becomes pleasant to a patient he is the harder to be cured, he has a sort of aversion to the remedy because he has none to the disease. Our modern people have such a passion for the mode, that if it be but the fashion to be lewd, they will scandalise their honour, debauch their bodies, and damn their souls to be genteel. If the beaux talk blasphemy, the rest will set up for atheists, and deny their Maker, to be counted witty in the defence of it; when our tradesmen would be thought wise, and make themselves appear nice and learned in their conversation, nothing will satisfy them but to criticise upon things sacred, run up to discuss the inscrutables of religion, search the arcana even of heaven itself. The divinity of the Son of God, the hypostatic union, the rational description of the state everlasting, nay, the demonstrations of undemonstrable things, are the common subject of their fancied affected capacities.

Hence come heresies and delusions. Men affecting to search into what is impossible they should clearly discover, learn to doubt because they cannot describe, and deny the existence because they cannot explain the manner of what they inquire after, as if a thorough impossibility of their acting by their sense upon objects beyond its reach was an evidence against their being. Thus, because the Trinity cannot appear to their reasoning, they oppose their

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reasoning to its reality, they will divest the Son of God of His divinity, and of the hypostatic union of the Godhead in the person of Christ, because they cannot distinguish between the actions done by Him in His mediatorial capacity, in virtue of His office, and those actions which He did in virtue of His omnipotence and Godhead

This is not an immorality and error in conversation only, or not so much so as I think it is a judgment upon it, a blast from Heaven upon the arrogance of the tongue. When proud men give themselves a loose to talk blasphemously to be thought witty, then Maker gives them up to suggest damnable errors till they begin to believe them, and to broach their own wicked hints, till they by custom learn to espouse and defend them, as children tell feigned stories till they believe them to be true. If our town fopperies were visible only in the little excursions of dress and behaviour, it would be satisfaction enough for a wise man either to pity or laugh at them, but when wit is set on work, and invention racked to find out methods how they may be more than superlatively wicked, when all the endowments of the mind and helps of art, with the accomplishments of education, are ranged in battle against Heaven, and joined in confederacy to make mankind more wicked than ever the devil had the impudence to desire of them, this calls out aloud for the help of all the powers of government, and all the strength of wit and virtue, to detect and expose it.

Indeed I had some thoughts to leave upon record a melancholy kind of genealogy of this horrid perfection of vice, which so increases in our age, I mean as it respects this nation, in which 'tis too ancient, indeed, to trace it back to its original, yet since its visible increase has been within the reach of our own

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memory, and it is, as I may say, the adopted child of our age, we may judge of the extent of its influence, and may take a short view of it in miniature. None, indeed, can judge of the extent of its influence but such as have conversed with all sorts of people, from the court to the plough-tail, where you may too sadly see the effect of it in the general debauching both the principles and practice of all sorts and degrees of this nation, but it will be an ungrateful task, it would lead me to the characters of persons, and to write satires upon the times, as well those past as those present, which, indeed, is not my business in this work, and therefore I throw by some keen observations which I had made upon this subject, my business here, or at least my design, being rather to instruct the age than to reprove it, and as for the dead, they are gone to their place.

St-Augustine observes, *De civitate Dei*, that the ancients justified their liberty in all excesses of vice which they practised in those times from the patterns of their gods, that the stories of the rapes and incest of Jupiter, the lewdness of Venus and Mars, and the like, made those crimes appear less heinous, since people had them frequently in the histories of the deities they worshipped, and that they must of necessity be lawful, seeing they were practised by those famous persons whom they had placed above the skies, and thought fit to adore.

If modern times have received unhappy impressions from vicious courts, and princes have not taken the needful caution not to guide to evil by their example, instead of turning this into satire upon those that are past, I choose to give it another turn, which our kings, and people too, in time to come may make good use of, and I hope will not be offended at supposing that they will do so

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- 1 To kings or sovereigns in future reigns, for I am not in this intending the present reign. It may without offence be said, that they have a glorious advantage put into their hands to honour their Maker, and advantage their people, to the immortal glory of their own memory, by prompting virtue and discouraging vice by their happy examples, by removing the vicious habits of conversation from the court-modes, and making vice unfashionable as it is unseemly. Why may not the royal example go as far to reform a nation as it has formerly done to debauch and ruin it? But as this respects the heads<sup>1</sup> of the people, I desire to speak it with the deference of a subject, and close this discourse with only saying, that I pray and wish it may be so.
- 2 To the people, with more freedom, I apply it thus. Let past examples be what they will, the present reign encourages no crime, why then should our modern conversation receive this taint? Why should we be volunteers in the devil's service while the power we are under gives us neither precept or example? If we are guilty, 't is by mere choice, the crime is all our own, and we are patterns to ourselves.

### *II Of Reforming the Errors of Conversation*

But I leave this part as less grateful, and perhaps not more significant than what I have yet to say upon this subject, 't is not so absolutely material to inquire how his conversation came first to be corrupted, as how it shall be reformed or recovered. The question before us is, by what method to retrieve this miserable defection, and to bring back the nation to some tolerable degree of good manners,

<sup>1</sup> This was all written in King William's reign, and refers to that time [Defoe]

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that morality at least may regain its authority, and virtue and sobriety be valued again as it ought to be. This, I say, is a difficult thing to direct

——— *Facilis descensus Averno*  
*Sed revocare gradum,*  
*Hoc opus, hic labor est* — *Virg. Æneid, vi*

Englshed thus

It is easy into hell to fall,  
But to get back from thence is all

The method might be easier prescribed than practised, though it cannot be perfectly prescribed neither. Something may, however, be said by way of observation, perhaps other well-wishers may hereafter throw their mites into this treasury, and some zealous reformers may at last make the attempt upon these foundations

1 A strict execution of the laws against vice. We have already and are every day making very good laws to reform the people, but the benefit of laws consists in the executive power, which if not vigorously put forth, laws become useless, and it were better they were not made at all. I was once going to have added here a treatise, intituled, “An Essay upon the Insignificance of Laws and Acts of Parliament in England,” but upon second thoughts, resolving to mingle no satire with my serious observations, I omitted this also. The deficiency of our laws is chiefly in the want of laws to reform the law-makers, that the wheel of executive justice might be kept going. Of what use else can laws be?

2 An exemplary behaviour in our gentry, after whose copy the poor people generally write, not but that I acknowledge it will be harder to reform a nation than it would be to debauch it, though virtue should obtain upon custom, and become the fashion,

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because inclination does not stand neuter, but it would be a great step to this reformation if we could all join to discourage immorality by example. That if a man will be drunk or lewd, he shall, as a thief robs a house, do it in the dark, and be ashamed of it. If these two heads were brought to pass, I question not but reformation would come to such an height, that if a poor man happened to be drunk he should come and desire the constable to set him in the stocks for fear of a worse punishment, and if a rich man swore an oath in his passion, he should send his footman to the next justice of the peace with his fine and get a discharge for fear of being informed against and exposed.

In order to the furthering this great work it would be very necessary, if possible, to draw the picture of our modern vices, to let mankind see by a true light what they are doing, and how ugly a phiz the mistress they court really appears with when inclination, which paints her in different colours, is taken off.

It will be impossible to bring vice out of fashion if we cannot bring men to an understanding of what it really is, but could we prevail upon a man to examine his vice, to dissect its parts, and view the anatomy of it, to see how disagreeable it is to him as a man, as a gentleman, or as a Christian, how despicable and contemptible in its highest fruition, how destructive to his senses, estate, and reputation, how dishonourable, and how beastly, in its public appearances, such a man would certainly be out of love with it, and be but mankind once out of love with vice, the reformation is half brought to pass.

I shall not pretend to invade the province of the learned, nor offer one argument from Scripture or Providence, for I am supposed to be talking to men that doubt or deny them both. Divinity is not my



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talent, nor ever like to be my profession, the charge of priestcraft and schoolmen would not be against me, besides, it is not the way of talking that the world relishes at this time, in a word, talking Scripture is out of fashion. But I must crave leave to tell my reader that if there were no God or Providence, devil or future state, yet they ought not to be drunken and lewd, passionate, revengeful, or immoral, 't is so unnatural, so unmanly, so ungenteel, so foolish and foppish, that no wise man, as a man, can justify it so much as to his own reason or the memory of his ancestors. I suppose myself talking to men that have nothing to do with God, and desire He should have nothing to do with them, and yet even to such a vicious conversation, looked on without the gust of inclination, would appear too brutish to be meddled with, if we will but choose like men, not to say like Christians. Virtue and morality is more agreeable to human nature, more manly than vice and intemperance, 't is more suitable to all the ends of life, to the being of society, to the public peace of families, as well as nations. Mankind would rather be virtuous than vicious, if they were to choose only for their own ease and convenience. Vice tends to oppression, war, and confusion, virtue is peaceable and honest, vice is a poison to society, no man is safe if men have neither sobriety nor honesty, for the innocent will be robbed by the thief, ravished by the lewd, and murdered by the drunkard.

It might not be a needless digression if I should examine here whether whoring and drunkenness be not the two mother sins of the times, the spring and original of all our fashionable vices. I distinguish this because other sins, as murders, thefts, rapes, and the like, are now come so much in vogue, we are content the laws should be executed for them, but

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should think it very hard a man should be hanged for whoring or transported for being drunk

I would not have any of our gentlemen think that my laying the charge of our debauchery on the examples of the gods, has taken off anything of the blame from those who have industriously propagated the spreading evil among their tenants and neighbours, by their own vicious example, and I could turn the whole observation into a satire on the manners of our gentlemen, and describe with what easiness our magistrates let fall the reins of their authority, and connive at the practice of all manner of intemperance and excess among the people, with what eagerness the poor countrymen are called in to be made drunk upon every occasion, with what contempt any person is looked upon either in town or country, that either will not be drunk, or cannot bear an excessive quantity of wine, how our common mirth is filled with songs and poems, recommending drunkenness and lewdness, and rampant vice rides riot through the nation. But, as above, I avoid satire, I shall endeavour to treat this foul subject in as civil terms as the case will bear, and only examine general conversation in particular heads, with some vulgar errors of behaviour which are crept in, and which seem authorised by custom

### *III Of Atheistical and Profane Discourse.*

God Almighty Himself is the least beholding to this age of any that ever was from the beginning of time, for that being arrived to a degree of knowledge superior to all that went before us, or at least fancying it to be so, whereby the greater glory might accrue to Himself, the Author of all wisdom, that every gift, the brightest of all the heavenly blessings, is made use of to put the greatest con-

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tempt upon His majesty that mankind is capable of—to deny His essence, such an affront that the devils themselves never had the impudence to suggest to the world till they found man arrived to a degree of hardness fit for something never done before. All the heathen nations in the world came short of this, the most refined philosophers owned a first cause of all things, and that something was superior, whose influence governed, and whose being was sacred and to be adored. The devil himself, who is allowed to be full of enmity against the Supreme Being, has often set up himself to be worshipped as a God, but never prompted the most barbarous nations to deny the being of a God, and 't is thought that even the devil himself believed the notion was too absurd to be imposed upon the world. But our age is even with him for his folly, for since they cannot get him to join in the denial of a God they will deny his devilship too, and have neither one nor other.

'T is worth observation, after the most convincing arguments that nature and reason can produce for the existence of a deity, what weak, foolish, ridiculous shifts the most refined of our atheistical disputants fly to in defence of their notion, with what senseless pains they labour to reason themselves into an opinion which their own constitution, nature, and way of living give the lie to every moment, with how little consistency they solve all the other phenomena of nature and creation, that when in all other points they are capable of arguing strenuously, and are not to be satisfied but with strength of reason and sound argument, here they admit sophisms, delusive suppositions, and miserable shams and pretences to prevail upon their own judgments. This is touched at in the following lines upon the system of Prometheus, which I could not omit upon this occasion, relating

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to the heathens' ignorance in the great doctrine of first causes

The great Promethean artist, poets say,  
First made the model of a man in clay,  
Contrived the form of parts, and when he had done,  
Stole vital heat from the prolific sun,  
But not a poet tells us to this day  
Who made Prometheus first, and who the clay,  
Who gave the great prolific to the sun,  
And where the first productive work begun

Also Epicurus, his philosophy will satisfy some people, who fancy the world was made by a strange fortuitous conjunction of atoms, without any pre-existent influence, or without any immediate power, which Mr Creech very well translates thus

But some have dreamt of atoms strangely hurled  
Into the decent order of the world,  
And so by chance combin'd, from whence began  
The earth, the heaven, the sea, and beast, and man

To which I crave leave to subjoin one complement, by way of confutation of this folly

Forgetting first that something must bestow  
Existence on those atoms that did so

The arguments for the existence of a deity are so many, so nicely handled, and so unanswerable, that 'tis needless to attempt anything that way, no man in his wits needs any further demonstration of it than what he may find within himself, nor is it any part of the work I am upon, I have only a few things to ask of our modern atheists.

1 Whether their more serious thoughts do not reflect upon them in the very act, and give the lie to their arguments. My Lord Rochester, who was arrived to an extraordinary pitch in this infernal learning, acknowledged it on his deathbed, the sense

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nature has upon her of the certainty of this great truth, will give some convulsions at so horrid an act.

Nature pays homage with a trembling bow.  
And conscious men but faintly disallow ,  
The secret trepidation racks the soul,  
And while he says, no God, replies, "Thou fool "

2. I would ask the most confident atheist, what assurance he has of the negative, and what a risk he runs if he should be mistaken? This we are sure of, if we want demonstration to prove the being of a God, they are much more at a loss for a demonstration to prove the negative. Now, no man can answer it to his prudence, to take the risk they run, upon an uncertain supposititious notion, for if there be such a thing as a First Cause, which we call God, they have very little reason to expect much from Him who have made it their business to affront Him by denying His existence. Nor have they acted in their denial like wise men, for they have not used so much as the caution of good manners, but as if they were as sure of His nonentity as of the strongest demonstration, they have been witty upon the thing, and made a jest of the supposition, turned all matters of faith into ridicule, burlesqued upon religion itself, and made ballads and songs on the Bible. Thus Rochester has left us a long lewd song, beginning thus

Religion's a politic cheat,  
Made up of many a fable ,  
Ne'er trouble the wise or the great,  
But only amuses the rabble

Now, I am not in this discourse entering into any of the arguments in these grand questions on one side or other—that would be to make this work a collection of polemics, nor am I casuist enough for

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such a work — but I am observing or remarking upon the wickedness of the treating these subjects with levity and ignorance in the common road of conversation

Methinks these gentlemen act with more courage than discretion, for if it should happen at last that there should be a God, and that He has the power of rewards and punishments in His hand, as He must have or cease to be almighty, they are but in an ill case

If it should so fall out, as who can tell,  
But there may be a God, a heaven, a hell,  
Mankind had best consider well for fear,  
'T should be too late when their mistakes appear

Nor do they, in my opinion, discover any great wit in it, there is, if I might pass for a judge, something flat, something that shocks the fancy, in all the satire upon religion that ever I saw, as if the muse were not so much an atheist as the poet, but baulks the hint, and could not favour a blasphemous flight with so much freedom and spirit that at other times it has shown, which is a notice that there is a tacit sense of the Deity, though they pretend to deny it, lodged in the understanding, that it is not stifled without some difficulty, and struggles hard with the fancy, when the party strives to be more than ordinarily insolent with his Maker

In the next place, as 'tis one of the worst immoralities of conversation when it is profane, so blasphemy is the extreme of profaneness, you cannot come into company with an atheist but you have it in his common discourse, he is always putting some banter or foolish pun upon religion, affronting the invisible Power, or ridiculing his Maker, all his wit runs out into it, as all diseases run into the plague in a time of infection, and you must have patience to hear it or quarrel with him

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Below these we have a sort of people who will acknowledge a God, but he must be such a one as they please to make him, a fine, well-bred, good-natured, gentleman-like deity, that cannot have the heart to damn any of his creatures to an eternal punishment, nor could not be so weak as to let the Jews crucify his own son. These men expose religion, and all the doctrines of repentance, and faith in Christ, with all the means of a Christian salvation, as matter of haunter and ridicule. The Bible, they say, is a good history in most parts, but the story of our Saviour they look upon as a mere novel, and the miracles of the New Testament as a legend of priestcraft.

Further, besides these, we have Arians and Socinians, the disciples of an ancient heretic who went out of the church always at the singing the *Gloria Patri*, that he might be out of the noise, and would sit down at the doxology of the prayers, to note his disowning the godhead of Jesus Christ.

These are iniquities, as Job said, should be punished by the judges (chap xxii ver 20), and these are the things which have given such a stroke to the ruin of the nation's morals, for no method can be so direct to prepare people for all sorts of wickedness as to persuade them out of a belief of any Supreme Power to restrain them. Make a man once cease to believe a God, and he has nothing left to hunt his appetite but mere philosophy, if there is no supreme judicature, he must be his own judge and his own law, and will be so, the notion of hell, devil, and infernal spirits are empty things, and have nothing of terror in them, if the belief of a Power superior to them be obliterated.

But to bring this particular case nearer to the point of conversation, the errors of which he before me. though we live in an age where these horrid

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degrees of impiety are too much practised, yet we live in a place where religion is professed, the name of God owned and worshipped, religion and the doctrines of Christianity established, and as it is so, it ought as much to be preserved by the civil power from the horrid invasion of atheists, deists, and heretics, as the public peace ought to be defended against freebooters, thieves, and invaders.

'Tis very improbable any reformation of manners should be brought to pass, if the debauching the religious principles of the nation goes on with an unrestrained liberty. How incongruous is it to the decoration<sup>1</sup> of government, that a man shall be punished for drunkenness and set in the stocks for swearing, but shall have liberty to deny the God of heaven and dispute against the very sum and substance of the Christian doctrine, shall banter the Scripture and make ballads of the Pentateuch, turn all the principles of religion — the salvation of the soul, the death of our Saviour, and the revelation of the Gospel — into ridicule. And shall we pretend to reformation of manners and suppressing immoralities, while such as this is the general mixture of conversation? If a man talk against the government, or speak scurrilously of the king, he is had to the Old Bailey, and from thence to the pillory or whipping-post, and it is fit it should be so, but he may speak treason against the Majesty of heaven, deny the godhead of His Redeemer, and make a jest of the Holy Ghost — and thus affront the Power we all adore — and yet pass with impunity. Perhaps some in the company may have courage enough to blame him, and vindicate their religion with a “Why do you talk so?” but where is the man or the magistrate that ever vindicated the honour of his Maker

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps this is a misprint for “declaration.”



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with a resentment becoming the crime? If a man give the lie to a gentleman in company he takes it as an affront, flies into a passion, quarrels, fights, and perhaps murders him, nay, some have done it for an absent friend whom they have heard abused, but where is the gentleman that ever thought himself so much concerned in the quarrel of his Maker but that he could hear Him affronted, His being denied, the lie given to His divine authority, nay, to His divine being, and all His commands ridiculed and exposed, without any motion of spirit to punish the insolence of the party, and without drawing his sword in the quarrel, or letting him know he does not like it?

Methinks I need not make an apology for this, as if I meant that quarrelling and fighting were a proper practice in the case, the law does not admit it in any case, nor is it reasonable it should, and God Almighty is far from desiring us to run any risk in His service. But I choose to bring the cases into a parallel, to signify that I think it is a vulgar error in our behaviour not to show our resentment when we hear the honour and essence of God slighted and denied, His majesty abused, and religion bantered and ridiculed in common discourses. I think it would be very reasonable to tell a gentleman he wants manners when he talks reproachfully of his Maker, and to use him scurvily if he resented it. It would very well become a man of quality to cane a lewd fop, or kick him downstairs, when his insolence took a loose at religion in his company, else men may be bulled out of their Christianity and lampooned into profaneness, for fear of being counted fools.

Besides, it is in this as in all other like cases, he that will talk atheistically in my company, either believes me to be an atheist like himself, or ventures

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to impose upon me , and by imposing upon me, either accounts me a fool that cannot tell when I am put upon, or a coward that dare not resent it

Upon which account, even in good manners, it ought to be avoided , for it cannot be introduced into any part of conversation where the company are not all alike, without the greatest affront upon the rest that can be offered them

### IV *Of Lewd and Immodest Discourse.*

Talking hawdy, that sodomy of the tongue, has the most of ill manners and the least of a gentleman in it of any part of common discourse Sir George Mackenzie has very handsomely exposed it in its proper colours , but it may not be an intrenchment at all upon his province to say something to it in these observations

This part is the peculiar practice of such persons as are hardened to a degree beyond other men, proficient in debauchery, whose lives are so continually devoted to lewdness, that their mouths cannot contain it , who can govern their tongues no better than their tails, and are willing to be thought what really they are In these it is neither so strange nor so much a crime as in others , these are persons not to be reclaimed This part of my observation is not designed for their use , they are not to be talked out of their vice , they must go on and run their length Nothing but a gaol or an hospital ever brings them to a reformation , they repent sometimes in that emblem of hell, a fluxing house, and, under the surgeon's hands, wish a little they had been wiser ; but they follow one sin with another, till their carcass stinks as bad as their discourse, and the body becomes too nasty for the soul to stay any longer in it. From these no discourse is to be expected but what is

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agreeable to the tenor of their lives, for then to talk otherwise would be strained and eccentric, and become them as little as it would be tedious to them, but for a gentleman, a man of seeming modesty and a man of behaviour, not arrived to that class in the devil's school, for such a one to mix his discourse with lewd and filthy expressions, has something in it of a figure which intends more than is expressed.

Either we must believe such a one to be very lewd in his practice, or else, that not being able yet to arrive to such a degree of wickedness as he desires, he would supply that defect with a cheat, and persuade you to believe he is really worse than he is.

Which of these two characters I would choose to wear I cannot tell, for he that desires to be worse than he thinks he is, is certainly as bad as he desires to be, and he that is so bad as to let fly the excrescences of it at his mouth, is as wicked as the devil can in reason deserve of him.

But I descend from the wickedness to the indecency of the matter, its being a sin against God is not so much the present argument as its being unmannerly — a sin against breeding and society, a breach of behaviour, and a saucy, insolent affront to all the company.

I do not deny but that modesty, as it respects the covering our bodies, was at first an effect of the fall of our parents into crime, and is therefore said still to be the consequences of criminal nature, and no virtue in itself, because no part of the body had been unfit to be exposed if vice had not made the distinction necessary.

But from this very argument lewd discourse appears to be a sin against custom and decency, for why must the tongue industriously expose things and actions at which Nature blushes, and which

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custom, let the original be what it will, has dedicated to privacy and retirement ? What if it be true that shame is the consequence of sin, and that modesty is not an original virtue, it cannot but be allowed that sin has thereby brought us to a necessity of making modesty be a virtue, and sin would have a double influence upon us if, after it had made us ashamed, it should make us not ashamed again

'Tis, in my opinion, a mistake when we say sin was the immediate cause of shame, 't was sin indeed gave a nudity to our natures and actions, the innocence, which served as a glory and covering, being gone, then shame came in as the effect of the conscious sinner, so the text says, they knew that they were naked. Shame was the effect of nakedness, as nakedness was the effect of sin

From hence, then, I argue, and this is the reason of my naming it, that to be ashamed of our nakedness is a token of our wisdom and a monument of our just sense of the first sin that made it so, and as much a duty now as any other part of our repentance

To give the tongue then a liberty in that which there is so much reason to blush at, argues no sense of the original degeneracy. Where is the man that partakes not of Adam's fall, has no vicious contracted habit and nature conveyed to him from his grand predecessor ? Let him come forth, let him go naked and live by himself, and let his posterity partake of his innocence, his tongue cannot offend, nothing can be indecent for him to say, nothing uncomely for him to see

But if these gentlemen think it proper to cover their nakedness with their clothes, methinks they should not be always uncovering it again with their tongues, if there are some needful things which Nature requires to be done in secret, and which they

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by inclination choose to act in private, what reason can they give for speaking of them in public?

There is a strange incongruity in the behaviour of these people, that they fill their mouths with the foul repetition of actions and things which their own practising in private condemns them for, nay, which they would be ashamed to do in public, such men ought to act the common requirements of Nature in the most publickest places of the streets, bring their wives or whores to the exchange and to the market-places, and lie with them in the street, or else hold their tongues, and let their mouths have no more the stench of their vices in public than their actions.

And why, of all the rest of the parts of life, must the tongue take a peculiar licence to revel thus upon Nature, as if she had a mind to reproach her with the infirmities she labours under? The customs we are obliged to, though they are clogs upon Nature and a badge of original defection, yet neither is there anything so odious or so burdensome that these gentlemen should triumph over the nurse that brought them up.

Take the lewdest and most vicious wretch that ever gave his tongue a loose in this hateful practice, and turn him about to his mother, you shall hardly prevail upon him to talk his lewd language to her, there is something nauseous and surfeiting in that thought. This talking bawdy is like a man going to debauch his own mother, for it is raking into the arcanæ and exposing the nakedness of Nature, the common mother of us all.

If, as a famous man of wit pretended, lying with a woman was the homeliest thing that man can do, 't is much more true that talking of it is the homeliest thing that man can say.

Nor is there to me any jest in these things, any

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appearance of mirth There may be some pleasure in wicked actions, as the world rates pleasure, but I must profess 'tis dull, and for want of other more regular tastes that there should be pleasure in the discourse 'Tis a profaning of Nature, and bringing forth those things she has hallowed to secrecy and retirement to the scandalous indecency of public banter and jest

But men, who have always something to say for their folly, tell us 'tis custom only which has made any of these things uncommon, and there's no sin in speaking that which there was no sin in doing.

Let us grant them that custom only has done this, but if custom has made these things uncommon, and concealed, or, at least, banished them from the voice of conversation, 'tis a sin then against custom to expose them again Lawful customs become allowed virtues, and ought to be preserved Custom is a good reason in such concealments, if custom has locked them up, let them remain so, at least, till you can give a better reason for calling them abroad again than custom has given for restraining them. Custom has made these things uncommon, because that sin which first made Nature naked left her so captivated by some of her parts more than others, that she could not but blush at those where sin had taken up its peculiar residence Now, as I noted before, no man can with any tolerable satisfaction expose the parts till he has first extracted and separated the sin which, having possessed them, covered them at first with shame He that can do this may go naked and talk anything

And, for the same reason, no man can justify talking lewdly but he that at the same time throws away his clothes, for to cover himself with his hands and uncover himself with his tongue are contradictions in their own nature, and one condemns the other.

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He that scorns the decency of words should also scorn the decency of clothes, let his body be as bald as his discourse, and let him scorn the shame of one as well as the shame of the other.

It is no sin, they say, to talk of what it is no sin to do, and, I may add, it is no sin at all to show what it is no sin to describe. Why is the eye to be less offended than the ear, since both are but the common organs of the understanding?

But the weather and inconveniences of the climate are urged for clothing our bodies, and I urge decency and good manners for the government of our tongues, and let any one contend it with me that thinks he can prove that the obligation of the first is greater than the obligation of the last.

Much more might be said to this, but I make but an essay, and am unwilling to run out into a long discourse.

### OF TALKING FALSELY

By talking falsely, I do not design to enter upon a long dissertation upon the sin of lying in general. I suppose all men that read me will acknowledge lying to be one of the most scandalous sins between man and man, a crime of a deep dye, and of an extensive nature, leading into innumerable sins, that is, as lying is practised to deceive, to injure, betray, rob, destroy, and the like. Lying in this sense, is the concealing of all other crimes, it is the sheep's clothing hung upon the wolf's back, it is the Pharisee's prayer, the whore's blush, the hypocrite's paint, the murderer's smile, the thief's cloak, 'tis Joab's embrace and Judas's kiss, in a word, it is mankind's darling sin and the devil's distinguishing character.

But this is not the case I am upon, this is not the talking falsely I am upon, but a strange liberty which (particularly in conversation) people take to talk

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falsely, without charging themselves with any offence in it either against God or man. This is to be considered in two or three parts, not but that it has many more

1 The liberty of telling stories, a common vice in discourse. The main end of this extraordinary part of tittle-tattle is to divert the company and make them laugh, but we ought to consider whether that very empty satisfaction, either to ourselves or friends, is to be purchased at so great an expense as that of conscience and of a dishonour done to truth.

'Tis scarce fit to say how far some people go in this folly, to call it no worse, even till sometimes they bring the general credit of their conversation into decay, and people that are used to them learn to lay no stress upon anything they say.

For once, we will suppose a story to be in its substance true, yet to what monstrous a bulk doth it grow by that frequent addition put to it in the relation, till not only it comes to be improbable, but even impossible to be true, and the ignorant relater is so tickled with having made a good story of it, whatever it was when he found it, that he is blind to the absurdities and inconsistencies of fact in relation, and tells it with a full face even to those that are able to confute it by proving it to be impossible.

I once heard a man, who would have taken it very ill to be thought a liar, tell a story, the facts of which were impossible to be true, and yet assert it with so much assurance, and declare so positively that he had been an eye-witness of it himself, that there was nothing to do but, in respect to the man, let him alone and say nothing. A gentleman who sat by, and whose good breeding restrained his passion, turned to him and said, "Did you see this thing done, sir?" — "Yes, I did, sir," says the



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relater. — “ Well, sir,” replies the gentleman, “ since you affirm that you did see it, I am bound in regard to you to believe it, but upon my word, ’t is such a thing, that if I had seen it myself, I would not have believed it ” This broke the silence, set all the company a-laughing, and exposed the falsehood more than downright telling him it was a lie, which might, besides, have made a broil about it

It is a strange thing that we cannot be content to tell a story as it is, but we must take from it on one side or add to it on another till the fact is lost among the addenda, and till in time even the man himself, remembering it only as he told it last, really forgets how it was originally This being so generally practised now, nothing is more common than to have two men tell the same story quite differing one from another, yet both of them eye-witnesses to the fact related These are that sort of people who, having once told a story falsely, tell it so often in the same or like manner, till they really believe it to be true

This supplying a story by invention is certainly a most scandalous crime, and yet very little regarded in that part. It is a sort of lying that makes a great hole in the heart, at which by degrees a habit of lying enters in Such a man comes quickly up to a total disregarding the truth of what he says, looking upon it as a trifle, a thing of no import, whether any story he tells be true or no, so it but commands the company, as they call it, that is to say, procures a laugh or a kind of amazement, things equally agreeable to these story-tellers, for the business is to affect the company, either startle them with something wonderful never heard of before, or made them laugh immoderately, as at something prodigiously taking, witty, and diverting

It is hard to place this practice in a station equal

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to its folly, 't is a meanness below the dignity of common-sense. They that lie to gain, to deceive, to delude, to betray, as above, have some end in their wickedness, and though they cannot give the design for an excuse of their crime, yet it may be given as the reason and foundation of it, but to lie for sport, for fun, as the boys express it, is to play at shuttlecock with your soul, and load your conscience for the mere sake of being a fool, and the making a mere buffoonery of a story, the pleasure of what is below even madness itself.

And yet, how common is this folly? How is it the character of some men's conversation that they are made up of story! And how mean a figure is it they bear in company! Such men always betray their emptiness by this, and having only a certain number of tales in their budget, like a pedlar with his pack, they can only at every house show the same ware over again, tell the same story over and over, till the jest is quite worn out, and to convince us that much of it, if not all, is born of invention, they seldom tell it the same way twice, but vary it even in the most material facts, so that though it may be remembered that it was the same story, it ought never to be remembered that it was told by the same man.

With what temper should I speak of these people? What words can express the meanness and baseness of the mind that can do thus, that sin without design, and not only have no end in the view, but even no reflection in the act? The folly is grown up to a habit, and they not only mean no ill, but indeed mean nothing at all in it.

It is a strange length that some people run in this madness of life, and it is so odd, so unaccountable, that indeed 't is difficult to describe the man, though not difficult to describe the fact. What idea can be

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formed in the mind of a man who does ill without meaning ill, that wrongs himself, affronts truth, and imposes upon his friends, and yet means no harm, or, to use his own words, means nothing, that if he thinks anything, it is to make the company pleasant? and what is this but making the circle a stage, and himself the Merry Andrew?

The best step such men can take is to lie on, and this shows the singularity of the crime. It is a strange expression, but I shall make it out. Then way is, I say, to lie on, till then character is completely known, and then they can lie no longer, for he whom nobody believes can deceive nobody, and then the essence of lying is removed, for the description of a lie is, that it is spoken to deceive, or 't is a design to deceive. Now, he that nobody believes can never lie any more, because nobody can be deceived by him. Such a man's character is a bill upon his forehead, by which everybody knows, "Here dwells a lying tongue." When everybody knows what is to be had of him they know what to expect, and so nobody is deceived, if they believe him afterwards 't is their fault as much as his.

There are a great many sorts of those people who make it their business to go about telling stories; it would be endless to enumerate them. Some tell formal stories forged in their own brain without any retrospect either on persons or things, I mean, as to any particular person or passage known or in being, and only with the ordinary introduction of "There was a man," or "There was a woman," and the like.

Others again, out of the same forge of invention, hammer out the very person, man or woman, and begin, "I knew the man," or, "I knew the woman," and these ordinarily vouch their story with more assurance than others, and vouch also that they knew the persons who were concerned in it.

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The selling or writing a parable, or an illusive allegoric history, is quite a different case, and is always distinguished from this other jesting with truth, that it is designed and effectually turned for instructive and upright ends, and has its moral justly applied. Such are the historical parables in the Holy Scripture, such "The Pilgrim's Progress," and such, in a word, the adventures of your fugitive friend, "Robinson Crusoe."

Others make no scruple to relate real stories with innumerable omissions and additions, I mean, stories which have a real existence in fact, but which, by the barbarous way of relating, become as romantic and false as if they had no real original. These tales, like the old "Galley of Venice," which had been so often new vamped, doubled, and redoubled, that there was not one piece of the first timber in her, have been told wrong so often, and so many ways, till there would not be one circumstance of the real story left in the relating.

There are many more kinds of these, such, namely, as are personal and malicious, full of slander and abuse, but these are not of the kinds I am speaking of, the present business is among a kind of white devils, who do no harm or injury to any but to themselves, they are like the grasshopper, that spends his time to divert the traveller, and does nothing but starve himself. The conversation of these men is full of emptiness, their words are levity itself, and, according to the text, they not only tell untruths, but "the truth is not in them." There is not a settled awe or reverence of truth upon their minds, it is a thing of no value to them, it is not regarded in their discourse, and they give themselves a liberty to be perfectly unconcerned about the thing they say, or the story they tell, whether it be true or no.

This is a most abominable practice on another

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account, namely, that these men make a jest of their crime. They are a sort of people that sin laughing, that play upon their souls as a man plays upon a fiddle, to make other people dance and wear itself out, they may be said to make some sport indeed, but it is all at themselves — they are the hearers' comedy and their own tragedy, and, like a penitent jack-pudding, they will at last say, "I have made others merry, but I have been the fool"

I would be glad to shame men of common-sense out of this horrid piece of buffoonery, and one thing I would warn them of, namely, that their learning to lie so curiently in story will insensibly bring them to a bold entrenching upon truth in the rest of their conversation. The Scripture command is, "Let every man speak truth unto his neighbour." If we must tell stories, tell them as stories, and nothing wilfully to illustrate or set it forth in the relation. If you doubt the truth of it say so, and then every one will be at liberty to believe then shun of it.

Besides, there is a spreading evil in telling a false story as true, namely, that you put it into the mouths of others, and it continues a brooding forgery to the end of time. It is a chimney-corner romance, and has in it this distinguishing article, that whereas parables and the inventions of men, published historically, are once for all related, and, the moral being drawn, the history remains allusive only as it was intended (as in several cases,<sup>1</sup> may be instanced within our time<sup>2</sup> and without), here the case alters, fraud goes unto the world's end, for story never dies, every relater vouches it for truth, though he knows nothing of the matter.

These men know not what foundations they are laying for handing on the sport of lying, for such

<sup>1</sup> The "Pilgrim's Progress" (Defoe)

<sup>2</sup> The "Family Instructor" and others (Defoe)

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they make of it to posterity, not only leaving the example, but dictating the very materials for the practice, like family lies handed on from father to son, till what begun in forgery ends in history, and we make our lies be told for truth by all our children that come after us

If any man object here that the preceding volumes of this work seem to be hereby condemned, and the history which I have therein published of myself censured, I demand in justice such objector stay his censure till he sees the end of the scene, when all that mystery shall discover itself, and I doubt not but the work shall abundantly justify the design, and the design abundantly justify the work

## CHAPTER FOUR

### AN ESSAY ON THE PRESENT STATE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD

**I**N that part of my work which may be called history, I have frequently mentioned the unconquerable impressions which dwelt upon my mind and filled up all my desires, immovably pressing me to a wandering, travelling life, and which pushed me continually on from one adventure to another, as you have heard

There is an inconsiderate temper which reigns in our minds, that hurries us down the stream of our affections by a kind of involuntary agency, and makes us do a thousand things, in the doing of which we propose nothing to ourselves but an immediate subjection to our will, that is to say, our passion, even without the concurrence of our understandings, and of which we can give very little account after 'tis done

You may now suppose me to be arrived, after a long course of infinite variety on the stage of the world, to the scene of life we call old age, and that I am writing these sheets in a season of my time when (if ever) a man may be supposed capable of making just reflections upon things past, a true judgment of things present, and tolerable conclusions of things to come

In the beginning of this life of composure (for now, and not till now, I may say that I began to live, that is to say, a sedate and composed life), I inquired of

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myself very seriously one day what was the proper business of old age. The answer was very natural, and indeed returned quick upon me, namely, that two things were my present work, as above

1 Reflection upon things past.

2 Serious application to things future

Having resolved the business of life into these heads, I began immediately with the first, and as sometimes I took my pen and ink to disburden my thoughts when the subject crowded in fast upon me, so I have here communicated some of my observations for the benefit of those that come after me

About the time that I was upon these inquiries, being at a friend's house, and talking much of my long travels, as you know travellers are apt to do, I observed an ancient gentlewoman in the company listened with a great deal of attention, and, as I thought, with some pleasure, to what I was saying, and after I had done, "Pray, sir," says she, turning her speech to me, "give me leave to ask you a question or two" — "With all my heart, madam," said I, so we began the following short dialogue —

*Old Gent* Pray, sir, in all your travels, can you tell what is the world a-doin'g? What have you observed to be the principal business of mankind?

*Rob Cru* Truly, madam, 't is very hard to answer such a question, the people being so differently employed, some one way, and some another, and particularly according to the several parts of the world through which our observations are to run, and according to the differing manners, customs, and circumstances of the people in every place

*Old Gent* Alas! sir, that is no answer at all to me, because I am not a judge of the differing customs and manners of the people you speak of, but is there not one common end and design in the nature of men, which seems to run through all their



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actions, and to be formed by Nature as the main end of life, and by consequence is made the chief business of living? Pray, how do they spend their time?

*R. C.* Nay, now, madam, you have added a question to the rest of a different nature from what, if I take you right, you meant at first

*Old Gent.* What question, sir?

*R. C.* Why, how mankind spend their time, for I cannot say that one-half of mankind spend their time in what they themselves may acknowledge to be the main end of life.

*Old Gent.* Pray, don't distinguish me out of my question, we may talk of what is the true end of life, as we understood it here in a Christian country, another time, but take my question as I offer it, what is mankind generally a-doing as their main business?

*R. C.* Truly, the main business that mankind seems to be doing is to eat and drink, that's their enjoyment, and to get food to eat is their employment, including a little their eating and devouring one another

*Old Gent.* That's a description of them as brutes

*R. C.* It is so in the first part, namely, their living to eat and drink, but in the last part they are worse than the brutes, for the brutes destroy not their own kind, but all prey upon a different species, and besides, they prey upon one another for necessity, to satisfy their hunger, and for food, but man for baser ends, such as avarice, envy, revenge, and the like, devours his own species, nay, his own flesh and blood, as my Lord Rochester very well expresses it

But judge yourself. I'll bring it to the test,  
Which is the basest creature, man or beast?  
Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey,  
But savage man alone does man betray

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Pressed by necessity, they kill for food,  
Man undoes man, to do himself no good  
With teeth and claws, by Nature armed they hunt,  
Nature's allowance to supply their want  
But man with smiles, embraces, friendship, praise,  
Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays  
With voluntary pains works his distress,  
Not for necessity, but wantonness

*Old Gent* All this I believe is true, but this does not reach my question yet. There is certainly something among them which is esteemed as more particularly the end of life and of living than the rest, to which they apply in common as the main business, and which is always esteemed to be their wisdom to be employed in. Is there not something that is apparently the great business of living?

*R C* Why, really, madam, I think not. For example great part of the world, and a greater part by far than we imagine, is resolved into the lowest degeneracy of human nature, I mean, the savage life, where the chief end of life seems to be merely to eat and drink, that is to say, to get their food, just as the brutal life is employed, and indeed with very little difference between them, for except only speech and idolatry, I see nothing in the life of some whole nations of people, and for ought I know, containing millions of souls, in which the life of a lion or an elephant in the deserts of Arabia is not equal.

*Old Gent* I could mention many things, sir, in which they might differ, but that is not the present thing I inquire about, but, pray, sir, is not religion the principal business of mankind in all the parts of the world? for I think you granted it when you named idolatry, which they, no doubt, call religion.

*R C* Really, madam, I cannot say it is; because, what with ignorance on one hand, and hypocrisy on the other, 't is very hard to know where to find religion in the world.

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*Old Gent* You avoid my question too laboriously, sir, I have nothing to do either with the ignorance or hypocrisy of the people, whether they are blindly devout, or knavishly and designedly devout, is not the case, but whether religion is not apparently the main business of the world, the principal apparent end of life, and the employment of mankind

*R C* What do you call religion?

*Old Gent* By religion, I mean the worshipping and paying homage to some supreme being, some God, known or unknown is not to the case, so it be but to something counted supreme

*R C* It is true, madam, there are scarce any nations in the world so stupid but they give testimony to the being of a God, and have some notion of a supreme power

*Old Gent* That I know also, but that is not the main part of my question, but my opinion is, that paying a Divine worship, acts of homage and adoration, and particularly that of praying to the Supreme Being which they acknowledge, is derived to mankind from the light of Nature with the notion or belief itself

*R C* I suppose, madam, you mean by the question then, whether the notion or belief of a God in general, and the sense of worship in particular, are not one and the same natural principle

*Old Gent* I do so, if you and I do but agree about what we call worship

*R C* By worship, I understand adoration

*Old Gent* But there you and I differ again a little, for by worship, I understand supplication

*R C* Then you must take them both in together, for some part of the Indian savages only adore

*Old Gent* I confess there is much adoration, where there is little supplication

*R C* You distinguish too nicely, madam

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*Old Gent* No, no, I do not distinguish in what I call worship, I allege that all the adoration of those poor savages is mere supplication you say they lift up their hands to their idols, for fear they should hurt them

*R C* I do say so, and it is apparent

*Old Gent* Why, that is the same thing, for then they lift up their hands to him, that is to say, pray to him not to hurt them, for all the worship in the world, especially the outward performance, may be resolved into supplication

*R C* I agree with you in that, if you mean the apparent end of worship

*Old Gent* Why, did not your man Friday and the savage woman you tell us of, talk of their old idol they called Benamuckee? And what did they do?

*R C* It is very true they did

*Old Gent* And did not Friday tell you they went up to the hills, and said "O" to him? Pray, what was the meaning of saying "O" to him, but "O do not hurt us, for thou art omnipotent, and canst kill us O heal our distempers, for thou art infinite, and canst do all things O give us what we want, for thou art bountiful O spare us, for thou art merciful" and so of all the other conceptions of a God?

*R C* Well, madam, I grant all this, pray what do you infer from it? What is the reason of your question?

*Old Gent* O sir, I have many inferences to draw from it for my own observation, I do not set up to instruct you

I thought this serious old lady would have entertained a farther discourse with me on so fruitful a subject, but she declined it, and left me to my own meditation, which, indeed, she had raised up to an

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unusual pitch, and the first thing that occurred to me, was to put me upon inquiring after that nice thing I ought to call religion in the world, seeing really I found reason to think that there was much more devotion than religion in the world, in a word, much more adoration than supplication, and I doubt, as I come nearer home, it will appear that there is much more hypocrisy than sincerity — of which I may speak by itself

In my first inquiries, I looked back upon my own travels, and it afforded me but a melancholy reflection, that in all the voyages and travels which I have employed two volumes in giving a relation of, I never set my foot in a Christian country, no, not in encircling three parts of the globe, for excepting the Brazil, where the Portuguese indeed profess the Roman Catholic principles, which, however, in distinction from paganism, I will call the Christian religion — I say, except the Brazil, where also I made little stay, I could not be said to set foot in a Christian country, or a country inhabited by Christians, from the bay of Larache, and the port of Sallee, by the Strait's mouth, where I escaped from slavery, through the Atlantic Ocean, the coasts of Africa on one side, and of Caribbee, on the American shore, on the other side, from thence to Madagascar, Malabar, and the bay and city of Bengal, the coast of Sumatra, Malacca, Siam, Cambodia, Cochin China, the empire and coast of China, the deserts of Karakathie, the Mongol Tartars, the Siberian, the Samoiede barbarians, and till I came within four or five days of Archangel in the Black Russia

It is, I say, a melancholy reflection to think how all these parts of the world, and with infinite numbers of millions of people, furnished with the powers of reason and gifts of Nature, and many ways, if not every way, as capable of the reception of sublime

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things as we are, are yet abandoned to the grossest ignorance and depravity, and that not in religion only, but even in all the desirable parts of human knowledge, and especially science and acquired knowledge

What the Divine wisdom has determined concerning the souls of so many millions, it is hard to conclude, nor is it my present design to inquire, but this I may be allowed here, as a remark if they are received to mercy in a future state, according to the opinion of some, as having not sinned against saving light, then their ignorance and pagan darkness is not a curse, but a felicity, and there are no unhappy people in the world, but those lost among Christians, for their sins against revealed light, nay, then being born in the regions of Christian light, and under the revelation of the Gospel doctrines, is not so much a mercy to be acknowledged as some teach us, and it may in a negative manner be true that the Christian religion is an efficient in the condemnation of sinners, and loses more than it saves, which is impious but to imagine. On the other hand, if all those nations are included under the sentence of eternal absence from God, which is hell in the abstract, then what becomes of all the sceptical doctrines of its being inconsistent with the mercy and goodness of an infinite and beneficent Being to condemn so great a part of the world, for not believing in Him of whom they never had any knowledge or instruction? But I desire not to be the promoter of unanswerable doubts in matters of religion, much less would I promote cavils at the foundations of religion, either as to its profession or practice, and therefore I only name things. I return to my inquiry after religion as we generally understand the word.

And in this I confine myself in my present in-

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quiries to the particular nations professing the Christian religion only, and I shall take notice afterward what influence the want of religion has upon the manners, the genius, and the capacities of the people, as to all the unprovable parts of human knowledge

The Moors of Barbary are Mahometans, and that of the most unpolished and degenerate sort, especially of that part of the world where they live, they are cruel as beasts, vicious, insolent, and inhuman as degenerated nature can make them. moral virtues have so little recommended themselves to any among them, that they are accounted no accomplishment, and are in no esteem, nor is a man at all respected for being grave, sober, judicious, or wise, or for being just in his dealings, or most easy in his conversation, but rapine and injury is the custom of the place, and it is to recommend a great man that he is rich, powerful in slaves, merciless in his government of them, and imperiously haughty in his whole household. Every man is a king within himself, and regards neither justice or mercy, humanity or civility, either to those above him or those below him, but just as his arbitrary passions guide him

Religion here is confined to the brain and the ramadan, the feast and the fast, to the mosque and the bath, reading the Alcoran on one hand, and performing the washings and purifications on the other, make up their religious exercises, and for the rest, conversation is eaten up with barbarisms and brutish customs, so that there is neither society, humanity, confidence in one another, or conversation with one another, but men live like the wild beasts, for every man here really would destroy and devour the other if he could

This guided me to a just reflection, in honour of the Christian religion, which I have often since made

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use of, and which on this occasion I will make a digression to, viz, that it is to be said for the reputation of the Christian religion in general, and by which it is justly distinguished from all other religions, that wherever Christianity has been planted or professed nationally in the world, even where it has not had a saving influence, it has yet had a civilising influence. It has operated upon the manners, the morals, the politics, and even the tempers and dispositions of the people, it has reduced them to the practice of virtue, and to the true methods of living, has weaned them from the barbarous customs they had been used to, infusing a kind of humanity and softness of disposition into their very natures, civilising and softening them, teaching them to love a regularity of life, and filling them with principles of generous kindness and beneficence one to another, in a word, it has taught them to live like men, and act upon the foundations of clemency, humanity, love, and good neighbourhood, suitable to the nature and dignity of God's image, and to the rules of justice and equity, which it instructs them in.

Nay, farther, I must observe also, that as the Christian religion has worn out, or been removed from any country, and they have returned to heathenism and idolatry, so the barbarisms have returned, the customs of the heathen nations have been again restored, the very nature and temper of the people have been again lost, all their generous principles have forsaken them, the softness and goodness of their dispositions have worn out, and they have returned to cruelty, inhumanity, rapine, and blood.

It is true, and it may be named as an objection to this remark of mine, that the Romans though heathens, and the Grecians by the study of philosophy in particular persons, and by the excellency



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of their government in their general or national capacity, were filled with notions of virtue and honour, with most generous and just principles, and acted with an heroic mind on many occasions, practising the most sublime and exalted height of virtue, such as sacrificing their lives for their country with the utmost zeal, descending to great examples of humanity and beneficence, scorning to do base or vile actions, as unworthy the Roman name, to save their lives, and a great many most excellent examples of virtue and gallantry are found in the histories of the Roman Empire.

This does not oppose, or rather indeed illustrates, what I say, for with all the philosophy, all the humanity and generosity they practised, they had yet their remains of barbarity, were cruel and unmerciful in their natures, as appeared by the barbarity of their customs, such as throwing malefactors to wild beasts, the fightings of their gladiators, and the like, which were not only appointed as punishments and severities by the order of public justice, but to show it touched the very article I am upon, it was the subject of their sport and diversion, and these things were exhibited as shows to entertain the ladies, the cutting in pieces forty or fifty slaves, and the seeing twenty or thirty miserable creatures thrown to the lions and tigers, was no less pleasant to them than the going to see an opera, a masquerade, or a puppet-show is to us, so that I think the Romans were very far from a people civilised and softened in their natures by the influences of religion. And this is evident because that as the Christian religion came among them, all those cruel customs were abhorred by them, the famous theatres and circles for their public sports were overthrown, and the ruins of them testify the justice of my observation at this very day.

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Nor will it be denied if I should carry this yet farther, and observe, that even among Christians, those who are reformed, and farther and farther Christianised, are still in proportion rendered more human, more soft and tender, and we do find, without being partial to ourselves, that even the Protestant countries are much distinguished in the humanity and softness of their tempers, the meek, merciful disposition extends more among Protestants than among the Papists, as I could very particularly demonstrate from history and experience.

But to return back to the Moors, where I left off, they are an instance of that cruelty of disposition which was anciently in their nature, and how in a country abandoned of the true Christian religion, after it has been first planted and professed among them, the return of heathenism or Mahometanism has brought back with it all the barbarisms of a nation void of religion and good nature.

I saw enough of these dreadful people to think them at this time the worst of all the nations of the world, a nation where no such thing as a generous spirit, or a temper with any compassion mixed with it, is to be found, among whom Nature appears stripped of all the additional glories which it derives from religion, and yet whereon a Christian flourishing church had stood several hundred years.

From these I went among the negroes of Africa, many of them I saw without any the least notion of a Deity among them, much less any form of worship, but I had not any occasion to converse with them on shore, other than I have done since by accident, but went away to the Brazils. Here I found the natives, and that even before the Portuguese came among them, and since also, had abundance of religion, such as it was, but it was all so bloody, so cruel, consisting of murders, human sacrifices, witchcrafts, sorceries,

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and conjurings, that I could not so much as call them honest pagans, as I do the negroes

As for the cannibals, as I have observed in the discourse of them, on account of their landing on my island, I can say but very little of them. As to their eating human flesh, I take it to be a kind of martial rage rather than a civil practice, for it is evident they eat no human creatures but such as are taken prisoners in their battles, and, as I have observed in giving the account of those things, they do not esteem it murder, no, nor so much as unlawful. I must confess, saving its being a practice in itself unnatural, especially to us, I say, saving that part, I see little difference between that and our way, which in the war is frequent in heat of action, viz, refusing quarter, for as to the difference between eating and killing those that offer to yield, it matters not much. And this I observed at the same time, that in their other conduct those savages were as human, as mild, and gentle as most I have met with in the world, and as easily civilised.

From these sorts of people I come to the Indians, for as to the Madagascari men, I saw very little of them, but that they were a kind of negroes, much like those on the coast of Guinea, only a little more used and accustomed to the Europeans by their often landing among them.

The East Indians are generally pagans or Mahometans, and have such mixtures of savage customs with them, that even Mahometanism is there in its corruption, neither have they there the upright just dealing, in matters of right and wrong, which the Turks in Europe have, with whom 't is generally very safe trading, but here they act all the parts of thieves and cheats, watching to deceive you, and proud of being thought able to do it.

The subjects of the Great Mogul have a seeming

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polite government, and the inhabitants of Ceylon are under very strict discipline, and yet what difficulty do we find to trade with them? Nay, their very economy renders them fraudulent, and in some places they cannot turn their thoughts to being honest.

China is famous for wisdom, that is to say, that they, having such a boundless conceit of their own wisdom, we are obliged to allow them more than they have, the truth is, they are justly said to be a wise nation among the foolish ones, and may as justly be called a nation of fools among the wise ones.

As to their religion, 't is all summed up in Confucius's maxims, whose theology I take to be a rhapsody of moral conclusions, a foundation, or what we may call elements of polity, morality, and superstition, huddled together in a rhapsody of words, without consistency, and, indeed, with very little reasoning in it, then 't is really not so much as a refined paganism, for there are, in my opinion, much more regular doings among some of the Indians that are pagans, in America, than there are in China, and if I may believe the account given of the government of Montezuma in Mexico, and of the Incas of Cusco in Peru, their worship and religion, such as it was, was carried on with more regularity than these in China. As to the human ingenuity, as they call it, of the Chinese, I shall account for it by itself. The utmost discoveries of it to me appeared in the mechanics, and even in them infinitely short of what is found among the European nations.

But let us take these people to pieces a little, and examine into the great penetration they are so famed for. First of all, their knowledge has not led them that length in religious matters which the common notions of philosophy would have done, and to which they did lead the wise heathens of old among the Grecian and Roman Empires, for they,

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having not the knowledge of the true God, preserved, notwithstanding, the notion of a God to be something immortal, omnipotent, sublime, exalted above in place as well as authority, and therefore made heaven to be the seat of their gods, and the images by which they represented their gods and goddesses had always some perfections that were really to be admired as the attendants of their gods, as Jupiter was called the Thunderer for his power, father of gods and men, for his seniority, Venus, adored for her beauty, Mercury for swiftness, Apollo for wit, poetry, music, Mars for terror and gallantry in arms, and the like. But when we come to these polite nations of China, which yet we cry up for sense and greatness of genius, we see them grovelling in the very sink and filth of idolatry, their idols are the most frightful monstrous shapes, not the form of any real creature, much less the images of virtue, of chastity, of literature, but horrid shapes, of their priests' invention, neither hellish or human monsters, composed of invented forms, with neither face or figure, but with the utmost distortions, formed neither to walk, stand, fly, or go, neither to hear, see, or speak, but merely to instil horrible ideas of something nauseous and abominable into the minds of men that adored them.

If I may be allowed to give my notions of worship, I mean as it relates to the objects of natural homage, where the name and nature of God is not revealed, as in the Christian religion, I must acknowledge the sun, the moon, the stars, the elements, as in the pagan and heathen nations of old, and above all these, the representations of superior virtues and excellences among men, such as valour, fortitude, chastity, patience, beauty, strength, love, learning, wisdom, and the like—the objects of worship in the Grecian and Roman times—were far more

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eligible and more rational objects of Divine rights than the idols of China and Japan, where, with all the economy of their State maxims and rules of civil government, which we insist so much on as tests of their wisdom, their great capacities and understandings, their worship is the most brutish, and the objects of their worship the coarsest, the most unmanly, inconsistent with reason or the nature of religion, of any the world can show, bowing down to a mere hobgoblin, and doing their reverence not to the work of men's hands only, but the ugliest, basest, frightfullest things that man could make, images so far from being lovely and amiable, as in the nature of worship is implied, that they are the most detestable and nauseous, even to nature.

How is it possible these people can have any claim to the character of wise, ingenious, polite, that could suffer themselves to be overwhelmed in an idolatry repugnant to common-sense, even to nature, and be brought to choose to adore that which was in itself the most odious and contemptible to nature, not merely terrible, that so their worship might proceed from fear, but a complication of nature's aversions?

I cannot omit, that being in one of their temples, or rather in a kind of oratory or chapel, annexed to one part of the great palace at Peking, there appeared a mandarin with his attendants, or, as we may say, a great lord and his retinue, prostrate before the image, not of any one of God's creatures, but a creature of mere human forming, such as neither was alive, nor was like anything that had life, or had ever been seen or heard of in the world.

The like image, or something worse, if I could give it a true representation, may be found in a garden chapel, if not defaced by wiser heads, of a great Tartarian mandarin, at a small distance from Nan-

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king, and to which the poor abandoned creatures pay then most blinded devotions

It had a thing instead of a head, but no head, it had a mouth distorted out of all manner of shape, and not to be described for a mouth, being only an unshapen chasm, neither representing the mouth of a man, beast, fowl, or fish, the thing was neither any of the four, but an incongruous monster, it had feet, hands, fingers, claws, legs, arms, wings, ears, horns, everything mixed one among another, neither in the shape or place that Nature appointed, but blended together and fixed to a bulk, not a body, formed of no just parts, but a shapeless trunk or log, whether of wood or stone, I know not, a thing that might have stood with any side forward, or any side backward, any end upward, or any end downward, that had as much veneration due to it on one side as on the other — a kind of celestial hedgehog, that was rolled up within itself, and was everything every way, that to a Christian could not have been worthy to have represented even the devil, and to men of common-sense must have been their very soul's aversion. In a word, if I have not represented their monstrous deities right, let imagination supply anything that can make a misshapen image horrid, frightful, and surprising, and you may with justice suppose those sagacious people called the Chinese, whom, forsooth, we must admire — I say, you may suppose them prostrate on the ground, with all their pomp and pageantry, which is in itself not a little, worshipping such a mangled, promiscuous-gendered creature

Shall we call these a wise nation who represent God in such hideous, monstrous figures as these, and can prostrate themselves to things ten thousand times more disfigured than the devil? Had these images been contrived in the Romans' time, and

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been set up for the god of ugliness, as they had their god of beauty, they might, indeed, have been thought exquisite, but the Romans would have spurned such an image out of their temples

Nothing can render a nation so completely foolish and simple as such an extravagance in matters of religious worship, for if gross ignorance in the notion of a God, which is so extremely natural, will not demonstrate a nation unpolished, foolish, and weak, even next to idiotism, I know nothing that will

But let me trace this wise nation that we talk so much of, and who not only think themselves wise, but have drawn us in to pay a kind of homage to their low-prized wit

Government and the mechanic arts are the two main things in which our people in England, who have admired them so much, pretend they excel. As to their government, which consists in an absolute tyranny, which, by the way, is the easiest way of ruling in the world where the people are disposed to obey as blindly as the mandarin commands or governs imperiously, what policy is required in governing a people of whom it is said, that if you command them to hang themselves, they will only cry a little, and then submit immediately? Their maxims of government may do well enough among themselves, but with us they would be all confusion. In their country it is not so, only because whatever the mandarin says is a law, and God Himself has no power or interest among them to contradict it, unless He pleases to execute it *brevi manu* from heaven

Most of their laws consist in immediate judgment, swift executions, just retaliations, and fair protection from injuries. Their punishments are cruel and exorbitant, such as cutting the hands and the feet off for theft, at the same time releasing murders and other flagrant crimes.



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Their mandarins are their judges in very many cases, like our justices of the peace, but then they judge by customs, oral tradition, or immediate opinion, and execute the sentence immediately, without room or time to reflect upon the justice of it, or to consider of mitigations, as in all Christian countries is practised, and as the sense of human frailty would direct

But let me come to their mechanics, in which their ingenuity is so much cried up. I affirm there is little or nothing sufficient to build the mighty opinion we have of them upon, but what is founded upon the comparisons which we make between them and other pagan nations, or proceeds from the wonder which we make that they should have any knowledge of mechanic arts, because we find the remote inhabitants of Africa and America so grossly ignorant and so entirely destitute in such things, whereas we do not consider that the Chinese inhabit the continent of Asia, and though they are separated by deserts and wildernesses, yet they are a continuous continent of land with the parts of the world once inhabited by the politer Medes, Persians, and Grecians, that the first ideas of mechanic arts were probably received by them from the Persians, Assyrians, and the banished transplanted Israelites, who are said to be carried into the regions of Parthia and the borders of Karakathne, from whence they are also said to have communicated arts, and especially handicraft, in which the Israelites excelled, to the inhabitants of all those countries, and, consequently, in time to those beyond them

But let them be received from whom they will, and how long ago soever, let us but compare the improvement they have made with what others have made, and, except in things peculiar to themselves, by their climate, we shall find the utmost of their in-

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genuity amounts but to a very trifle, and that they are outdone even in the best of their works by our ordinary artists, whose imitations exceed their originals beyond all comparison

For example, they have gunpowder and guns, whether they have learned to make them by direction of Europeans, which is most likely, or that they found it out by mere strength of invention, as some would advance, though without certainty, in their favour — be it which it will, as I say, it matters not much, their powder is of no strength for the needful operations of sieges, mines, batteries, no, nor for shooting of birds, as ours is, without great quantities put together, their guns are rather an ostentation than for execution, clumsy, heavy, and ill-made, neither have they arrived to any tolerable degree of knowledge in the art of gunnery or engineering. They have no bombs, carcasses, hand-grenades, their artificial fireworks are in no degree comparable or to be named with ours, nor have they arrived to anything in the military skill — in marshalling armies, handling arms, discipline, and the exercise in the field — as the Europeans have, all which is depending on the improvement of firearms, &c, in which, if they have had the use of gunpowder so many ages as some dream, they must be unaccountable block-heads that they have made no farther improvement, and if it is but lately, they are yet apparently dull enough in the managing of it, at least compared to what ought to be expected of an ingenious people, such as our people cry them up to be

I might go from this to their navigation, in which it is true they outdo most of their neighbours, but what is all their skill in sailing compared to ours? Whither do they go? and how manage the little and foolish barks and junks they have? What would they do with them to traverse the great Indian,

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American, or Atlantic oceans? What ships, what sailors, what poor, awkward, and ignorant doings are there among them at sea? And when our people hire any of them, as sometimes they are obliged to do, how do our sailors kick them about, as a parcel of clumsy, ignorant, unhandy fellows?

Then for building of ships, what are they? and what are they able to do towards the glorious art of building a large man-of-war? It is out of doubt with me, that all the people of China could not build such a ship as the "Royal Sovereign" in a hundred years, no, not though she was there for them to look at and take pattern by.

I might go on to abundance more things, such as painting, making glasses, making clocks and watches, making bone-lace, frame-work knitting, all of which, except the two first, they know little or nothing, and of the two first nothing compared to what is done in Europe.

The height of their ingenuity, and for which we admire them with more colour of cause than in other things, is then porcelain or earthenware work, which, in a word, is more due to the excellent composition of the earth they make them of, and which is then peculiar, than to the workmanship, in which, if we had the same clay, we should soon outdo them as much as we do in other things. The next art is their manufacturing in fine silks, cotton, herbs, gold, and silver, in which they have nothing but what is in common with our ordinary poor weavers.

The next mechanic art is their lacquering, which is just, as in their China ware, a peculiar to their country, in the materials, not at all in the workmanship, and as for the cabinet-work of it they are manifestly outdone by us, and abundance is every year sent thither framed and made in England, and only lacquered in China, to be returned to us.

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I might run the like parallel through most of the things these people excel in, which would all appear to be so deficient as would render all their famed wisdom and capacity most scandalously imperfect. But I am not so much upon their cunning in arts as upon their absurdity and ridiculous folly in religious matters, and in which I think the rudest barbarians outdo them.

From this wise nation we have a vast extent of ground, near two thousand miles in breadth, partly under the Chinese government, partly under the Muscovite, but inhabited by Tatars of Mongol Tartary, Karakathie, Siberian, and Samoiedes pagans, whose idols are almost as hideous as the Chinese's, and whose religion is all Nature — and not only so, but Nature under the greatest degeneracy, and next to brutal. Father le Comte gives us the pictures of some of their house idols, and an account of their worship, and this lasts, as I have observed, to within a few days of Archangel. So that, in a word, from the mouth of the Straits, that is to say, from Sallee over to Caribbee, from thence round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, across the vast Indian Ocean, and upon all the coast of it, about by Malacca and Sumatra, through the straits of Singapore and the coast of Siam northwards to China, and through China by land over the deserts of the Grand Tartary to the river Dwina, being a circuit three times the diameter of the earth, and every jot as far as the whole circumference, the name of God is not heard of, except among a few of the Indians that are Mahometans, the Word of God is not known, or the Son of God spoken of.

Having some warmth in my search after religion, occasioned by this reflection, and so little of it appearing in all the parts which I had travelled, I resolved to travel over the rest of the world in books,

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for my wandering days are pretty well over , I say, I resolved to travel the rest in books , and sure, said I, there must appear abundance of serious religion in the rest of the world, or else I know nothing at all of where I shall find it

But I find by my reading, just as I did in traveling, that all the customs of nations, as to religion, were much alike , that, one with another, they are more devout in their worship of something, whatever it be, than inquisitive after what it is they worship , and most of the altars of worship in the world might to this day be inscribed to the unknown God

This may seem a strange thing , but that wonder may cease when further inquiry is made into the particular objects of worship which the several nations of the world bow down to, some of which are so horrid, so absurd, as one would think human nature could not sink so low as to do her homage in so irrational a manner

And here, being to speak of religion as idolatrous, it occurs to me that it seemed strange that, except in Persia and some part of Tartary, I found none of the people look up for their gods, but down, by which it came into my mind that, even in idolatry itself, the world was something degenerated, and their reason was more hoodwinked than their ancestors'

By looking up and looking down, I mean, they do not, as the Romans, look up among the stars for their idols, place their gods in the skies, and worship, as we might say, like men, but look down among the brutes, form idols to themselves out of the beasts, and figure things like monsters, to adore them for their ugliness and horrible deformity

Of the two, the former, in my opinion, was much the more rational idolatry, as particularly the Persians worshipping the sun , and when I had a particular account of that of Bengal, it presently occurred

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to my thoughts that there was something awful, something glorious and godlike in the sun, that, in the ignorance of the true God, might rationally bespeak the homage of the creatures, and to whom it seemed reasonable, where reason was its own judge only, without the helps of Revelation, to pay an adoration as the parent of light, and the giver of life to all the vegetative world, and as in a visible manner enlivening and influencing the rational and sensitive life, and which might, for aught they knew, at first create, as it did since so plainly affect, all things round us

This thought gave birth to the following excursion, with which I shall close this observation

Hail ! glorious lamp, the parent of the day,  
Whose beams not only heat and life convey,  
But may that heat and life, for aught we know,  
On many, many distant worlds bestow  
Immense, amazing globe of heavenly fire,  
To whom all flames ascend, in whom all lights expire,  
Rolling in flames, emits eternal ray,  
Yet self-sufficient suffers no decay  
Thy central vigour never, never dies,  
But like the motion, motion life supplies,  
When lesser bodies rob us of thy beams,  
And intercept thy flowing, heavenly streams,  
Fools by mistake eclipse thee from their sight,  
When 't is the eyes eclipsed, and not thy light  
Thy absence constitutes effectual night  
When rolling earth deprives us of thy light,  
And planets all opaque and beggarly,  
Borrow thy beams, and strive to shine like thee,  
In their mock, lifeless light we starve and freeze,  
And wait the warmth of thy returning rays  
Thy distance leaves us all recline and sad,  
And hoary winter governs in thy stead  
Swift thy returning vigour, warm and mild,  
Salutes the earth, and gets the world with child  
Great soul of nature, from whose vital spring  
Due heat and life diffused through everything  
Govern'st the moon and stars by different ray,  
She queen of night, thee monarch of the day,  
The moon, and stars, and earth, and plants obey

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When darker nations see thee placed on high,  
 And feel thy warmth their genial heat supply,  
 How imperceptible thy influence  
 Slides through their veins, and touches every sense;  
 By glimmering nature led, they bow their knee,  
 Mistake their God, and sacrifice to thee,  
 Mourn thy declining steps, and hate the night,  
 But when in hope of thy approaching light,  
 Bless thy return, which brings the cheerful day,  
 And to thy wond'rous light false adorations pay  
 Nor can we blame the justice of the thought,  
 In minds by erring reason only taught  
 Nature, it seems, instructs a duty,  
 And reason says there's none so bright as thee  
 Nor is thy influence so much a jest,  
 There's something shocks our nature in the rest  
 To make a God, and then the fool adore,  
 And bow to that thit worshipped us before  
 The nonsense takes off all the reverence,  
 That can't be worshipping that is not sense  
 But when the spring of Nature shows its face,  
 The glory of its rays, the swiftness of its race,  
 Stupendous height and majesty divine,  
 And with what awful splendour it can shine,  
 Who that no other news from heaven could hear,  
 Would think but this was God, would think and fear }  
 No other idol ever came so near

Certain it is that the Persians, who thus paid their adoration to the sun, were at that time some of the wisest people in the world. Some tell us that the great image that Nebuchadnezzar set up for all his people to worship, was represented holding the sun in his right hand, and that it was to the representation of the sun that he commanded all nations and kindreds to bow and to worship. If so, then the Assyrians were worshippers also of the sun as well as the Persians, which is not at all improbable. We read also in the Scripture of those nations who worshipped all the host of heaven, a thing much more rational, and nearer of kin to worshipping the great God of heaven than worshipping the whole host of the earth, and worshipping the most abject and loathsome creatures, or but even the repre-

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sentations of those creatures, which was still worse than the other

But what are all the absurdities of heathenism, which at last are resolved into the degeneracy of mankind, and then being fallen from the knowledge of the true God, which was once, as we have reason to believe, diffused to all mankind? I say, what are these? And how much ground for just reflection do they afford us, compared to the gross things in practice which we find every day among those nations who profess to have had the clear light of Gospel revelation?

How many self-contradicting principles do they hold? How contrary to their profession do they act? How does one side burn for what another side abhors? And how do Christians, taking that venerable name for a general appellation, doom one another to the devil for a few disagreeing clauses of the same religion, while all profess to worship the same Deity, and to expect the same salvation?

With what preposterous enthusiasms do some mingle their knowledge, and with as gross absurdities others their devotion? How blindly superstitious, how furious and raging in their zeal? How cruel, inexorable, and even inhuman and barbarous to one another, when they differ? as if religion divested us of humanity, and that in our worshipping a God of mercy, and in whose compassions alone it is that we have room to hope, we should, to please and serve Him, banish humanity from our nature, and show no compassion to those that fall into our hands.

In my travelling through Portugal, it was my lot to come to Lisbon while they held there one of their courts of justice called *Auto-de-fe*, that is to say, a court of justice of the Inquisition. It is a subject which has been handled by many writers, and indeed



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exposed by some of the best Catholics, and my present business is not to write a history, or engage in a dispute, but to relate a passage.

They carried in procession all their criminals to the great church, where eight of them appeared first, dressed up in gowns and caps of canvas, upon which were painted all that man could devise of hell's torments, devils broiling and roasting human bodies, and a thousand such frightful things, with flames and devils besides in every part of the dress.

Those I found were eight poor creatures condemned to be burnt, and for they scarce knew what, but for crimes against the Catholic faith, and against the blessed Virgin, and they were burnt. One of them, it was said, rejoiced that he was to be burnt, and being asked why, answered that he had much rather die than be carried back to the prison of the Inquisition, where their cruelties were worse than death. Of those eight, as I was told, some were Jews, whose greatest crime, as many there did not scruple to say, was that they were very rich, and some Christians were in the number at the same time, whose greatest misery was that they were very poor.

It was a sight that almost gave me a shock in my notion of Christianity itself, till I began to recollect that it might be possible that Inquisitors were scarce Christians, and that I knew many Catholic countries do not suffer this abominable judicature to be erected among them.

I have seen much, and read more, of the unhappy conduct, in matters of religion, among the other nations of the world professing the Christian religion, and upon my word I find some practices infinitely scandalous, some which are the common received customs of Christians, which would be the abhorrence of heathens, and it requires a strong attach-

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ment to the foundation, which is indeed the principal part in religion, to guard our minds against being offended even at the Christian religion itself, but I got over that part afterward

Let it not offend the ears of any true lover of the Christian religion that I observe some of the follies of the professors of the Christian religion, assuring you 't is far from being my design to bring the least scandal upon the profession itself

And here, therefore, let me give the words of a judicious person who travelled from Turkey through Italy His words are these —

“When I was in Italy I ranged over great part of the patrimony of St Peter, where one would think, indeed, the face of religion would be plainest to be seen, and without any disguise, but, in short, I found there the face of religion, and no more

“At Rome there was all the pomp and glory of religious habits the Pope and the cardinals walked with a religious gravity, but lived in a religious luxury, kept up the pomp of religion and the dignity of religious titles, but, like our Lord's observation on the Pharisees, I found within they were all ravening wolves

“The religious justice they do there is particularly remarkable, and very much recommends them The Church protects murderers and assassins, and then delivers the civil magistrates over to Satan for doing justice They interdict whole kingdoms, and shut up the churches for want of paying a few ecclesiastic dues, and so put a stop to religion for want of their money I found the courtesans were the most constant creatures at the church, and the most certain place for an assignation with another man's wife was at prayers

“The Court of Inquisition burnt two men for speaking dishonourably of the blessed Virgin, and

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the missionaries in China tolerated the worshipping the devil by their new convert. A Jew was likewise burnt for denying Christ, while the Jesuits joined the paganism of the heathen with the high mass, and sung anthems to the immortal idols of Tonquin.

“When I saw this I resolved to inquire no more after religion in Italy, till by accident meeting with a quietist, he gave me to understand that all religion was internal, that the duties of Christianity were summed up in reflection and ejaculation. He inveighed bitterly against the game of religion which he said was playing over the world by the clergy, and said Italy was a theatre, where religion was the grand opera, and the Popish clergy were the stage players. I liked him in many of his notions about other people’s religion, but when I came to talk with him a little closely about his own, it was so wrapped up in his internals, concealed in the cavities and dark parts of the soul, viz, meditation without worship, doctrine without practice, reflection without reformation, and zeal without knowledge, that I could come to no certainty with him but in this, that religion in Italy was really invisible.”

This was very agreeable to my notions of Italian religion, and to what I had met with from other people that had travelled the country, but one observation of blindness and superstition I must give within my own knowledge, and nearer home. When passing through Flanders I found the people in a certain city there in a very great commotion. The case was this. A certain scelerate (so they call an abandoned wretch given up to all wickedness) had broken into a chapel in the city, and had stolen the pix or casket wherein the sacred host was deposited, which host, after rightly consecrated, they believe to be the real body of our blessed Saviour, being tran-

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substantiated, as they call it, from the substance of bread

The fact being discovered, the city, as I said above, was all up in a tumult, the gates were shut up, nobody suffered to go out, every house was searched, and the utmost diligence used, and at length, as it was next to impossibility he should escape, he was discovered

His execution was not long deferred. But first he was examined, and I think by torture, what he had done with the sacred thing which was in the pix, which he had stolen? And at length he confessed that he had thrown it into a house of office, and was carried with a guard to show them the place

As it was impossible to find a little piece of a wafer in such a place, though no pains were spared in a most filthy manner to search for it, but, as I say, it could not be found, immediately the place was judged consecrated *ipso facto*, turned into an oratory, and the devout people flocked to it to expiate, by their prayers, the dishonour done to the Lord God by throwing His precious body into so vile a place. It was determined by the wiser part that the body would not fall down into the place, but be snatched up by its inherent power, or by the holy angels, and not be suffered to touch the excrements in that place. However, the people continued their devotions for some time just in the place where it was, and afterwards a large chapel was built upon it, where the same prayers are continued, as I suppose, to this day

I had a particular occasion to come at a very accurate account of Poland by a Polish gentleman, in whose company I travelled, and from whom I learned all that was worth inquiring of about religious affairs in Prussia on one side and Muscovy on the other

As for Poland, he told me they were all confusion

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both in Church and in State, that notwithstanding their wars they were persecutors of the worst kind, that they let the Jews live among them undisturbed to such a degree, that in the country about Lemburg and Kiow there were reckoned above 30,000 Jews; that these had not toleration only but many privileges granted them, though they denied Christ to be the Messiah, or that the Messiah was come in the flesh, and blasphemed His name upon frequent occasions, and at the same time they persecuted the Protestants, and destroyed their churches, wherever they had power to do it.

On the other hand, when I came to inquire of those Protestants, and what kind of people they were who suffered so severely for their religion, I found they were generally a sort of Protestants called Socinians, and that Lelius Socinus had spread his errors so universally over this country that our Lord Jesus Christ was reduced here to little more than a good man sent from heaven to instruct the world, and far from capable of effecting by the influence of His Spirit and grace the glorious work of redeeming the world. As for the divinity of the Holy Ghost, they have no trouble about it.

Having given this account of knowledge and piety in the countries inhabited by Christians of the Roman Church, it seems natural to say something of the Greek Church.

There are in the Czar of Muscovy's dominions abundance of wooden churches, and had not the country been as full of wooden priests something might have been said for the religion of the Muscovites, for the people are wonderfully devout there, which would have been very well, if it had not been attended with the profoundest ignorance that was ever heard of in any country where the name of Christian was so much as talked of.

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But when I came to inquire about their worship, I found our Lord Jesus Christ made so much a meaner figure among them than St Nicholas that I concluded religion was swallowed up of superstition, and so indeed I found it was upon all occasions as to the conduct of the people in religious matters, their ignorance is so established upon obstinacy, which is the Muscovite's national sin, that it would be really to no purpose to look any longer for a reformation among them.

In short, no man will, I believe, say of me that I do the Muscovites any wrong when I say they are the most ignorant and most obstinate people in the Christian world, when I tell the following story of them.

It was after the battle at Naeva, where the late King of Sweden, Charles XII, defeated their great army, and after the victory extended his troops pretty far into their country, and perhaps plundered them a little as he advanced, when the Muscovites, we may be sure, being in the utmost distress and confusion, fell to their prayers. We read of nothing they had to say to God Almighty in that case, but to their patron saint they addressed this extraordinary prayer.

"O thou, our perpetual comforter in all our adversities! thou infinitely powerful St Nicholas, by what sin, and how have we highly offended thee in our sacrifices, genuflections, reverences, and actions of thanksgiving, that thou hast thus forsaken us? We had therefore sought to appease thee entirely, and we had implored thy presence and thy succour against the terrible, insolent, dreadful, enraged, and undaunted enemies and destroyers, when, like lions, bears, and other savage beasts that have lost their young ones, they attacked us after an insolent and terrible manner, and terrified and wounded, took

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and killed us by thousands, us who are thy people. Now, as it is impossible that this should happen without witchcraft and enchantment, seeing the great care that we had taken to fortify ourselves, after an impregnable manner, for the defence and security of thy name, we beseech thee, O St Nicholas, to be our champion, and the bearer of our standard, to be with us both in peace and in war, and in our necessities, and at the time of our death, to protect us against this horrible and tyrannical crew of sorcerers, and to drive them far enough off from our frontiers, with the recompense which they may deserve."

It may be hoped I may give a better account of religion among the Protestants than I have among the Roman and Grecian Churches, and I will, if in justice it is possible.

The next to the nations I have been mentioning, I mean in geographical order, are those reformed Christians called Lutherans, to say no worse of them, the face of religion indeed is altered much between these and the latter. But I scarce know what name to give it, at least as far as I have inquired into it, or what it is like.

It was Popery and no Popery, there was the consub but not the transub. The service differed indeed from the mass, but the deficiency seemed to be made up very much with the trumpets, kettle-drums, fiddles, hautboys, &c, and all the merry part of the Popish devotion, upon which it occurred to me presently, that if there was no danger of Popery among the Lutherans, there was danger of superstition, and as for the pious part, I saw very little of it in either of them.

By religion, therefore, the reader is desired to understand here not the principles upon which the several nations denominate themselves, so much as the

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manner in which they discover themselves to be sincere in the profession which they make. I had no inclination here to enter into the inquiry after the creeds which every nation professed to believe, but the manner in which they practised that religion which they really professed, for what is religion to me without practice? And although it may be true that there can be no true religion where it is not professed upon right principles, yet, that which I observe here, and which to me is the greatest grievance among Christians, is the want of a religious practice even where there are right principles at bottom, and where there is a profession of the orthodox faith.

In brief, I am not hunting after the profession of religion, but the practice. The first I find almost in every nation — *nulla gens tam barbara*, but the last I am like to travel through the histories of all Christendom with my search, and perhaps may hardly be able, when I have done, to tell you where it is.

All the satire of this inquiry will look this way, for where God has not given a people the blessing of a true knowledge of Himself, it would call for our pity, not reproach. It would be a very dull satire indeed that a man should be witty upon the negroes in Africa for not knowing Christ, and not understanding the doctrine of a Saviour, but if turning to our modern Christians of Barbadoes and Jamaica for not teaching them, not instructing them, and for refusing to baptize them, there the satire would be pointed and seasonable, as we shall hear further by-and-by.

But to return to the Lutherans, for there I am supposed to be at this time, I mean, among the courts and cities of Brandenburg, Saxony, &c., — I had opportunity here to view a court affecting gallantry, magnificence, and gay things, to such a



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height, and with such a passion, to exceed the whole world in that empty part of human felicity called show, that I thought it was impossible to pursue it with such an impetuous torrent of the affections without sacrificing all things to it which wise men esteem more valuable

Nor was my notion wrong, for the first thing I found sacrificed, as I say, to this voluptuous humour was the liberties of the people, who being by constitution or custom rather under absolute government, and at the arbitrary will of the prince, are sure to pay, not all they can spare, but even all they have, to gratify the unbounded appetite of a court given up to pleasure and exorbitance

By all I have read of the manner of living there, both court and people, the latter are entirely given up to the former, not by necessity only, but by the consent of custom and the general way of management through the whole country. Nay, this is carried to such a height that, as I have been told, the king's coffers are the general cesspool of the nations, whither all the money of the kingdoms flows, and only disperses again as that gives it out — whether by running over or running out at its proper vent, I do not inquire, so that as all the blood in the human body circulates in twenty-four hours through the ventricles of the heart, so all the money in the kingdom is said to pass once a year through the king's treasury

How far poverty and misery may prompt piety and devotion among the poor inhabitants, I cannot say, but if luxury and gallantry, together with tyranny and oppression to support it, can subsist with true religion in the great men, then, for aught I know, the courts of Prussia and Dresden may be the best qualified in the world to produce this thing called religion, which, I have hitherto seen, is hard to be found.

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It is true, that the magnificence of the wisest king in the world in Jerusalem was esteemed the felicity of his people; but it seems to be expressed very elegantly, not as a testimony of his glory only, but of the flourishing condition of his people at the same time, under the prosperous circumstances which his reign brought them to, viz, that he made gold to be for plenty like the stones in the streets, amply expressing the flourishing condition of his people under him

I have likewise read, indeed, and heard much of the same kind of the King of Prussia, and that even from his own subjects, who were always full of the generous and truly royal qualities of that prince, he was the first king of the country, which before was a dukedom or electorate only. The sum of their discourse is, that his majesty was so true a father of his country and of his people, that his whole care was the flourishing of their trade, establishing their manufactures, increasing their numbers, planting foreigners — French, Swiss, and other nations — among them to instruct and encourage them, and being no way accessory to any of their oppressions, but relieving and redressing all their grievances as often and as soon as they came to his knowledge, and, indeed, I could not but entertain a great regard to the character of so just and good a prince. But all I could infer from that was, that a government may be tyrannical, and yet the king not be a tyrant, but the grievances to the people are oftentimes much the same. And every administration, where the constitution is thus stated, as it seems to be in most, if not all of the northern courts, Protestant as well as others, seems inconsistent with the true ends of government, the thing we call government was certainly established for the prosperity of the people, whereas, on the contrary, in all those German courts, where I

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have made my observations, the magnificence of the court and the prosperity of the people stand like the two poles, what excess of light you see at one is exactly balanced by so much darkness at the other.

And where, pray, is the religion of all this? that a whole nation of people should appear miserable that their governors may appear gay, the people starve, that the prince may be fed, or rather, the people be lean, that their sovereign may be fat, the subjects sigh, that he may laugh, be empty, that he may be full, and all this for mere luxury, not for the needful defence of the government — resisting enemies, preserving the public peace, and the like, but for mere extravagance, luxury, and magnificence, as in Prussia, or for ambition, and pushing at crowns, and the lust of domination, as in Saxony.

But to come back to the religious transactions of these countries — how are the ecclesiastics, jealous of their hierarchy, afraid to reform farther lest, as they gave a mortal stab to the perquisites and veils of God Almighty's service in the Romish Church, modern reformation might give the like to them? For this reason they set a pale about their Church, and there, as well as in other places, they cry to their neighbours, "Stand off, I am holier than thou," and with what persecution and invasion — persecuting for religion, and invading the principles of one another. If there was any peace among them, it was that only which passes all understanding. It presently occurred to me, what charity can here be where there is no peace? and what religion where there is no charity? And I began to fear I should find little of what I looked for in those odd climates.

I had travelled personally through the heart of France, where I had occasion to look round me often enough in my route from the foot of the Pyrenean

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mountains to Toulouse, from thence to Paris and Calais. Here I found the people so merry and yet so miserable, that I knew not where to make any judgment. The poverty of the poor was so great that it seemed to leave them no room to sigh for anything but their burdens, or to pray for anything but bread. But the temper of the people was so volatile, that I thought they went always dancing to church and came singing out of it.

I found a world of teachers here, but nobody taught. The streets were everywhere full of priests, and the churches full of women, but as for religion, I found most of the clergy were so far from having much of it, that few of them knew what it was. Never surely was a nation so full of truly blind guides, for nothing can be more grossly ignorant of religion than many of their clergy are, nothing more void of morals than many of those to whom other people go to confess their sins.

I made some inquiry about religion, and among the rest I happened to fall in company with a good honest Huguenot *magnito*, and he told me very honestly that the state of religion in France stood thus. First, that for some years ago it was put to the test by the king, and that was when the edicts came out to banish and ruin the Huguenots, "At which time," said he, "we thought there had been a great deal of religion in it, but really, when it came to the push," said he, "it was hard to tell where we should find it. The persecution, as it was thought at first, would be ingrateful to the more religious Roman Catholics, and that some would be found too good to do the drudgery of the devil. But we were mistaken, the best fell in with persecution when it was done by other hands and not their own, and those that would not do it acknowledged they rejoiced that it was done, which

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showed," said he, "that the Catholics either had no principle, or acted against principle, which is much as one. And as for us Huguenots," says he, "we have shown that we have no religion lost among us, for, first, some run away for their religion and yet left it behind them, and we that stayed behind did it at the price of our principles. For now," says he, "we are mere hypocrites, neither Papists nor Huguenots, for we go to mass with Protestant hearts, and while we call ourselves Protestants, we bow in the house of Rimmon" — "Where, then," said I, "is the religion once boasted of here to be found?" — "Indeed," said he, "it is hard to tell you, and except a little that is in the galleys, I can give you no good account of it." This, indeed, was confining the remains of a flourishing church to about 350 confessors, who really suffered martyrdom for it — for it was no less. So I minuted down French religion tugging at the oar, and would have come away.

But it came into my thought to ask him what he meant by telling me that those who run away for their religion out of France left most of it behind them? He answered, I should judge of it better if I observed them when I came into my own country, where, if I found they lived better than other people, or showed anything of religion suitable to a people that suffered persecution for their profession, I should send word of it, for he had heard quite otherwise of them, which was the reason why he and thousands of others did not follow them.

It happened, while I was warm in my inquiries thus after religion, a proclamation came out in London for appointing a general thanksgiving for a great victory obtained by the English forces and their confederates over the French at [Ramillies]. I care not to put names to the particular times of things

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I started at the noise when they cried it in the streets. Ah! said I, then I have found it at last, and I rejoiced, in particular, that having looked so much abroad for religion I should find it out at home. Then I began to call myself a thousand fools, that I had not saved myself all this labour and looked at home first, though, by-the-bye, I had done no more in this than other travellers often or indeed generally do, viz, go abroad to see the world and search into the curiosities of foreign countries, and know nothing of their own.

But to return to my observations. I was resolved to see the ceremonies of this pious piece of work, and as the preparations for it were prodigiously great, I inquired how it would be, but nobody could remember that the like had ever been in their time before. Every one said it would be very fine, that the queen would be there herself, and all the nobility, and that the like had never been seen since Queen Elizabeth's time.

This pleased me exceedingly, and I began to form ideas in my mind of what had been in former times among religious nations, I could find nothing of what I was made to expect, unless it was Solomon's dedication of the temple, or Josiah's great feast of the reformation, and I expected God would have a most royal tribute of praise.

But it shocked me a little that the people said there had never been such a thanksgiving since Queen Elizabeth's time. What, thought I, can be the reason of that? and musing a little, O! says I to myself, now I have found it, I suppose nobody gives God thanks in our country but queens. But this looked a little harsh, and I rummaged our histories a little for my farther satisfaction, but could make nothing of it. At last, talking of it to a good old cavalier, that had been a soldier for King

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Charles, "Oh," says he, "I can tell you the reason of it, they have never given thanks," says he, "because they have had nothing to give thanks for. Pray," says he, "when have they had any victories in England since Queen Elizabeth's time, except two or three in Ireland in King William's time? and then they were so busy, had so many losses with them abroad, that they were ashamed to give thanks for them."

This I found had too much truth in it, however bitter the jest of it, but still heightened my expectation, and made me look for some strange seriousness and religious thankfulness in the appearance that was to be on the occasion in hand, and accordingly I secured myself a place, both without and within the church, where I might be a witness to every part of the devotion and joy of the people.

But my expectations were wound up to a yet greater pitch when I saw the infinite crowds of people throng with so much zeal, as I, like a charitable coxcomb, thought it to be, to the place of the worship of God, and when I considered that it was to give God thanks for a great victory, I could think of nothing else than the joy of the Israelites, when they landed on the banks of the sea and saw Pharaoh's army, horses, and chariots, swallowed up, and I doubted not I should hear something like the song of Moses and the children of Israel on the occasion, and should hear it sung with the same elevation of soul.

But when I came to the point, the first thing I observed was that nine parts of ten of all the company came there only to see the queen and the show, and the other tenth part, I think, might be said to make the show.

When the queen came to the rails, and descended from her coach, the people, instead of crying out

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"Hosannah, blessed be the queen that cometh in the name of the Lord," I say, the people cried "Murder" and "Help, for God's sake," treading upon one another, and stifling one another at such a rate, that in the rear of the two lines or crowds of people through which the queen passed it looked something like a battle where the wounded were retred to die and to get surgeons to come to them, for there lay heaps of women and children dragged from among the feet of the crowd, and gasping for breath. I went among some of them, and asked them what made them go into such a crowd? and then answer was all the same, "O sir, I had a mind to see the queen, as the rest did."

Well, I had my answer here indeed, for in short, the whole business of the thanksgiving without doors was to see the queen, that was plain, so I went away to my stand, which, for no less than three guineas, I had secured in the church.

When I came there it was my fate to be placed between the seats where the men of God performed the service of His praise, and sung out the anthems and the *Te Deum*, which celebrated the religious triumph of the day.

As to the men themselves, I liked their office, their vestments, and their appearance, all looked awful and grave enough, suitable in some respects to the solemnity of a religious triumph, and I expected they would be as solemn in their performances as the Levites that blew the trumpets at Solomon's feast, when all the people shouted and praised God.

But I observed these grave people, in the intervals of their worshipping God, when it was not their turn to sing, or read, or pray, bestowed some of the rest of their time in taking snuff, adjusting their perukes, looking about at the fair ladies, whispering, and that



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not very softly neither, to one another, about this fine lady, that pretty woman, this fine duchess, and that great fortune, and not without some indecencies, as well of words as of gestures. Well, says I, you are none of the people I look for, where are they that give God thanks?

Immediately the organ struck up for the *Te Deum*, up starts all my gentlemen, as if inspired from above, and from then talking together, not over-modestly, fall to praising God with the utmost precipitation, singing the heavenly anthems with all the grace and music imaginable.

In the middle of all this music and these exalted things, when I thought my soul elevated with Divine melody, and began to be reconciled to all the rest, I saw a little rustling motion among the people, as if they had been disturbed or frightened. Some said it thundered, some said the church shook, the true business was, the *Te Deum* within was answered without by the thunder of a hundred pieces of cannon and the noise of drums, with the huzzas and shouts of great crowds of people in the streets. This I did not understand, so it did neither disturb nor concern me, I found indeed no great harmony in it, it bore no consort in the music, at least as I understood it, but it was over pretty soon, and so we went on.

When the anthem was sung, and the other services succeeded them, I, that had been a little disturbed with the loud intervals of the choisters and the gentlemen that sat crowded in with them, turned my eyes to other places, in hopes I should find some suits among the crowd, whose souls were taken up with the exalted raptures of the day.

But, alas! it was all one, the ladies were busy singling out the men and the men the ladies. The star and garter of a fine young nobleman — beautiful

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in person, rich in habit, and sparkling in jewels, his blue ribbon intimating his character — drew the eyes of so many women off their prayer-books, that I think his grace ought to have been spoken to by the vergers to have withdrawn out of the church, that he might not injure the service, and rob God Almighty of the homage of the day

As for the queen, her majesty was the star of the day, and infinitely more eyes were directed to her than were lifted up to heaven, though the last was the business of the whole procession

Well, said I, this is mighty fine, that's true, but where's the religion of all this? Heavens bless me, said I, out of this crowd, and I'll never mock God any more here when the queen comes again. Cannot these people go and see the queen where the queen is to be seen, but must they come hither to profane the church with her, and make the queen an idol? And in a great passion I was, both at the people and at the manner of the day, as you may easily see by what follows

N B — I had made some other satirical reflections upon the conduct of the day, but as it looks too near home, I am not willing that poor Robinson Crusoe should disoblige anybody

I confess, the close of the day was still more extravagant, for there the thanksgiving was adjourned from the church to the tavern, and to the street, and instead of the decency of a religious triumph, there was indeed a triumph of religious indecency, and the anthems, *Te Deum*, and thanksgiving of the day ended in the drunkenness, the bonfires, and the squibs and crackers of the street

How far religion is concerned in all this, or whether God Almighty will accept of these noisy doings for thanksgivings, that I have nothing to

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do with, let those people consider of it that are concerned in it

### OF DIFFERENCES IN RELIGION

'Tis known alone to the Divine Wisdom why He has been pleased to suffer any part of religion, and the adoration paid to His majesty, the supplications made to Him, and the homage which His creatures owe to His glorious being, to be so doubtfully directed, or so differently understood by His creatures, as that there should be any mistakes or disagreements about them

How comes it to pass, that the paying a reverence to the name and being of God should not be as incapable of being disputed in the manner of it as in the thing itself? That all the rules of worshipping, believing in, and serving the great God of heaven and earth, should be capable of being understood any more than one way? And that the infallible Spirit of God, who is our guide to heaven, should leave any one of its dictates in a state of being misunderstood?

Why have not the rules of religion, as well those of doctrine as of life, been laid down in terms so plain, and so impossible to be mistaken, that all men in the world, in every age, should have the same notions of them, and understand them, in every tittle of them, exactly alike? Then as heaven is but one blessed great port, at which all hope to arrive, there would have been but one road to travel the journey in, all men would have gone the same way, steered the same course, and brethren would no more have fallen out by the way

God alone, for wise and righteous reasons, because He can do nothing but what is wise and righteous, has otherwise ordered it, and that is all we can say

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of it, as to the reason and justice of it, that is a thing of which, like as of the times and of the seasons, we may say, knoweth no man

In the state of uncertainty we are now in, so it is, two men, believing in the same God, holding the same faith, the same Saviour, the same doctrine, and aiming at the same heaven, yet cannot agree to go to that heaven, or worship that God, or believe in that Saviour, the same way, or after the same manner, nay, they cannot know, or conceive of God, or of heaven, or of the Redeemer, or indeed of any one principle of the Christian religion, in the same manner, or form the same ideas of those things in their minds

It is true, the different capacities and faculties of men are in part a reason for this, by which it is occasioned, that scarce two men together have the same notions and apprehensions even of one and the same thing, because their understandings are led by different guides, and they see by different lights

But this is not all, they are not alike honest to the light they have. Three men read the same doctrinal article, say it be of the Trinity, or of any other, and they all examine the foundation of it in the Scripture, one thinks verily he has found out the mystery effectually, goes on with his inquiries, and brings every Scripture and every passage to correspond exactly with his first notion, and thus he confirms himself immovably in his opinion, and it is so clear to him, that he can not only never be argued out of it, but can entertain no good opinion of any man that conceives of it in any other way, but takes him for an enemy to the orthodox doctrine, and that he merits to be expelled out of Christ's Church, denied the Christian communion, and, in short, treats him with no respect, no, nor thinks of him with charity

Another comes to the same Scripture, and in quest

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of the same doctrine, and he reads over the same texts, and receives notions from them directly opposite to the other, or, at least, very remote from them, he follows in his search through all the corroborating texts and is confirmed in his first opinion from them all, he grows as immovable in his received construction of the Scripture as the other, and all is so clear to him, that he not only can never be argued out of his opinion, but can entertain no good opinion of any man that conceives of it any other way, but takes him for an enemy to the orthodox doctrine.

The third man, he reads over all the same texts of Scripture, but doing it with an indifferency as to the substance, and whether he receives right information or no, truly he comes away with a calmness of mind as to the substance, and as he went with no great concern about being certain, so he comes back as uncertain as he went.

These three men are enough to fill the whole world full of disputes about religion. The first two meet, and being equally positive of their being infallibly guided, equally warm in defending their opinions, and equally tenacious of them, and above all, equally void of charity to the other, truly they fall out, part, condemn, censure, revile, and as opportunity and power offers, at last persecute one another, and all one another's adherents.

The third, half informed, indifferent man, he comes in between these two, laughs at them both, says they are a parcel of furious Christians, that the thing is not absolutely necessary to be known, that it is no article of faith, so as that without deciding it a man cannot be saved, says they are a parcel of fools to fall out thus about what they cannot be certain of, and which they may go to heaven though they should not understand it till they come there, and thus the world comes to be divided.

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Could they differ with humility, they would differ with charity, but it is not to be in religion, whatever it may be in civil or politic affairs, for there is a thing called zeal, which men call a grace in religion, and esteem a duty, and this makes men fall out in religious matters with a more fatal warmth and more animosity than in other cases, according to Hudibras —

Zeal makes men fight, like mad or drunk,  
For Dame Religion as for punk

Nor is this the fate only of the Christian religion, though 't is more so there than in any other, but 't is the same in other cases, as between the Persians and the Turks about the successors of their prophet Mahomet. It was so of old between the heathen and the Jews, and the Assyrian monarch prepared a fiery furnace for those that would not fall down and worship the great image that he had set up.

In the primitive times of God's Church, the heathen did the like by the Christians, and *Christianos ad leones* was the common cry, but when the Church came to its halcyon days, Constantine the Great gave peace to the Christians, and it was but a little while that they enjoyed that peace before they fell out by the way. The Arian heresies rose up, and differing opinions rent the State into factions, the Church into schisms, and in the space of two reigns the Arians persecuted the orthodox, and the orthodox the Arians, almost with the same fury as the heathen had persecuted them both with before.

From thence to our time persecution has been the practice even of all parties, as they have been clothed with power, and as their differences have moved them, for example, in all the Christian countries, there is a mortal feud between Popish and the

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Protestant, and though, indeed, the former have carried their zeal farthest, yet the latter have not been able to say they have not persecuted in their turn, though not with fire and faggot

What wars and bloodshed molested Europe on the account of religion in Germany! Especially till the general pacification of those troubles at the treaty of Westphalia, when the Protestants, having had the apparent advantage of the war, obtained the everlasting settlement of their religion as well as liberties through the whole empire.

Since those times, what persecution, in the same country, between the Lutheran and Calvinist churches, and how little charity is among them, in-somuch that the Lutherians to this day will not allow the Reformed Evangelic churches, so the Calvinists are called, liberty to assemble for worship within the gates of their cities, or give them Christian burial

I avoid looking too near home, or searching in Scotland and England, among the unhappy divisions of Episcopal and Presbyterian, Church of England and Dissenter, and this I do because it is at home, but it is too evident that all these come either from men's being negligent of right informations, or too tenacious when they have it, for it is evident, if all men would be honest to the light they have, and favourable to their neighbours, we might hope that, how many several ways soever we chose to walk towards heaven, we should all meet there at last

I look upon all the seeds of religious dissension as tares sowed by the devil among the wheat, and it may be observed, that though, as I have already said, the Assyrians persecuted the Jews, and the Romans the Christians, yet where the devil is immediately and personally worshipped, there we meet with little or no persecution, for Satan, having a

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kind of peaceable dominion there, offers them no disturbance, he desires no innovation for ever, he finds the sweetness of it, and lets it all alone

But if once they talk of other gods before him, he is far less easy, there he is continually sowing strife and hatching divisions among them, for, like all other monarchs, the devil loves to reign alone

It would be too long a task here to reckon up the several sorts of differences in religion even among us in England, where, if two happen to differ, presently, like St Paul to St Peter, they withstand one another to the face, that is to say, carry on the dispute to the utmost extremity

But there is another question before me, and that is not only why there are such differences on the point of religion, and why are religious differences hotter and more irreconcilable than other breaches, but why are there more differences of this kind among us than among any other nation in the world?

Certainly this pushing on our religious broils to the extremity is the peculiar of this country of England, and is not the same thing in other places, and the variety is such here, that 'tis said there are more several communions or communities of religious kinds in England than in all the other Protestant countries in the world

The best and most charitable answer that I can think of to give for this is to compliment ourselves, and say, 'tis because we are the most religious nation in the world, that is to say, that we in general set more seriously to work to inquire into the substance and nature of religion, to examine principles, and weigh the reasons of things, than other people, being more concerned for and anxious about the affairs of God, of heaven, and our souls, that thinking, as we ought to do, that religion is of the utmost concern



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to us, and that it is of the last moment to us to be certain about it and well-grounded in the points before us, particularly whether we are rightly informed or not. This anxious concern makes us jealous of every opinion and tenacious of our own, breaks much in upon the custom of submitting our judgments to the clergy, as is the case in countries where people are more indifferent in their search after these things, and more unconcerned in the certainty or uncertainty of them.

I must acknowledge that I think the true and the only just reason that can be given for this matter, is not that we are more furious than other people, more censorious and rash in our judgment, that we have less charity, or less patience, in debating religious points than other people, but the truth is, that we have less indifference about them, and cannot sit down contented with a slight and overly inquiry, or a cursory or school answer to the doubts in question, but we make it a thing of absolute necessity to be fully informed of, and therefore, are earnest in the inquiry, and knowing the Scripture to be the great rule of faith, the standard for life and doctrine, we fly thither and search for ourselves, not having Popery enough to expect an infallible judge, not indifference enough to acquiesce in the judgment of the clergy, and perhaps a little too tenacious of our own interpretation even in things we are uninstructed about.

This, indeed, I take to be the true reason why religious disputes increase so much here, and why there are such separations and schisms among us, more than there are in any other nation in the world.

I know much of it is laid to the door of the confusions they were all in here during the bloody intestine wars in the years 1640 to 1656, and the

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liberty given to all opinions to set up themselves at that time, but I waive that as a question that tends to more division. I believe the reason I have given for it stands as well grounded, and as likely to be approved, as any I can give, or as any that has been given in this case

There is another difficult question which still remains before us, and that is, what remedy can we apply to this malady? And first, I must answer negatively, not to have us be less religious, that we might differ less about it, but to have us exercise more charity in our disputes, that we might differ more like men of temper, and more like Christians than we do. This is striking at the root of religious differences, for if they were carried on mildly, with a peaceable spirit, willing to be informed, a disposition to love as brethren, though in everything not like-minded — our variety of opinions would not then have the name of differences, we should not separate in communion and in charity, though we did not agree in everything we were to believe or not to believe about religion

It is hard that we should say these differences are the consequences of a nation having more religion than their neighbours, since we have still this one part too little, and as I suppose us to have more religion, I must be obliged to grant we have not enough more, for if, as we have just so much more religion as is sufficient to make us quarrelsome in religious disputes, we had yet as much more as were sufficient to make us peaceable again after it, then we should be religious to purpose

So that, in a word, our being so religious as above is only an unhappy middle composition between the inquiring and fully-informed Christian on one hand, and the careless, indifferent, unconcerned temper that takes up with anything on the other hand.

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And this I take to be a just though short account of our differences in England about religion

It might be a very useful question to start here, namely, where will all our unhappy differences end ? I, that am not willing to give the worst-natured answer, where the best and kindest will hold water, am for the present disposed to answer in general, rather than descend to particulars, viz, in heaven There all our unkind, unchristian, unneighbourly, unbrotherly differences will end We shall freely shake hands there with many a pardoned sinner that here we bid stand off, embrace many a publican that here we think it a dishonour to converse with, see many a heart that we have broken here, with censures, reproachings, and revilings, made whole again by the balm of the same Redeemer's blood

There we shall see that there have been other flocks than those of our fold, other paths to heaven than those we shut men out from, that those we have excommunicated have been taken into that superior communion, and those we have placed at our left hand have been there summoned to the right hand, all separations will be there taken away, and the mind of every Christian be entirely reconciled to one another, no divisions, no differences, no charging sincere minds with hypocrisy, or embracing painted hypocrites for saints, everything to be seen and to be known as it really is, and by a clear light, none will desire to deceive, none be subject to be deceived

There we shall look upon all we have done and said in prejudice of the character of our brethren with a just change, and sufficiently repay to one another all the injurious things we have said, or indeed but thought, of one another, by rejoicing in the common felicity and praising the Sovereign Glory that had received those we had foolishly rejected, and let those into the same heaven whom we had, in

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the abundance of our pride and the penury of our charity, shut out

How many actions of men which we, seeing only then outside, have now censured, shall we find there by that penetration that cannot err, be accepted for then inside sincerity? How many an opinion that we condemn here shall we see then to be orthodox? In a word, how many contradicting notions and principles which we thought inconsistent with true religion shall we find then to be reconcilable to themselves, to one another, and to the fountain of truth?

All the difficulties in our conceptions of things invisible will then be explained, all the doctrines of the immutability of the Divine counsels will then be reconcilable to the changeable events of things, and to the varieties often happening in the world. The unchangeableness of the Eternal decrees will then appear, and yet the efficacy of praying to God to do this, or not do that, to pardon, forgive, spare, and forbear, which we now say is inconsistent with those unchangeable decrees, shall be reconcilable to that unchangeableness in a manner to us now inconceivable.

And this is the foundation of what I now advance, viz., that in heaven all our differences in religion will be reconciled, and will be at an end. If any man ask me whether they cannot be ended before, I answer, if we were all thoroughly convinced that they would be reconciled then, we should certainly put an end to them before, but it is impossible to be done. Men's convictions of the greatest and most certain truths are not equal to one another, or equal to the weight and significancy of those truths, and therefore such a general effect of this affair cannot be expected on this side of time.

There is one very great reconciler of religious dif-

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ferences in this world, which has sometimes been made use of by Providence to heal the breaches in Christian charity among religious people, and it is, generally speaking, very effectual, but it is a bitter draught, a potion that goes down with great reluctance, and that is persecution. This generally reconciles the differences of Christians about the lesser matters in religion. The primitive churches, while under the Roman persecutions, had a much greater harmony among themselves, and very few schisms and divisions broke out among them. When they did differ in any particular points, they wrote healing epistles to one another, contended with modesty and with charity, and referred willingly their notions to be decided by one another. They did not separate communion, and excommunicate whole churches and nations, for a dispute about the celebration of Easter, or unchurch one another for the question of receiving and rebaptizing of penitents, as was afterwards the case. The furnace of affliction burnt up all that dross, the fury of their persecutors kept their minds humble, their zeal for religion hot, and their affection for and charity to one another increased as their liberty and their number were lessened.

. Thus Bishop Ridley and Bishop Hooper, the first a rigid Church of England bishop, the other almost a Presbyterian, or at least a Calvinist, like Peter and Paul, differed hotly, and withstood one another to the face in the very beginning of the Reformation, but when they came to burn for their religion, fire and faggot showed them the reconcilableness of all their disputes, convinced them that it was possible for both to hold fast the truth in sincerity and yet entertain differing notions of the rites and outsides of the Divine economy, and at the stake they ended all their disputes, wrote healing letters to one an-

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other, and became fellow-martyrs and confessors for that very profession which was so intermixed with censure and dislike before

And let all that think of this remedy remember that whenever these quarrelsome Christians come, by persecution or any other incident, to be thus reconciled in their charity, they find always a great deal to ask pardon of one another for with respect to what is past, all their violence, heat of zeal, and much more heat of passion, all their breach of charity, their reproaches and censures and hard words, which have passed between them, will only then serve to bring them together with more affection, and to embrace more warmly, for, depend upon it, all the differences in religion among good men (for I do not mean essential, doctrinal, and fundamental differences), serve only to make them all ashamed of themselves at last

### OF THE WONDERFUL EXCELLENCY OF NEGATIVE RELIGION AND NEGATIVE VIRTUE

Negative virtue sets out like the Pharisee with "God, I thank thee," it is a piece of religious pageantry, a jointed baby dressed up gay, but, stripped of its gewgaws, it appears a naked lump, fit only to please children and deceive fools. 'Tis the hope of the hypocrite, it is a cheat upon the neighbourhood, a dress for without doors, for 'tis of no use within, 'tis a mask put on for a character, and as generally it is used to cheat others, 'tis so ignorantly embraced that we cheat even ourselves with it

In a word, negative virtue is positive vice, at least when it is made use of in any of the two last cases; namely, either as a mask to deceive others, or as a mist to deceive ourselves. If a man were to look

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back upon it to see in what part he could take up his nest, or lay a foundation of hope for the satisfaction of his mind as to future things, he would find it the most uncomfortable condition to go out of the world with that any man in the world can think

The reason is plain, compare it with the publican, whom such a man despises. "Here is my landlord a drunkard, one of my tenants is a thief, such a poor man is a swearer, such a rich man a blasphemer, such a tradesman is a cheat, such a justice of the peace is an atheist, such a rakish fellow is turned highwayman, such a beau is debauched, but I -- I that am clothed in negatives, and walk in the light of my own vanity -- I live a sober, regular, retired life, I am an honest man, I defraud nobody, no man ever heard me swear, or an ill word come out of my mouth, I never talk irreverently or profanely, and I am never missed out of my seat at church. God, I thank thee! I am not debauched, I am no highwayman, no murderer," &c. Now, what is the difference of all these? I must confess, speaking of all these together, and of what is usually the end of them, I think a man had better be any of them, nay, almost all of them together, than the man himself, and my reason is in a few words as follows

All these know themselves to be wicked persons, conscience, though for a time oppressed and kept under, yet upon all occasions tells them plainly what their condition is, and oftentimes they repent. 'Tis true, sometimes they do not, God is pleased sometimes to treat them in the vindictive attribute, and they are cut off in their crimes, insensible and stupid, without a space or a heart to repent, and therefore let none take hope in their profligate living from what I am going to say

Again, others, though they do repent, and God is

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pleased to give them the *grace* to return to Him as penitents, come to it very late, and sometimes under a severe hand, as perhaps on a deathbed, or under some disaster, and oftentimes at the gallows

But still, I say, those men, though they sin, they do it as a crime, and when they come to be told of it often they are brought to repent. But the negative Christian I speak of is so full of himself, so persuaded that he is good enough, and religious enough already, that he has no thoughts of anything unless it be to pull off his hat to God Almighty now and then, and thank Him that he has no need of Him. This is the opiate that doses his soul even to the last gasp, and it is ten thousand to one but the lethargic dream shoots him through the gulf at once, and he never opens his eyes till he arrives in that light where all things are naked and open, where he sees too late that he has been a cheat to himself, and has been hurried by his own pride in a cloud of negatives into a state of positive destruction without remedy.

I am reading no particular man's fate. God forbid! I restrain it to no circumstances, I point out no persons, it is too solemn a thing to make it a satire, 't is the state, not the man, I speak of. Let the guilty apply it to themselves, and the proud good man humble himself and avoid it.

I have observed that many fall into this case by the excessive vanity of being thought well of by their neighbours, obtaining a character, &c. It is a delusion very fatal to many, a good name is indeed a precious ointment, and in some cases is better than life. But with your pardon, Mr. Negative, it must be a good name for good deeds, or otherwise a good name upon a bad life is a painted whore, that has a gay countenance upon a rotten, diseased, corrupted carcass.



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Much to be preferred is the general slander of a prejudiced age and a state of universal calumny, where the mind is free from the guilt they charge. Such a man, though the world spits upon and despises him, looks in with comfort, and looks up with hope.

————— *Hic murus aeneus esto,  
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa* — HORACE

General contempt, universal reproach, is a life that requires a world of courage and steadiness of mind to support, but be this my portion in this world, with a heart that does not reproach me with the guilt, much rather than to be a man of negatives only, and who all the world caresses with their good wishes and good opinion, but is himself empty of real virtue, a hypocrite at bottom, a cheat, and under the delusion of it, whose portion is with hypocrites, and who can neither look in, or look up, with pleasure, but must look without himself, for all that can be called good, either by others or by himself.

As at the great and last day the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, so I am persuaded the opinion we have of one another here, will be one of the things which will be there, and perhaps not till then fully rectified, and we shall be there thoroughly enlightened, we shall find room to see that we have been much mistaken in our notions of virtue and vice, religion and irreligion, in the characters of our neighbours. And I am persuaded we shall see many of our acquaintances placed at the right hand of a righteous Judge, whose characters we have oppressed with slanders, and who we have censoriously placed at His left hand here, and many a painted hypocrite, who has insulted his neighbour with, "Stand off, I am holier than thou," or whom he has turned

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from with disdain, and with a "This publican!" placed at the left hand, who we made no doubt we should have seen at the right hand in triumph

This is a support to the mind of a good man, even when his enemies, as David says, "gnash upon him with their teeth, and have him in derision," that is to say, when he is run down by universal clamour, and damned by the tongues of men, even for this world and another

Happy the man, who with exalted soul,  
Knows how to rate the great, the prosperous fool,  
Who can the insults of the street contemn,  
And values not the rage or tongues of men  
He, like the sun, exists on his own flame,  
And, when he dies, is to himself a fame

But take this with you as you go, that as negative praise will build no man comfort, so negative virtue will not support the mind under universal contempt. Scandal is much worse than slander, for the first is founded upon real guilt, the other attacks innocence. Nothing is a scandal, but what is true, nothing is a slander, but what is false

He that fortifies himself against reproach, must do it with a certain reserve of real and solid virtue and piety, it must be uprightness and integrity that must preserve him, nothing but a fund of what is good can support the mind under the reproach of being all that is bad, I do not mean neither that the man must be perfect, have no follies or failings, have made no excursions, have nothing to be laid to the charge of his character, for where then shall the man be found I am speaking of? And I may be said to be describing the black swan, a person that is not, and never was to be found, but the right way of judging men, and the way which alone can be just, is to judge of them by their general conduct, and so a man may in his own mind justly

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denominate himself as every good action does not denominate me to be a good man, so neither does every farthing, every folly, no, nor every scandalous action, denominate me a hypocrite, or a wicked man, otherwise some of the most eminent saints in Scripture, and of every age since the Scripture was written, are gone to the devil, and 't will be hard to say there was ever a good man in the world

But I return to my subject, the negative good man, and let me examine him a little in his just character, in his conduct, public and private. He is no drunkard, but is intoxicated with the pride of his own worth, he is a good neighbour, a common arbitrator and peacemaker in other families, but a cursed tyrant in his own, he appears in a public place of worship for a show, but never enters into his closet and shuts the door about him, to pray to Him that sees in secret, he is covered with the vainglorious and ostentatious part of charity, but does all his alms before men, to be seen of them, he is mighty eager in the duties of the second table, but regardless of the first, appearingly religious to be seen and taken notice of by men, but between God and his own soul no intercourse, no communication. What is this man? and what comfort is there of the life he lives? He knows little, or perhaps nothing, of faith, repentance, and a Christian mortified life, in a word, he is a man perfect in the circumstances of religion, and perfectly a stranger to the essential part of religion.

Take this man's conversation apart, enter into the private and retired part of it, what notions has he of mispent hours, and of the natural reflux of all our minutes, on to the great centre and gulf of life, eternity? Does he know how to put a right value upon time? Does he esteem it the life-blood of his soul, as it really is, and act in all the moments of it,

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as one that must account for them? Alas! this is of no weight with such a man, he is too full of himself to enter into any notions about an account, either for misspent time, or anything else misdone, but persuading himself that he never did anything amiss, entertains no notion of judgment to come, eternity, or anything in it

What room has a man to expiate, in his thoughts upon so immense and inconceivable a subject as that of eternal duration, whose thoughts are all taken up, and swelled top-full with his own extraordinary self? It would be impossible for any man in the world to entertain one proud thought of himself, if he had but one right idea of a future state. Could such a man think that anything in him, or anything he could do, could purchase for him a felicity that was to last to eternity? What! that a man should be capable in one moment (for life is not that in length compared to eternity) to do anything for which he should deserve to be made happy to eternity?

If, then, you can form no equality between what he can do and what he shall receive, less can it be founded upon his negative virtue, or what he has forborne to do, and if neither his negative nor his positive piety can be equal to the reward, and to the eternity that reward is to last for, what then is become of the Pharisee? he must think no more of himself, for all his boasts, neither of his negatives nor his positives, but of a rich unbounded grace, that rewards according to itself, not according to what we can do, and that to be judged at the last day according to our works, if literally understood, would be to be undone, but we are to be judged by the sincerity of our repentance, to be rewarded according to the infinite grace of God, and purchase of Christ, with a state of blessedness to an endless eternity

Indeed this eternity is not a meditation suitable

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to the man I am talking of, 't is a sublime thought, which his bloated imagination has never descended to or engaged in, and when it comes he is like to have as little comfort of it as he has had thought about it

This thought of eternity raises new ideas in my mind, and I cannot go forward without a digression upon so important a subject, if the reader approves the thought, he will not quarrel about its being a digression

### ETERNITY

Hail ! mighty circle, unconceived abyss,  
Centre of worlds to come, and grave of this,  
Great gulf of Nature, in whose mighty womb,  
Lies all that thing called Past, that nothing called To come

Ever and never, both begun in thee,  
The weak description of eternity,  
Mere sounds which only can thy being confess,  
For how should finite words thee infinite express ?  
Thou art duration's modern name,  
To be, or to have been, in thee are all the same

Thy circle holds the pre-existent state  
Of all that 's early, or that shall be late  
Thou know'st no past or future, all in thee,  
Make up one point Eternity  
And, if things mortal measure things sublime,  
Are all one great ubiquity of time

To end, begin, be born, and die,  
The accidents of time and life  
Are nonsense in thy speech, Eternity  
Swallows them all, in thee they end their strife  
In thee the ends of Nature form one line,  
And generation with corruption join

Ages of life describe thy state in vain,  
Even death itself, in thee, lives o'er again  
Thy radiant, bright, unfaded face,  
Shines over universal space  
All limits from thy vast extent must flee,  
Old everlasting 's but a point to thee,  
Ten everlastings make not one Eternity

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To thee things past exist as things that are ,  
And things to come, as if they were ,  
Thou wast the first great when, while there was yet no where  
Even time itself 's a little ball of space,  
Borrowing a flame from thy illustrious face,  
Which, wheeling round, in its own circle burns,  
Rolls out from thy first spring, and into thee returns

What we have been, and what we are,  
The present and the time that 's past,  
We can resolve to nothing here,  
But what we are to be in thee at last

Deeds soon shall die, however nobly done,  
And thoughts of men, like as themselves decay ;  
But time when to eternity roll'd on,  
Shall never, never, never waste away

Years, ages, months, weeks, days, and hours  
Wear out, and words to number them shall fail,  
One endless all the wild account devours,  
And thy vast unit casts up all the tale  
Numbers as far as numbers run  
Are all in thy account but one,  
Or rather are thy reck'ning just begun

Thou art the life of immortality,  
When time itself drowns and expires in thee  
All the great actions of aspiring men,  
By which they build that trifling thing called fame,  
In thy embrace lose all their where and when,  
Reserving not so much as a mere empty name

How vain are sorrows of a human state,  
Why mourn th' afflicted at their fate ?  
One point, one moment 's longer far  
Than all their days of sorrow shall appear,  
When wrapt in wonders we shall see,  
And measure their extent by thee

In vain are glorious monuments of fame,  
Which fools erect t' immortalise a name,  
Not half a moment when compared with thee,  
Lives all their fancied immortality

Start back, my soul ! and with some horror view,  
If with these eyes thou can'st look through,  
Inquire what gives the pain of loss a sting,  
Even hell itself 's a hell, in no one other thing

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Then with a brightness on thy face,  
An emanation from that glorious place,  
A joy which no dark cloud can overcast,  
And which Eternity itself cannot outlast,  
Reflect, my soul ! Duration dwells on high,  
And heaven itself's made heaven, by blest Eternity

But to the purpose in hand, for I have not done with this man of negatives yet. And now let us bring him more nearly and seriously to a converse with the invisible world. He looks into it with horror and dreadful apprehensions, as Felix, when St. Paul reasoned of temperance, righteousness, and of judgment to come. Felix was a moral heathen, that is to say, a man of negatives, like him I am speaking of. What was then the case? He trembled. Pray, what is it reasonable to think Felix trembled at? If I may give my opinion, who am but a very mean expositor of texts, it was this or something like it.

Felix was a philosopher as well as a man of power, and by his wisdom, as also by his reverence of the gods, which at that time was the sum of religion, had been a man of morals, a man that had practised temperance and righteousness, as the life which was unquestionably to be rewarded by the powers above with an Elysian felicity, that is to say, according to the Roman maxim, that the gods were the rewarders of virtue.

But when the blessed Apostle came to reason with Felix how unlikely it was that these negatives should purchase our happiness hereafter, he showed him that the gods could not be in debt to us for the practice of virtue, which was indeed no more than living most suitable to our reason, that a life of virtue and temperance was its own reward, by giving a healthy body, a clear head, a composed life, &c., fitting the man for all other worldly enjoyments

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adequate to his reason and his present felicity as a man. But eternal happiness must come from another spring, namely, from the infinite, unbounded grace of a provoked God, who having elected a righteous tribunal, where every heart should be searched, and where every tongue would confess itself guilty, and stand self-condemned. Jesus Christ, whom Paul preached, would separate such as by faith and repentance He had brought home and united to Himself by the grace of adoption, and on the foot of His having laid down His life a ransom for them, had appointed them to salvation.

When poor negative Felix heard of this, and that all his philosophy, his temperance, and righteousness, if it had been ten thousand times as great, would weigh nothing and plead nothing for him at that judicature, and that he began to see the justice and reason of this, for Paul reasoned him into it, I say, when he saw this, he trembled indeed, as well he might, and as all negative people will.

What a strange idea must that Pharisee have of God, who went up with the publican to the temple to pray. 'Tis observable he went with a good stock of assurance in his face that could come to the altar as he did, not to offer any sacrifice, we do not find he carried any offering, or bespoke the priest to make any atonement, he wanted no priests to make any confession to. Good man, as he thought he was, he had no sins to confess, he rather came up to the altar to even accounts with heaven, and like the other man in the Gospel, tell God that he had fulfilled the whole law, and had done all those things that were commanded, even from his youth, so, as before, he only pulled off his hat to his God, and let Him know that there was nothing between them at present, and away he goes about his business.

But the poor wretch whom he despised, and whom



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he had left behind him, for he durst come no further, acted quite another part. He had at first, indeed, in sense of his duty, resolved to go up to the temple, but when he saw the splendour and majesty of God represented by the glory of that elevated building, I say, when he saw that, though a great way off, and then looked into his own heart, all his negative confidences failing him, and a sense of miserable circumstances coming upon him, he stops short, and with a blow of reflection, and perfectly unmingled with any of the Pharisee's pride, he looks down in humility, but lifts up his heart in a penitential faith, with a "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner."

Here was faith, repentance, duty, and confession, all conjoined in one act, and the man's work was done at once, he went away justified. When the negative Pharisee went home, the self-same vain wretch that he came out, with "God, I thank thee," in his mouth, and a mass of pride in his heart, that nothing could convince.

In what glorious colours do the Scriptures upon all occasions represent those two hand-in-hand graces, faith and repentance! There is not one mention of faith in the whole Scripture but what is recommending some way or other to our adoration and to our practice, 'tis the foundation and the top-stone of all religion, the right hand to lead and the left hand to support, in the whole journey of a Christian, even through this world and into the next. In a word, 'tis the sum and substance of the Gospel foundation.

Religion seems to have been founded upon three establishments in the world, in all which the terms of life are laid down at the end of our acceptance of it.

The first establishment was with Adam in Paradise, the terms of which were, "Forbear and live."

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The second establishment was with the children of Israel, in the giving of the Law, the terms of which were, "Do and live"

The third establishment is that of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the terms of which are, "Believe and live."

So that, in a word, faith is the substance and fulfilling of Gospel religion, the plan of righteousness, and the great efficient of eternal life. Let me break out here upon this glorious subject, and pardon the excursion, I entreat you

### FAITH

Hail ! mystic, realising vision, hail !  
Heaven's duplicate, eternity's entail,  
God's representative to hand us on,  
And for us claim a station near His throne

Not the eternal battlements of brass,  
Gates, a whole hell of devils could never pass,  
Not angels, not the bright seraphic train,  
Which drove out Adam from the sacred plain,  
Not all the flaming swords Heaven ever drew,  
Shall shut thee out, or intercept thy view

Boldly thou scal'st the adamantine wall,  
Where heaps of fainting suppliants fall,  
Where doubt has thousands and ten thousands slain,  
And hypocrites knock hard in vain

Soaring above the dark abyss of fear,  
Quite out of sight, behind thou leav'st despair,  
Who fainting, and unable to keep pace,  
Gives up the prize, gives out the race,  
Faints by the way, and fainting cries,  
I can't, and so for fear of dying, dies

While thou, on air of hope, fanning thy wings,  
With gentle gales of joy, from whence assurance springs,  
Mount'st on, and passing all th' æthereal bounds,  
Thy head with beatific rapture crowns

Great pilot of the soul, who goes before  
The dangers of the dreadful voyage t' explore,

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Enters the very place, and when 't is there,  
Sends back expresses to support us here,  
Negotiates peace, gains the great pledge of love,  
And gets it ratified above

With awful confidence at Heaven's high throne,  
It rather humbly claims than merely prays  
Pleads, promises, and calls them all its own,  
And trusts to have, even then, when Heaven denies

On earth what wonders has it wrought !  
Rather what wonders has it not ?  
It has parted rivers, dried up seas,  
Made hills of those, and walls of these  
And if to this great mountain it should say, }  
" Move off, O hill, and roll to yonder sea " }  
The sea and mountain, too, must both obey }  
If towards heaven it looks, tis never in vain,  
From thence 't has brought down fire, 't has brought down }  
rain, }  
And thither it ascends in flame again }

Its influence is so vigorous and intense,  
It pierces all the negatives of sense  
Things quite invisible to sight it sees,  
Things difficult performs with ease  
Things imperceptible to us it knows,  
Things utterly impossible it does  
Things unintelligible it understands,  
Things high (superior to itself) commands,  
Things in themselves unnatural reconciles,  
Weakness to strength, and to its sorrows smiles,  
Hopes against hope, and in despair's resigned,  
And spite of storms without, it calms the mind

Say, unborn lamp - what feeds thy flame,  
In all varieties the same -  
What wonder-working hand thy power supplies -  
Nature and reason's just surprise

Nature and reason join thee hand in hand,  
And to thy just dominion stoop the mind  
But neither can thy workings understand,  
And in thy swifter pace thou leav'st them both behind  
'T was from thy motion fortified by thee,  
Peter asked leave to walk upon the sea,  
When his great Lord said, " Come," and Faith said, " Go,"  
What heart could fear ? What coward tongue say, no ?  
Boldly he stept upon the flowing wave,  
And might have marched through fire or through the grave, }  
While He stood by who had the power to save }

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But soon as Peter lost his hold of thee,  
He sunk like lead into the sea  
All thy magnetic power dispers'd and gone,  
The heavenly charm was broke, and Peter quite undone,  
And had not help been just at hand,  
Peter had gone the nearest way to land

Made up of wonders, and on wonders fixed,  
Of contradicting qualities thou'rt mixed  
Small as a grain, yet as a mountain great,  
A child in growth, yet as a giant strong,  
A beggar, yet above a king in state  
Of birth but short, yet in duration long  
How shall we reconcile thee to our sense  
Here thou would'st pass for more impertinence  
Thy teasing nature would thy end defeat,  
So humble, and yet so importunate

See the great test of faith, the greatest sure,  
That Heaven e'er put a mortal to endure  
She cried, she begged, nay she believed and prayed,  
Yet long neglected, and as long denied,  
At last, as if commanded to despair,  
She's almost told it was not in His power,  
That she was out of His commission placed,  
Shut out by Heaven, by race accurst  
Woman! I am not sent to thee!  
Woman! thou hast no share in Me!  
Was ever creature born, but this, could hear  
Such words proclaimed from Heaven and not despair

But still she prays, adheres, petitions, cries,  
And on the Hand that thrusts her back relies  
Till moved, as 't were, with her impertinence,  
He calls her dog, and challenges her sense,  
To tell her whether such as she are fed,  
With food appropriate, or the household bread

But all was one, her faith so often tried,  
Too strong to fail, too firm to be denied  
She follows still, allows her outcast state,  
The more thrust off, the more importunate  
Every repulse she meets, revives her prayer  
And she builds hope because she's bid despair,  
He call her dog, she calls herself so too,  
But pleads as such the fragments that are due  
The case so doubtful, the repulse so long,  
Her sex so weak, and yet her faith so strong,  
Heaven yields! The victory of faith's obtained,  
And all she asked, and all she sought for, gained

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Mysterious flame ! tell us from whence  
Thou draw'st that cleaving confidence,  
That strange, that irresistible desire  
That with such magic force sets all the soul on fire,  
By which thou can'st to Heaven itself apply,  
In terms which Heaven itself cannot deny

A power so great, an influence so sure,  
Not Heaven itself the wrestlings can endure  
See how the struggling angel yields the day,  
When Jacob's faith bids Jacob pray  
Let me alone, the heavenly vision cries  
No, no, says conquering faith, never without my prize  
Heaven yields ! Victorious faith prevailed,  
And all the blessings asked for he entailed

Blest humble confidence, that finds the way  
To know we shall be heard before we pray  
Heav'n's high insurance-office, where we give  
The premium faith, and then the grant receive

Stupendous gift ! from what strange spring below,  
Can such a supernatural product flow ?  
From Heaven, and Heaven alone it must derive,  
For Heaven alone can keep its flame alive

No spring below can send out such a stream,  
No fire below emit so bright a flame,  
Of nature and original divine,  
It does all other gifts of Heaven outshine

Thou art the touchstone of all other grace,  
No counterfeits can keep thy pace  
The weighty standard of our best desires,  
The true sublime, which every breast inspires,  
By thee we rise to such a height of flame,  
As neither thought can reach nor language name,  
Such as St. Paul himself could hardly know,  
Whether he really was alive or no  
When clothed in raptures lifted up by thee,  
He saw by faith, what none without it see

Just Heaven, that in thy violence delights,  
And easily distinguishes thy flights  
From the thin outside warmth of hypocrites,  
Approves, accepts, rewards, and feeds thy flame,  
And gives this glorious witness to thy fame,  
That all our gifts are hallowed by thy name

By thee our souls on wings of joy ascend,  
Climb the third heaven, an entrance there demand.

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As sure those gates to thee shall open wide,  
As without thee we're sure to be denied  
No bars, no bolts, no flaming swords appear,  
To shock thy confidence, or move thy fear

To thee the patent passage always free,  
Peter himself received the keys from thee,  
Or, which we may conceive with much more ease,  
Thou art thyself the gate, thyself the keys

Thine was the fiery chariot, thine the steeds,  
That fetched Elijah from old Jordan's plains,  
Such a long journey such a vesture needs,  
And thou the steady coachman held the reins

Thine was the wondrous mantle he threw down,  
By which successive miracles were wrought,  
For 't was the prophet's faith, and not his gown,  
Elisha so importunately sought

Bright pole-star of the soul, for ever fixed,  
The mind's sure guide, when anxious and perplexed,  
When wondering in the abyss of thoughts and cares,  
Where no way out and no way in appears,  
When doubt and horror, the extremes of fear,  
Surround the soul, and prompt her to despair

Thou shin'st aloft, open'st a gleam of light,  
And show'st all heaven to our sight,  
Thou gild'st the soul with sudden smiles, and joy,  
And peace, that hell itself can ne'er destroy

If all this be to be said, and all indeed but a poetical trifle upon this exalted subject, what is become of our negative Christian in all this? There is not a word of negative religion in all the description of faith, any more than there is of faith in all our negative religion

Now let us follow this poor negative wretch to his deathbed, and there having very little other notion of religion — for 't is the fate of those that trust to their negatives to have little else in their thoughts — if a good man come to talk with him, if he talks out of that way he puts him all into confusion, for if he cannot swim upon the bladders

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of his negatives he drowns immediately, or he buoys himself up above your reproofs, and goes on as before. He is a little like the Polish Captain Uratz, who was executed for the murder of Mr. Thynne, who, when they talked to him of repentance and of Jesus Christ, said he was of such and such a family, and he hoped God would have some respect to him as a gentleman.

But what must a poor minister do who, being filled with better principles, prays for this vainglorious man? Must he say, "Lord, accept this good man, for he has been no drunkard, no swearer, no debauched person, he has been a just, a charitable man, has done a great deal of good among his neighbours, and never wilfully wronged any man, he has not been so wicked as it is the custom of the times to be, nor has he shown bad examples to others, Lord, be merciful to this excellent good man?"

No, no, the poor sincere minister knows better things, and if he prays with him, he turns him quite inside out, represents him as a poor mistaken creature, who now sees that he is nothing, and has nothing in himself, but casts himself entirely, as a miserable lost sinner, into the arms of a most merciful Saviour, praying to be accepted on the merits of Jesus Christ, and no other, so that there is all his negative bottom unravelled at once, and if this is not his case it must be worse.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### OF LISTENING TO THE VOICE OF PROVIDENCE

**W**E are naturally backward to inform ourselves of our duty to our Maker and to ourselves, it is a study we engage in with great reluctance, and it is but too agreeable to us, when we meet with any difficulty which we think gives us a just occasion to throw off any farther inquiries of that kind

Hence I observe the wisest of men often run into mistakes about the things which, speaking of religion, we call duty, taking up slight notions of them, and believing they understand enough of them, by which they rob themselves of the advantages as well as comfort of a farther search, or, on the other hand, taking up with the general knowledge of religious principles, and the common duties of a Christian life, are satisfied with knowing what they say is sufficient to carry them to heaven, without inquiring into those things which are helpful and assistant to make that strait path easy and pleasant to themselves, and to make them useful to others by the way

Solomon was quite of another opinion, when he bid us cry after knowledge, and lift up our voice for understanding — dig for her as for silver, and search for her as for hid treasure — It is certain here that he meant religious knowledge, and it is explained in the very next words, with an encouraging promise to those that shall enter upon the search, viz, 'Then



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shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God

I am of opinion that it is our unquestioned duty to inquire after everything in our journey to the eternal habitation which God has permitted us to know, and thus to raise difficulties in the way of our just search into Divine discoveries, is to act like Solomon's sluggard, who saith, "There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets" (Prov xxii 13) That is, he sits down in his ignorance, repulsed with imaginary difficulties, without making one step in the search after the knowledge which he ought to dig for as for hid treasure

Let us, then, be encouraged to our duty, let us boldly inquire after everything that God has permitted us to know I grant that secret things belong to God, and I shall labour to keep my due distance, but I firmly believe that there are no secret things belonging to God, and which as such we are forbidden to inquire into, but what also are so preserved in secrecy that by all our inquiries we cannot arrive at the knowledge of them, and it is a most merciful, as well as wise dispensation, that we are only forbid inquiring after those things which we cannot know, and that all those things are effectually locked up from our knowledge which we are forbidden to inquire into The case is better with us than it was with Adam We have not the tree of knowledge first planted in our view, as it were tempting us with its beauty, and within our reach, and then a prohibition upon pain of death, but blessed be God, we may eat of all the trees in the garden, and all those of which we are not allowed to take are placed both out of our sight and out of our reach

I am making way here to one of the trees of sacred knowledge, which though it may grow in the thick-

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est of the wood, and be surrounded with some briars and thorns, so as to place it a little out of sight, yet I hope to prove that it is our duty to taste of it, and that the way to come at it is both practicable and plain

But to waive the allegory, as I am entering into the nicest search of Divine things that perhaps the whole scheme of religion directs us to, it is absolutely necessary at our entrance, if possible, to remove every difficulty, explain every principle, and lay down every foundation so undeniably clear, that nothing may appear dark or mysterious in our first conceptions of things — no stumbling-block lie at the threshold, and the humble reader may meet with no repulse from his own apprehensions of not understanding what he is going to read

Listening to the voice of Providence is my subject, I am willing to suppose, in the first place, that I am writing to those who acknowledge the two grand principles upon which all religion depends. 1 That there is a God, a first great moving cause of all things, an eternal Power, prior, and consequently superior, to all power and being. 2 That this eternal Power, which I call God, is the Creator and Governor of all things, viz., of heaven and earth

To avoid needless distinctions concerning which of the persons in the Godhead are exercised in the creating power, and which in the governing power, I offer that glorious text, Psalm xxxiii 6, as a repulse to all such cavilling inquiries, where the whole Trinity is plainly entitled to the whole creating work — “By the Word (God the Son) of the Lord (God the Father) were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath (God the Holy Ghost) of His mouth”

Having thus presupposed the belief of the being

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and the creating work of God, and declared that I am writing to such only who are ready to own they believe that God is, and that He created the heaven and the earth, the sea and all that in them is, I think I need not make any preamble to introduce the following propositions, viz

1 That this eternal God guides by His providence the whole world, which He has created by His power

2 That this Providence manifests a particular care over and concern in the governing and directing man, the best and last created creature on earth

Natural religion proves the first, revealed religion proves the last of these beyond contradiction. Natural religion intimates the necessity of a Providence guiding and governing the world, from the consequence of the wisdom, justice, prescience, and goodness of the Creator

It would be absurd to conceive of God exerting infinite power to create a world, and not concerning His wisdom, which is His providence, in guiding the operations of Nature, so as to preserve the order of His creation, and the obedience and subordination of consequences and causes throughout the course of that nature, which is in part the inferior life of that creation

Revealed religion has given such a light into the care and concern of this Providence, in an especial manner, in and over that part of the creation called man, that we must likewise deny principles if we enter into disputes about it

For him the peace of the creation is preserved, the climates made habitable, the creatures subjected and made nourishing, all vegetative life made medicinal, so that indeed the whole creation seems to be entailed upon him as an inheritance, and given to him for a possession, subjected to his authority, and

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governed by him as viceroy to the King of all the earth, the management of it is given to him as tenant to the great Proprietor, who is Lord of the manor, or Landlord of the soil. And it cannot be conceived, without great inconsistency of thought, that this world is left entirely to man's conduct, without the supervising influence and the secret direction of the Creator.

This I call Providence, to which I give the whole power of guiding and directing of the creation, and managing of it, by man who is His deputy or substitute, and even the guiding, influencing, and overruling man himself also.

Let critical annotators enter into specific distinctions of Providence, and its way of acting, as they please, and as the formalities of the schoolmen direct, the short description I shall give of it is this, that it is that operation of the power, wisdom, justice, and goodness of God by which He influences, governs, and directs not only the means, but the events, of all things which concern us in this world.

I say it is that operation, let them call it what they will, which acts thus, I am no way concerned to show how it acts, or why it acts thus and thus in particular, we are to reverence its sovereignty, as it is the finger of God Himself, who is the Sovereign Director, and we are to observe its motions, obey its dictates, and listen to its voice, as it is, and because it is, particularly employed for our advantage.

It would be a very proper and useful observation here, and might take up much of this work, to illustrate the goodness of Providence, in that it is, as I say, particularly employed for the advantage of mankind. But as this is not the main design, and will come in naturally in every part of the work I am upon, I refer it to the common inferences, which are to be drawn from the particulars, as I go on.

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It is, indeed, the most rational foundation of the whole design before me, it is therefore that we should listen to the voice of Providence, because it is principally determined, and determines all other things, for our advantage

But I return to the main subject — the voice of Providence, the language or the meaning of Providence

Nothing is more frequent than for us to mistake Providence, even in its most visible appearances, how easy, then, must it be to let its silent actings, which perhaps are the most pungent and significant, pass our observation

I am aware of the error many fall into, who, determining the universal currency of events to Providence, and that not the minutest thing occurs in the course of life but by the particular destination of Heaven, by consequence entitle Providence to the efficiency of their own follies, as if a person presuming to smoke his pipe in a magazine of gunpowder should reproach Providence with blowing up the castle, for which indeed he ought to be hanged, or a man leaving his house or shop open in the night, should charge Providence with appointing him to be robbed, and the like. Nay, to carry it farther, every murderer or thief may allege Providence, that determines and directs everything, directed him to such wickedness, whereas Providence itself, notwithstanding the crimes of men, is actively concerned in no evil

But I pass all these things, the subject I am treating upon is of another nature. The design here is to instruct us in some particular things relating to Providence and its government of men in the world, which it will be worth our while to observe, without inquiring how far it does or does not act in other methods

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There is, it is true, a difficulty to shake off all the wry steps which people take to amuse themselves about Providence, and for this reason I take so much pains at first to avoid them. Many men entitle Providence to things which it is not concerned about, speaking abstractedly, but, which is a much worse error, many also take no notice of those things which Providence particularly, and even in a very remarkable manner, distinguishes itself by its concern in.

If Providence guides the world, and directs the issues and events of things, if it commands causes and forms the connection of circumstances in the world, as no man that owns the principles mentioned above will deny, and, above all, if the general scope of Providence, and of the government of the world by its influence, be for our advantage, then it follows, necessarily, that it is our business and our interest to listen to its voice.

By listening to the voice of Providence, I mean to study its meaning in every circumstance of life, in every event, to learn to understand the end and design of Providence in everything that happens, what is the design of Providence in it respecting ourselves, and what our duty to do upon the particular occasion that offers. If a man were in danger of drowning in a shipwrecked vessel, and Providence presented a boat coming towards him, he would scarce want to be told that it was his business to make signals of distress, that the people in the said boat might not pass by ignorant of his condition, and give him no assistance, if he did, and omitted it, he would have little cause to concern Providence in his ruin.

There is certainly a rebellion against Providence, which Heaven itself will not always concern itself to overrule, and he that throws himself into a river to drown himself, he that hangs himself up to a beam, he that shoots himself into the head with a pistol,

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shall die in spite of all the notions of decree, destiny, fate, or whatever we weakly call Providence, in such cases, Providence will not always concern itself to prevent it, and yet it is no impeachment of the sovereignty of Heaven in directing, decreeing, and governing all events in the world

Providence decrees that events shall attend upon causes in a direct chain, and by an evident necessity, and has doubtless left many powers of good and evil seemingly to ourselves, and, as it were, in our hands, as the natural product of such causes and consequences, which we are not to hunt and cannot expressly determine about, but which we are accountable for the good or evil application of, otherwise we were in vain exhorted and commanded to do any good thing, or to avoid any wicked one. Rewards and punishments would be incongruous with sovereign justice, and promises and threatenings be perfectly unmeaning, useless things — mankind being no free agent to himself, or intrusted with the necessary powers which those promises and threatenings imply.

But all these things are out of my present inquiry. I am for freely and entirely submitting all events to Providence, but not to be supinely and unconcernedly passive, as if there was nothing warning, instructing, or directing in the premonitions of God's providence, and which He expected we should take notice of, and take warning by. The "prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself." How does he foresee it, since it is not in man to direct himself? There are intimations given us, by which a prudent man may sometimes foresee evil and hide himself, and I must take these all out of the devil's hands if possible, and place Providence at the head of the invisible world, as well as at the helm of this world, and though I abhor superstitious and sceptical notions of the world of spirits, of which I pur-

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pose to speak hereafter, either in this work or in some other by itself—I say, though I am not at all a sceptic, yet I cannot doubt but that the invisible hand of Providence, which guides and governs this world, does with a secret power likewise influence the world, and may, and I believe does, direct from thence silent messengers on many occasions—whether sleeping or waking, whether directly or indirectly, whether by hints, impulses, allegories, mysteries, or otherwise, we know not, and does think fit to give us such alarms, such previous and particular knowledge of things that, if listened to, might many ways be useful to the prudent man to foresee the evil, and hide himself

The only objection, and which I can see no method to give a reason for and no answer to, is, why, if it be the work of Providence, those things should be so imperfect, so broken, so irregular, that men may either never be able to pass any right judgment of them, as is sometimes the case, or make a perfect judgment of them, which is often the case, and so the end of the intimation be entirely defeated, without any fault, neglect, or omission of the man

This we can no more account for than we can for the handwriting upon the wall at the great feast of Belshazzar, viz, why it was written in a character which none could understand, and which, if the prophet had not been found, had perhaps never been known, or at least not till the king's fate, which was even then irretrievable, had been over

This, indeed, we cannot account for, and can only say it is our duty to study these things, to listen to the voice of them and obey their secret dictates, as far as reason directs, without an over-superstitious regard to them any more than a total neglect, leaving the reason of Providence's acting thus to be better understood hereafter



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But to describe a little what I mean by listening to the voice of Providence it is the reverse of the supine stupid man, whose character I shall come to by-and-by. The man I would recommend lives, first, in a general belief that Providence has the supreme direction of all his affairs, even of his in particular, as well as those of the world, that 'tis his mercy that it is so, that 'tis the effect of an infinitely wise and gracious disposition from above that he subsists, and that it is not below the dignity any more than 'tis remote from the power of an infinite, wise, and good Being to take cognisance of the least thing concerning him.

This, in the consequence, obliges him to all I say, for to him who firmly believes that Providence stoops to concern itself for him, and to order the least article of his affairs, it necessarily follows that he should concern himself in everything that Providence does which comes within his reach, that he may know whether he be interested in it or not.

If he neglects this, he neglects himself — he abandons all concern about himself, since he does not know but that the very next particular act of Providence, which comes within his reach to distinguish, may be interested in him and he in it.

It is not for me to dictate here to any man what particular things relating to him Providence is concerned in, or what not, or how far any incident of life is or is not the particular act and deed of the government of Providence. But as it is the received opinion of every good man that nothing befalls us without the active or passive concern of Providence in it, so it is impossible this good man can be unconcerned in whatever that Providence determines concerning him.

If it be true, as our Saviour Himself says, that not a hair falls from our heads without the will of our

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heavenly Father, then not a hair ought to fall from our heads without our having our eyes up to our heavenly Father in it

I take the text in its due latitude, namely, that not the minutest incident of life befalls us without the active will of our Father directing it, or the passive will of our Father suffering it, so I take the deduction from it in the same latitude, that nothing, of how mean a nature soever, can befall us, but what we ought to have our eyes up to our heavenly Father in it, be resigned to Him in the event, and subjected to Him in the means, and he that neglects this lives in contempt of Providence, and that in the most provoking manner possible

I am not answerable for any extremes these things may lead weak people into. I know some are apt to entitle the hand of God to the common and most ridiculous trifles in Nature, as a religious creature I knew, seeing a bottle of beer being over ripe burst out, the cork fly up against the ceiling, and the froth follow it like an engine, cried out, "O! the wonders of omnipotent Power!" But I am representing how a Christian with an awful regard to the government of Providence in the world, and particularly in all his own affairs, subjects his mind to a constant obedience to the dictates of that Providence, gives an humble preference to it in all his conclusions, waits the issues of it with a cheerful resignation, and, in a word, listens carefully to the voice of Providence, that he may be always obedient to the heavenly vision

Whether this Divine emanation has any concern in the notices, omens, dreams, voices, hints, forebodings, impulses, &c., which seem to be a kind of communication with the invisible world, and a converse between the spirits embodied and those unembodied, and how far, without prejudice to the honour and

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our reverence of Providence, and without danger of scepticism and a kind of radical infidelity, those things may be regarded, is a nice and difficult thing to resolve, and I shall treat of it by itself

It has been the opinion of good men of all ages that such things are not to be totally disregarded, to say how far they are to be depended upon, I am not to take upon me<sup>1</sup> How far they may or may not be concerned in the influence of Providence, I also dare not say But as the verity of astronomy is evidenced by the calculation of eclipses, so the certainty of this communication of spirits is established by the concurrence of events with the notices they sometimes give, and if it be true, as I must believe, that the divine Providence takes cognisance of all things belonging to us, I dare not exclude it from having some concern, how much I do not say, in these things also But of this in its place

Whenever Providence discovers anything of this *arcanum* I desire to listen to the voice of it, and this is one of the things I recommend to others Indeed, I would be very cautious how I listen to any other voices from that country than such as I am sure are conveyed to me from Heaven for my better understanding the whole mystery

If, then, we are to listen to the voice of Nature, and to the voices of creatures, viz, to the voice of the invisible agents of the world of spirits, as above, much more are we to listen to the voice of God

I have already hinted that He that made the world we are sure guides it, and His providence is equally wonderful as His power But nothing in the whole course of His providence is more worthy our regard, especially as it concerns us His creatures,

<sup>1</sup> I have here transposed some words which seem to have got out of their proper place

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than the silent voice, if it may be allowed me to call it so, of His managing events and causes. He that listens to the Providence of God listens to the voice of God, as He is seen in the wonders of His government, and as He is seen in the wonders of His omnipotence.

If, then, the events of things are His, as well as the causes, it is certainly well worth our notice, when the sympathy or relation between events of things and their causes most eminently appears, and how can any man who has the least inclination to observe what is remarkable in the world, shut his eyes to the visible discovery which there is in the events of Providence of a supreme Hand guiding them? For example, when visible punishments follow visible crimes, who can refrain confessing the apparent direction of supreme justice? When concurrence of circumstances directs to the cause, men that take no notice of such remarkable pointings of Providence openly condemn Heaven, and frequently stand in the light of their own advantages.

The concurrence of events is a light to their causes, and the methods of Heaven, in some things, are a happy guide to us to make a judgment in others, he that is deaf to these things shuts his ears to instruction, and, like Solomon's fool, hates knowledge.

The dispositions of Heaven to approve or condemn our actions are, many of them, discovered by observation, and it is easy to know when that hand of Providence opens the door for, or shuts it against, our measures, if we will bring causes together, and compare former things with present, making our judgment by the ordinary rules of Heaven's dealing with men.

How, and from what hand, come the frequent instances of severe judgment following rash and hellish

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imprecations, when men call for God's judgment, and Providence, or justice rather, obeys the summons, and comes at their call? A man calls God to witness to an untruth, and wishes himself struck dumb, blind, or dead, if it is not true, and is struck dumb, blind, or dead. Is not this a voice? does not Heaven, with the stroke, cry, *Castigo te* — be it to thee as thou hast said? He must be deaf who cannot hear it, and worse than deaf that does not heed it, such executions from Heaven are *in terrorem*, as offenders among men are punished as well for example to others as to prevent their doing the like again.

Innumerable ways the merciful disposition of Providence takes to discover to us what He expects we should do in difficult cases, and doubtless, then, it expects at the same time we should take notice of those directions.

We are short-sighted creatures at best, and can see but a little way before us — I mean, as to the events of things. We ought, therefore, to make use of all the lights and helps we can get, these, if nicely regarded, would be some of the most considerable to guide us in many difficult cases.

Would we carefully listen to the concurrence of Providence in the several parts of our lives, we should stand less in need of the more dangerous helps of visions, dreams, and voices from less certain intelligences.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, being to go a journey into the north, was twice taken very ill the day he had appointed to begin his journey, and so was obliged to put off going. This he took for a direction from Heaven that he should not go at all, and in very few days after his wife was taken sick and died, which made it absolutely necessary for him to be at home to look after his affairs, and had he

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gone away before, must certainly have been obliged to come back again

The Romans had certainly the foundation of this principle in their prudent observations of days and circumstances of days, nor is Scripture itself void of the like, but rather points out to the observation, particularly that of the children of Israel, who, after 430 years were expied from their coming into Egypt, "Even in the self-same day departed they thence" (Exod xii 41, 42) This is the day, that remarkable day, several other Scriptures mention periodical times, *dies infestus*—the prudent shall keep silence in that time, for it is an evil time

We find Providence stoops to restrain not the actions of men only, but even its own actions to days and times, doubtless for our observation, and in some things for our instruction I do not so much refer to the revolutions of things and families on particular days, which are therefore by some people called lucky and unlucky days, as I do to the observing how Providence causes the revolutions of days to form a concurrence between the actions of men, which it does not approve, or does approve, and the reward of these actions in this world, by which men may, if they think fit to distinguish and observe right upon them, see the crime or merit of those actions in the Divine resentment, may read the sin in the punishment, and may learn conviction from the revolution of circumstances in the appointment of Heaven

I have seen several collections of such things made by private hands, some relating to family circumstances, some to public, also, in the unnatural wars in England, between the King and the Parliament, I have heard many such things have been observed For example, the same day of the year and month that Sir John Hotham kept out Hull against King Charles the First, and refused him

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entrance, was the same Sir John Hotham put to death by the very Parliament that he did that exploit for, that King Charles himself was sentenced to die by the High Court of Justice, as it was then called, the same day of the month that he signed the warrant for the execution of the Earl of Strafford, which, as it was then said by some of his friends, was cutting off his own right hand. The same day that King James the Second came to the crown, against the design of the Bill of Exclusion, the same day he was voted abdicated by Parliament, and the throne filled by the Prince of Orange and his princess.

These, or such as these, seem to be a kind of silent sentence of Providence upon such actions, announcing upon them in a judicial manner, and intimating plainly, that the annulment had a retrospect to what was passed, and those that listen to the voice of Providence in such things should at least lay them up in their hearts.

Eminent deliverances in sudden dangers are of the most significant kind of providences, and which, accordingly, have a loud voice in them, calling upon us to be thankful to that blessed Hand that has been pleased to spare and protect us. The voice of such signal deliverances is frequently a just call upon us to repentance, and looks directly that way, often 'tis a caution against falling into the like dangers we were exposed to, from which nothing but so much goodness could deliver us again. In how many occasions of life, if God's providence had no greater share in our safety than our own prudence, should we plunge and precipitate ourselves into all manner of misery and distress? And how often, for want of listening to those providences, do we miscarry?

Imnumerable instances present themselves to us every day, in which the providence of God speaks

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to us in things relating to ourselves, in deliverances to excite our thankfulness, in views of danger to awaken our caution, and to make us walk wisely and circumspectly in every step we take, those that are awake to these things, and have their ears open to the voice of them, many times reap the benefit of their instruction by being protected, while those who neglect them are of the number of the simple, who pass on and are punished.

To be utterly careless of ourselves in such cases, and talk of trusting Providence, is a lethargy of the worst nature, for as we are to trust Providence with our estates, but to use, at the same time, all diligence in our callings, so we are to trust Providence with our safety, but with our eyes open to all its necessary cautions, warnings, and instructions, many of which Providence is pleased to give us in the course of life for the direction of our conduct, and which we should ill place to the account of Providence without acknowledging that they ought to be regarded, and a due reverence paid to them upon all occasions.

I take a general neglect of these things to be a kind of practical atheism, or at least a living in a kind of contempt of Heaven, regardless of all that share which His invisible hand has in the things that befall us.

Such a man receives good at the hand of his Maker, but unconcerned at the very nature or original of it, looks not at all to the Benefactor, again, he receives evil, but has no sense of it, as a judicial dispensing of punishment from Heaven, but, insensible of one or other, he is neither thankful for one, nor humble under the other, but stupid in both, as if he was out of God's care, and God Himself out of his thoughts, this is just the reverse of the temper I am recommending, and let the picture recommend itself to any according to its merits.



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When Prince Vandemont commanded the confederate army in Flanders, the same campaign that King William was besieging Namur, some troops were ordered to march into the flat country towards Nieupoort, in order to make a diversion, and draw down the Count de Montal, who commanded a flying body about Menin, and to keep him from joining the Duke de Villeroy, who commanded the main body of the French army.

The soldiers were ordered, upon pain of death, not to stir from their camp, or to plunder any of the country people, the reason was evident, because provisions being somewhat scarce, if the boors were not protected they would have fled from their houses, and the army would have been put to great straits, and the army just entered into the enemy's country.

It happened that five English soldiers, straggling beyond their bounds, were fallen upon, near a farmhouse, by some of the country people (for indeed the boors were oftentimes too unmerciful to the soldiers), as if they had plundered them, when, indeed, they had not, the soldiers defended themselves, got the better, and killed two of the boors, and being, as they thought, justly provoked by being first attacked, they broke into the house, and then used them roughly enough indeed.

They found in the house a great quantity of apples, the people being fled had left them in possession, and they made no haste to go away, but fell to work with the apples, and heating the oven put a great quantity of apples into the oven to roast. In the meantime the boors, who knew their number to be but five, and had got more help on their side, came down upon them again, attacked the house, forced their way in, mastered the Englishmen, killed two, and took a third and barbarously put him into the oven, which he had heated, where he was smothered.

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ered to death, it seems it was not hot enough to burn him

The other two escaped, but in coming back to the camp they were immediately apprehended by the provosts, and brought to a court-martial, where they were sentenced, not for plundering, for that did not appear, but for being out of the bounds appointed by the general order, as above

When the sentence came to be executed, the general was prevailed upon to spare one of them, and to order them to cast lots for their lives. This, as it is known, is usually done by throwing dice upon a drum-head, and he that throws highest or lowest, as is appointed before, is to die, at this time he that threw lowest was to live

When the fellows were brought out to throw, the first threw two sixes, and fell immediately to winging his hands, crying he was a dead man, but was as much surprised with joy when his comrade throwing, there came up two sixes also

The officer appointed to see the execution was a little doubtful what to do, but his orders being positive, he commanded them to throw again, they did so, and each of them threw two fives, the soldiers that stood round shouted, and said neither of them was to die. The officer, being a sober thinking man, said it was strange, and looked like something from heaven, and he would not proceed without acquainting the council of war, which was then sitting, they considered a while, and at last ordered them to take other dice and to throw again, which was done, and both the soldiers threw two fours

The officer goes back to the council of war, who were surprised very much, and looking on it as the voice of Heaven, respited the execution till the general was acquainted with it

The general sends for the men, and examines

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them strictly, who telling him the whole story, he pardoned them, with this expression to those about him "I love," says he, "in such extraordinary cases to listen to the voice of Providence"

While we are in this uninformed state, where we know so little of the invisible world, it would be greatly our advantage if we knew rightly, and without the bondage of enthusiasm and superstition, how to make use of the hints given us from above for our direction in matters of the greatest importance

It has pleased God very much to straighten the special and particular directions which He gives to men immediately from Himself, but I dare not say they are quite ceased. We read of many examples in Scripture, how God spake to men by voice immediately from heaven, by appearance of angels, or by dreams and visions of the night, and by all these, not in public and more extraordinary cases only, but in private, personal, and family concerns

Thus God is said to have appeared to Abraham, to Lot, and to Jacob, angels also have appeared in many other cases, and to many several persons, as to Manoah and his wife, to Zachariah, to the Virgin Mary, and to the Apostles, others have been warned in a dream, as King Abimelech, the false prophet Balaam, Pontius Pilate's wife, Herod, Joseph, the Apostles also, and many others

We cannot say but these and all the miraculous voices, the prophetic messages prefaced holdly by the ancients with "thus saith the Lord," are ceased, and as we have a more sure word of prophecy handed to us by the mission of Gospel ministers, to which the Scripture says, "We do well that we take heed," and to whom our blessed Lord has said, "Lo, I am with you to the end of the world," I say, as we have this Gospel backed with the Spirit

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and presence of God, we are no losers if we observe the rule laid down, viz, that we be obedient to the heavenly vision, for such it is, as well as that of the Apostle Peter's dream of the sheet let down from heaven

I mention this to pay a due reverence to the sufficiency of Gospel revelation, and to the guiding of the Spirit of God, who in spiritual things is given to lead us into all truth, nor would I have anything which I am going to say tend to lessen these great efficient of our eternal salvation

But I am chiefly upon our conduct in the inferior life, as I may call it, and in this, I think, the voice of God, even His immediate voice from heaven, is not entirely ceased from us, though it may have changed the mediums of communication

I have heard the divines tell us by way of distinction, that there is a voice of God in His word, and a voice of God in His work, the latter I take to be a subject very awful and very instructing

This voice of God in His works, is either heard in His works which are already wrought, such as of creation, which fill us with wonder and astonishment, admiration and adoration, "When I view the heavens, the work of Thy hands, the moon and the stars which Thou hast made, then I say, what is man?" &c Or (2) His works of government and providence, in which the infinite variety affords a pleasing and instructing contemplation, and it is without question our wisdom and advantage to study and know them, and to listen to the voice of God in them, for this listening to the voice of Providence is a thing so hard to direct, and so little understood, that I find the very thought of it is treated with contempt, even by many pious and good people, as leading to superstition, to enthusiasm, and vain fancies tainted with melancholy,

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and amusing the mind with the vapours of the head

It is true, an ill use may be made of these things, and to tie people too strictly down to a rule, where their own observation is to be the judge, endangers the running into many foolish extremes, entitling a distempered brain too much to the exposition of the sublimest things, and tacking the awful name of Providence to every fancy of their own

From hence, I think, too much proceeds the extraordinary (note, I say extraordinary) homage paid to omens, flying of birds, voices, noises, predictions, and a thousand foolish things, in which I shall endeavour to state the case fairly between the devil and mankind, but at present I need say no more here, than that they have nothing to do with the subject I am now upon, or the subject I am upon with them

But as my design is serious, and I hope pious, I shall keep strictly to the exposition I give of my own meaning, and meddle with no other

By the voice of Providence, therefore, I shall confine myself to the particular circumstances, incident, and accident, which every man's life is full of, and which are, in a more extraordinary manner, said to be peculiar to himself or to his family

By listening to them, I mean, making such due application of them to his own circumstances as becomes a Christian, for caution in his conduct, and all manner of instruction, receiving all the hints as from Heaven, returning all the praise to, making all the improvement for, and reverencing the sovereignty of his Maker in everything, not disputing or reproaching the justice of Providence, and, which is the main thing I am at, taking such notice of the several providences that happen in the course of our lives, as by one circumstance to learn how to behave in another

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For example, supposing from my own story, when a young fellow broke from his friends, trampled upon all the wise advices and most affectionate persuasions of his father, and even the tears and entreaties of a tender mother, and would go away to sea, but is checked in his first excursions by being shipwrecked, and in the utmost distress saved by the assistance of another ship's boat, seeing the ship he was in soon after sink to the bottom, — ought not such a young man to have listened to the voice of this providence, and have taken it for a summons to him, that when he was on shore he should stay on shore, and go back to the arms of his friends, hearken to their counsel, and not precipitate himself into farther mischiefs? what happiness might such a prudent step have procured, what miseries and mischiefs would it have prevented in the rest of his unfortunate life?

An acquaintance of mine, who had several such circumstances befall him, as those which I am inclined to call warnings, but entirely neglected them, and laughed at those that did otherwise, suffered deeply for his disregard of omens. He took lodgings in a village near the city of London, and in a house where either he sought bad company, or, at best, could meet with little that was good. Providence, that seemed to annadvert upon his conduct, so ordered it that something or other mischievous always happened to him there, or as he went thither, several times he was robbed on the highway going thither, once or twice taken very ill, at other times his affairs in the world went ill, while he diverted himself there. Several of his friends cautioned him of it, and told him he ought to consider that some superior Hand seemed to hint to him that he should come there no more, he slighted the hint, or at least neglected it after some time, and went to the

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same place again, but was so terrified with a most dreadful tempest of thunder and lightning, which fell as it were more particularly upon that part of the country than upon others, that he took it as a warning from Heaven, and resolved not to go there again, and some time after a fire destroyed that house, very few escaping that were in it.

It would be an ill account we should give of the government of divine Providence in the world, if we should argue that its events are so unavoidable, and every circumstance so determined, that nothing can be altered, and that therefore these warnings of Providence are inconsistent with the nature of it. This, besides that I think it would take from the sovereignty of Providence, and deny even God Himself the privilege of being a free agent, it would also so contradict the experience of every man living, in the varieties of his respective life, that he should be unable to give any account for what end many things which Providence directs in the world are directed, and why so many things happen which do happen. Why are evils attending us so evidently foretold, that by those foretellings they are avoided, if it was not determined before they should be avoided and should not befall us?

People that tie up all to events and causes, strip the providence of God which guides the world of all its superintendency, and leave it no room to act as a wise disposer of things.

It seems to me that the immutable wisdom and power of the Creator, and the notion of it in the minds of men, is as dutifully preserved, and is as legible to our understanding, though there be a hand left at liberty to direct the course of natural causes and events. 'Tis sufficient to the honour of an immutable Deity, that, for the common incidents of life, they be left to the disposition of a daily agi-

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tator, namely, divine Providence, to order and direct them, as it shall see good, within the natural limits of cause and consequence

This seems to me a much more rational system than that of tying up the hands of the Supreme Power to a road of things, so that none can be acted or permitted but such as was so appointed before to be acted and permitted

But what if, after all, we were to sit down and acknowledge that the immutability of God's being and the unchangeableness of His actings are not easy to be comprehended by us, or that we may say we are not able to reconcile them with the infinite variation of His Providence, which in all its actings seems to us to be at full liberty to determine anew and give events a turn this way or that way, as its sovereignty and wisdom shall direct, does it follow that these things are not reconcilable because we cannot reconcile them? Why should we not as well say nothing of God is to be understood, because we cannot understand it? or that nothing in Nature is intelligible but what we can understand?

Who can understand the reason, and much less the manner, of the needle tending to the pole by being touched with the loadstone, and by what operation the magnetic virtue is conveyed with a touch? Why that virtue is not communicable to other metals — such as gold, silver, or copper — but to iron only? What sympathetic influence is there between the stone and the star, or the pole? Why tending to that point in the whole arch and not to any other? And why face about to the south pole as soon as it has passed the equinox? Yet we see all these things in their operations and events, we know they must be reconcilable in nature, though we cannot reconcile them, and intelligible in nature, though we cannot understand them. Sure it is as highly



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reasonable then for us to believe that the various actings of Providence, which to us appear changeable — one decree, as it were, reversing another, and one action superseding another — may be as reconcilable to the immutability of God and to the unchangeableness of His purposes, though we cannot understand how it is brought to pass, as it is to believe that there is a reason to be given for the agreement and sympathetic correspondence between the magnet and the pole, though at present the manner of it is not discovered and cannot be understood

If, then, the hand of divine Providence has a spontaneous power of acting, and directed by its own sovereignty proceeds by such methods as it thinks fit, and as we see daily in the course of human things, our business is to converse with the acting part of Providence, with which we more immediately have to do, and not confound our judgment with things which we cannot fully comprehend, such as the why, to what end, and the how, in what manner it acts so and so

As we are then conversant with the immediate actions of divine Providence, it is our business to study it as much as may be in that part of its actings wherein it is to be known, and this includes the silent actings of Providence, as well as those which are more loud, and which, being declared, speak in public

There are several silent steps which Providence takes in the world which summon our attention, and he that will not listen to them shall deprive himself of much of the caution and counsel, as well as comfort, which he might otherwise have in his passage through this life, particularly by thus listening to the voice, as I call it, of Providence, we have the comfort of seeing that really an invisible and powerful Hand is employed in, and concerned

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for, our preservation and prosperity in the world And who can look upon the manifest deliverances which he meets with in the infinite variety of life, without being convinced that they are wrought for him without his own assistance by the wise and merciful dispositions of an invisible and friendly Power?

The bringing good events to pass by the most threatening causes, as it testifies a Power that has the government of causes and effects in its hand, so it gives a very convincing evidence of that Power being on good terms with us, as on the contrary, when the like Providence declares against us, we ought to make a suitable use of it another way, that is to say, take the just alarm, and apply to the necessary duties of humiliation and repentance

These things may be jested with by the men of fashion, but I am supposing myself talking to men that have a sense of a future state, and of the economy of an invisible world upon them, and neither to atheists, sceptics, or persons indifferent, who are, indeed, new of kin to them both

As there are just reflections to be made upon the various conduct of Providence in the several passages of man's life, so there are infinite circumstances in which we may furnish ourselves with directions in the course of life, and in the most sudden incidents, as well to obtain good as avoid evil

\* Much of the honour due to the goodness of Providence is unjustly taken away from it by men that give themselves a loose in a general neglect of these things, but that which is still more absurd to me is, that some men are [so] obstinately resolved against paying the homage of their deliverances to their Maker, or paying the reverence due to His terrors in anything that befalls them ill, where it ought to be paid, that they will give all that honour to another

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If it was well, they tell you they know not how, but so it happened, or it was so by good chance, and the like. This is a sort of language I cannot understand, it seems to be a felonious thought in its very design, robbing Heaven of the honour due to it, and listing ourselves in the regiment of the ungrateful.

But this is not all, for one crime leads on to another, if this part is felony or robbery, the next is treason, for resolving first to deny the homage of good or evil events to God, from whose hands they come, they go on and pay it to the devil, the enemy of His praise, and rival of His power.

Two of these wretches travelled a little journey with me some years ago, and in their return, some time after I was gone from them, they met with a very different adventure, and telling me the story, they expressed themselves thus. They were riding from Huntingdon towards London, and in some lanes betwixt Huntingdon and Caxton, one happened, by a slip of his horse's foot, which lamed him a little, to stay about half a mile behind the other, was set upon by some highwaymen, who robbed him, and abused him very much, the other went on to Caxton, not taking care of his companion, thinking he had stayed on some particular occasion, and escaped the thieves, they making off across the country towards Cambridge.

"Well," says I to the first, "how came you to escape?"—"I don't know, not I," says he, "I happened not to look behind me when his horse stumbled, and I went forward, and by good luck," adds he again, "I heard nothing of the matter." Here was, "it happened," and "by good luck," but not the least sense of the government of Providence in this affair, or its disposition for his good, but an empty idol of air, or rather an imaginary, non-sensical nothing, an image more inconsistent than

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those I mentioned among the Chinese, not a monster, indeed, of a frightful shape and ugly figure, loathsome and frightful, but a mere phantasm, an idea, a nonentity—a name without being, a mis-called, unborn, nothing, hap, luck, chance, that is to say, a name put upon the medium, which they set up in their imagination for want of a will to acknowledge their Maker, and recognise the goodness which had particularly preserved him. This was the most ungrateful piece of folly, or, to speak more properly, the maddest and most foolish piece of ingratitude, that ever I met with.

Well, if this was foolish and preposterous, the other was as wicked and detestable, for when the first had told his tale I turned to the other, and asked him what was the matter. “Why, how came this to pass?” said I, “why has this disaster fallen all upon you? How was it?”—“Nay,” says he, “I do not know, I was a little behind, and my horse chanced to slip and lame himself, and he went forward and left me, and as the devil would have it, these fellows came across the country and chopped upon me,” &c.

Here was first chance, the same mock goddess as before, lamed his horse, and next, the devil ordered the highwaymen to chop upon him that moment. Now, though it may be true that the highwaymen were, even by their employment, doing the devil’s office of going to and fro, seeking whom they may plunder, yet ’t was a higher Hand than Satan’s that delivered this poor blind fellow into their power.

We have a plain guide for this in Scripture language, in the law of manslaughter, or death, as we call it foolishly enough, by misadventure, it is in Exod. xxi. 13, in the case of casual killing a man, it is expressed thus “If a man be not on war, but God deliver him into his hand” This was not to be

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accounted murder, but the slayer was to fly to the city of refuge

Here it is evident that God takes all these misadventures into His own hand, and a man killed by accident is a man whom God has delivered up, for what end in His providence is known only to Himself, to be killed in that manner, perhaps vindictively, perhaps not

With what face can any man say, this was as the devil would have it, or as bad luck would have it, or it happened, or chanced, or fell out? all which are our simple and empty ways of talking of things that are ordered by the immediate hand or direction of God's providence

The words last quoted from the Scripture, of God's delivering a man into another man's hand to be killed unwillingly, are fully explained in another place, Deut. xix. 5 "As when a man goeth into the wood with his neighbour to hew wood, and his hand fetcheth a stroke with the axe to cut down the tree, and the head slippeth from the helve, and lighteth upon his neighbour, that he die, he shall flee unto one of these cities and live"

The wicked thoughtless creature I have just mentioned, whose horse fell lame, and stopped his travelling till he might come just in the way of those thieves, who, it seems, were crossing the country, perhaps upon some other exploit, ought to have reflected that Providence, to chastise him, and bring him to a sense of his dependence upon and being subjected to His power, had directed him to be separated from his companion, that he might fall into the hands that robbed and abused him, and the other had no less obligation to give thanks for his deliverance, but how contrary they acted in both cases you have heard

We have had abundance of collections, in my re-

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membrance, of remarkable providences, as they are called, and many people are forward to call them so, but this does not come up to the case in hand

Though contemning Providence, and giving the homage due to it, as above, to the devil, or to chance, fate, and I know not what embryos of the fancy, are impious, yet every one that avoids this evil does not come up to the particular point I am speaking of, for there is a manifest difference between acknowledging the being and operations of Providence and listening to its voice, as many people acknowledge a God that obey none of His commands, and concern themselves in nothing of their duty to Him

To listen to the voice of Providence, is to take strict notice of all the remarkable steps of Providence which relate to us in particular, to observe if there is nothing in them instructing to our conduct, no warning to us for avoiding some danger, no direction for the taking some particular steps for our safety or advantage, no hint to remind us of such and such things omitted, no conviction of something committed, no vindictive step, by way of retaliation, marking out the crime in the punishment. You may easily observe the differences between the directions and warnings of Providence, when duly listened to, and the notices of spirits from an invisible world, viz, that these are dark hints of evil, with very little direction to avoid it, but those notices, which are to be taken from the proceedings of Providence, though the voice be a kind of silent or soft whisper, yet 'tis generally attended with an offer of the means for escaping the evil, nay, very often leads by the hand to the very proper steps to be taken, and even obliges us, by a strong conviction of the reason of it, to take those steps

It is in vain for me to run into a collection of stories, for example, where the variety is infinite,

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and things vary as every particular man's circumstances vary, but as every event in the world is managed by the superintendency of Providence, so every providence has in it something instructing, something that calls upon us to look up, or look out, or look in

Every one of those heads is big with particular explanations, but my business is not preaching, I am making observations and reflections, let those make enlargements who read it, in a word, there is scarce any particular providence attends our lives, but we shall find, if we give due weight to it, that it calls upon us, either —

1 To look up, and acknowledge the goodness of God in sparing us, the bounty of God in providing for us, the power of God in delivering and protecting us, not forgetting to look up, and acknowledge, and be humble under the justice of God in being angry with and afflicting us

2 Or to look out, and take the needful caution and warning given of evil approaching, and prepare either to meet or avoid it

3 Or to look in, and reflect upon what we find Heaven animadverting upon, and afflicting us for taking notice of the summons to repent and reform

And this is, in a word, what I mean by listening to the voice of Providence

## CHAPTER SIX

### OF THE PROPORTION BETWEEN THE CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN WORLD

**I** HAVE said something of this already in my inquiry after the state of religion in the world, but upon some reflections which fell in my way since, I think it may offer further thoughts, very improving, as well as diverting.

When we view the world geographically, take the plane of the globe, and measure it by line, and cut it out into latitude and longitude, degrees, leagues, and miles, we may see, indeed, that a pretty large spot of the whole is at present under the government of Christian powers and princes, or under the influence of their power and commerce, by arms, navies, colonies, and plantations, or their factories, missionaries, residences, &c

But I am loath to say we should take this for a fulfilling the promise made to the Messiah, that His kingdom should be exalted above all nations, and the Gospel be heard to the end of the earth, I was going to say, and yet without any profaneness, that we hope God will not put us off so. I must acknowledge I expect, in the fulfilling of these promises, that the time will come when the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, that the Church of God shall be set open to the four winds, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be exalted above the tops of the mountains, and all the nations shall flow into it (Isaiah 11 2),



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that is to say, that the Christian religion, or the profession of the doctrine of the Messiah, shall be made national over the whole globe, according to those words (Matt xxiv 14, Mark xiii 13, Luke xxiv 17) But this may be a little too apocalyptic or visionary for the times, and it is no business of mine to enter upon the interpretation of Scripture difficulties, whatever I may understand or believe myself about them, but rather to make my observations, as I have begun, upon things which now are, and which we have seen and know, let what is to come be as He pleases who has ordered things past, and knows what is to follow

The present case is to speak of the mathematical proportion that there is now to be observed upon the plane of the globe, and observe how small a part of the world it is where the Christian religion has really prevailed and is nationally professed — I speak of the Christian religion where it is, as I call it, national, that is, in its utmost latitude, and I do so that I may give the utmost advantage, even against myself, in what I am going to say, and therefore, when I come to make deductions for the mixtures of barbarous nations, I shall do it fairly also

I have nothing to do with the distinctions of Christians I hope none will object against calling the Roman Church a Christian Church in this respect, and the professors of the Popish Church Christians, neither do I scruple to call the Greek Church Christian, though in some places so blended with superstition and barbarous customs, as in Georgia, Armenia, and the borders of Persia and Tartary, likewise in many parts of the Czar of Muscovy's dominions, that, as before, the name of Christ is little more than just spoken of, and literally known, without any material knowledge of His person,

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nature, and dignity, or of the homage due to Him as the Redeemer of the world.

The nations of the world, then, where Christ is acknowledged, and the Christian religion is professed nationally, be it Romish Church or Greek Church, or even the Protestant Church, including all the several subdivisions and denominations of Protestants, take them all as Christians, I say, these nations are as follow —

- 1 In Europe Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Great Britain, Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy, Poland, Hungary, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia
- 2 In Asia Georgia and Armenia
- 3 In Africa no place at all, the few factories of European merchants only excepted.
- 4 In America The colonies of Europeans only, as follow —
  - 1 The Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, the coasts of Chili, Carthagena, and St Martha, and a small colony at Buenos Ayres on the Rio de la Plata
  - 2 The Portuguese in the Brazils.
  3. The British on the coast of America, from the Gulf of Florida to Cape Breton, on the mouth of the Gulf of St Lawrence, or the great river of Canada, also a little in Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay
  - 4 The French in the river of Canada and the great river of Mississippi
  - 5 The English, French, and Dutch on the islands called the Caribbees, &c

The chief seat of the Christian religion is at present in Europe But if we measure the quarter of the world we call Europe upon the plan of the globe, and cast up the northern, frozen, and indeed uninhabitable part of it, such as Laponia, Petzora, Candora, Obdora, and the Samoiedes, with part of

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Siberia, they are all pagans, with the eastern unpeopled deserts bordering on Asia, on the way to China, and the vast extent of land on that side, which, though nominally under the dominion of Muscovy, is yet all pagan, even nationally so — under no real government, but of their own pagan customs.

If we go from thence to the south, and take out of it the European Tartars, viz., of Circassia, the Crimea, and Budziack — if you go on, and draw a line from the Crime Tartary to the Danube, and from thence to the Adriatic Gulf, and cut off all the Grand Seigneur's European dominions — I say, take this extent of land out of Europe, and the remainder does not measure full two-thirds of land in Europe under the Christian government, much of which is also desert and uninhabited, or at least by such as cannot be called Christians and do not concern themselves about it, as, particularly, the Swedish and Norwegian Lapland, the more eastern and southern Muscovy, beyond the Volga, even to Karakathie, and to the borders of Asia, on the side of India — I say, taking in this part, not above one-half of Europe is really inhabited by Christians.

The Czar of Muscovy, of the religion of whose subjects I have said enough, is lord of a vast extended country, and those who have measured it entirely say his dominions are larger than all the rest of Europe, that is to say, that he possesses a full half as much as Europe, and in those dominions he is master of abundance of nations that are pagan or Mahomedan, as, in particular, Circassia, being conquered by him, the Circassian Tartars, who are all Mahomedans, or the most of them, are his subjects.

However, since a Christian monarch governs them, we must, upon the plan I laid down, call this a Christian country, and that alone obliges me to give two-thirds of Europe to the Christians.

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But this will bring another account upon my hands to balance it, viz, that excepting this two-thirds, there will not come one Christian to be accounted for in any of the other three parts of the world, except Georgia and Armenia. As for Africa, there is nothing to be mentioned on that side, all the Christians that are on the continent of Africa consisting only of a few merchants residing at the coast towns in the Mediterranean, as at Alexandria, Grand Cairo, Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers, &c., the factories of the English and Dutch on the coast of Guinea, the Gold Coast, the coast of Angola, and at the Cape of Good Hope, all which put together, as I have calculated them, and as they are calculated by a better judgment than mine, will not amount to 5000 people, excepting Christian slaves in Sallee, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, &c, which are not so many more.

America is thronged with Christians, God wot, such as they are, for I must confess the European inhabitants of some of the colonies there, as well French and English as Spanish and Dutch, very ill merit that name.

Some part of America is entirely under the dominion and government of the European nations, and having indeed destroyed the natives, and made desolate the country, they may be said to be Christian countries in the sense as above.

But what numbers do these amount to compared to the inhabitants of so great a part of the world as that of America, which at least is three times as big as Europe, and in which are still vast extended countries, *infinite numbers of people, of nations unknown and even unheard of*, which neither the English, French, Spanish, or Portuguese have ever seen? Witness the populous cities and innumerable nations which Sir Walter Raleigh met with in his

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voyage up the great river Oronoque, in one of which they talk of two millions of people, witness the nations, infinitely populous, spread on both sides the river Amazon, and all the country between these two prodigious rivers, being a country above 400 miles in breadth and 1600 miles in length, besides its extent south, even to the Rio Paraguay, and S E to the Brazils, a rich, fruitful, and populous country, and in which, by the accounts given, there must be more people inhabiting at this time than in all the Christian part of Europe put together, being the chief if not the only part of America into which the Spaniards never came, and whither the fughted people fled from them, being so fortified with rivers and impassable bays and rapid currents, and so inaccessible by the number of inhabitants, the heat of the climate, and the mountains, waterfalls, and such other obstructions, that the Spaniards durst never attempt to penetrate the way.

What are the numbers of Christians in America, put them all together, to the inhabitants of these parts of America, besides the northern parts of America, not inquired into?

But we are not calculating of people yet, but the extent of land that the Christians possess, the British colonies in the north are by far the most populous, even more than the Spaniards themselves, though the latter extend themselves over more land.

The British colonies in the north of America are supposed to contain three hundred thousand souls, including Nova Scotia, New England, New York, New Jersey, East and West Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina, and these lie extended upon the coast from the latitude of 32 degrees to 47, or thereabouts, being about 750 miles in length, but then much of this is very thinly peopled, and the

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breadth they lie west into the country is little or nothing, 50 or 60 miles is in many places the most. And except some plantations in Virginia, in Rappahannock, and James River in Virginia, occasioned by the great inlet of the bay there, and of the rivers that fall into it, we can see nothing a hundred miles within that land but waste and woods, whose inhabitants seem to be fled farther up into the country, from the face of their enemies the Christians.

So that all this planting, though considerable, amounts to no more, compared to the country itself, than a long narrow slip of land upon the sea-coast, there being very few English inhabitants planted anywhere above twenty miles from the sea, or from some navigable river, and even that sea-coast itself very thinly inhabited, and particularly from New England to New York, from New England north to Annapolis, from Virginia to Carolina, so that all this great colony or collection of colonies — nay, though we include the French at Canada — are but a point, a handful, compared to the vast extent of land lying west and north-west from them, even to the South Sea, an extent of continent full of innumerable nations of people unknown, undiscovered, never searched into, or indeed heard of but from one another, much greater in its extent than all Europe.

If we take the north part of America, exclusive of all the country which the Spaniards possess, and which they call the empire of Mexico, and exclusive too of what the English and French possess on the coast and in the two rivers of Canada and Mississippi as above, which indeed are but trifles, the rest of that country, which, as far as it has been travelled into, is found exceeding populous, is a great deal larger than all Europe, though we have not reckoned the most northern, frozen, and almost uninhabitable

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part of it, where no end can be found, and where it is there can be no doubt but there is a contiguous continent with the northern part of Asia, or so near joining it as to be only parted by a narrow gulf or strait of sea, easily passed over both by man and beast, or else it would be hard to give an account how man or beast came into that part of the world — I say this vast continent, full of people, and no doubt inhabited by many millions of souls, is all wrapt up in idolatry and paganism, given up to ignorance and blindness, worshipping the sun, the moon, the fire, the hills their fathers, and, in a word, the devil

As to the thing we call religion, or the knowledge of the true God, much less the doctrine of the Messiah and the name of Christ, they not only have not, but never had the least intimation of it on earth, or revelation of it from heaven, till the Spaniards came among them, nay, and now Christians are come among them, it is hard to say whether the paganism is much abated except by the infinite ravages the Spaniards made where they came, who rooted out idolatry by destroying the idolaters, not by converting them, having cruelly cut off, as their own writers affirm, above seventy millions of people, and left the country naked of its inhabitants for many hundred miles together

But what need we come to calculations for the present time with respect to America? Let us but be at the trouble to look back a little more than a hundred years, which is as nothing at all in the argument, how had the whole continent of America, extended almost from pole to pole, with all the islands round it, and peopled with such innumerable multitudes of people, been as it were entirely abandoned to the devil's government, even from the beginning of time, or at least from the second peopling

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the world by Noah to the sixteenth century, when Ferdinando Cortez, general for the famous Charles the Fifth, first landed in the Gulf of Mexico

We have heard much of the cruelty of the Spaniards in destroying such multitudes of the inhabitants there, and of cutting off whole nations by fire and sword, but as I am for giving up all the actions of men to the government of Providence, it seems to me that Heaven had determined such an act of vengeance should be executed, and of which the Spaniards were instruments, to destroy those people, who were come up (by the influence of the devil, no doubt) to such a dreadful height, in that abhorred custom of human sacrifices, that the innocent blood cried for it, and it seemed to be time to put a stop to that crime, lest the very race of people should at last be extinct by their own butcheries

The magnitude of this may be guessed at by the temple consecrated to the great idol of Visthpustli, in the city of Mexico, where, at the command of Montezuma, the pagan monarch, twenty thousand men were sacrificed in a year, and the wall hung a foot thick with clotted blood, dashed in ceremony against the side of that place on those occasions.

This abomination God in His providence put an end to by destroying those nations from the face of the earth, bringing a race of bearded strangers upon them, cutting in pieces man, woman, and child, destroying their idols, and even the idolatry itself by the Spaniards, who, however wicked in themselves, yet were in this to be esteemed instruments in the hand of Heaven to execute the Divine justice on nations whose crimes were come up to a full height, and that called for vengeance

I make no doubt (to carry on this digression a little farther) that when God cast out the heathen, so the Scripture calls it, from before the Israelites,



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and the iniquity of the people of the land was full. Joshua, Moses, and the Israelites were taxed with as much cruelty and inhumanity in destroying the cities, killing man, woman, and child, nay, even destroying the very cattle, and trees, and fruits of the earth, as ever the Spaniards were charged with in the conquest of Mexico.

This is apparent by the terror that was spread upon the minds of the people round about them, whereof thousands fled to other parts of the world. History tells us that the first builders of the city of Carthage, long before the Roman times, or before the fable of Queen Dido, were some Phœnicians, that is to say, Canaanites, who, flying for their lives, got ships and went away to sea, planting themselves on the coast of Africa as the first place of safety they arrived at, and to prove this a pillar of stone was found not far from Tipoh, on which was cut, in Phœnician characters, these words “We are of those who fled from the face of Joshua the robber”

The cruelties of the Israelites, in destroying the nations of the land of Canaan, was commanded from heaven, and therein Joshua was justified in what was done. The cruelties of the Spaniards, however abhorred by us, was doubtless an appointment of God for the destruction of the most wicked and abominable people upon earth.

But this is all a digression, I come to my calculation. It is true that the Spaniards, whom I allow to be Christians, have possessed the empires of Mexico and Peru, but after all the havoc they made, and the millions of souls they dismissed out of life there, yet the natives are infinitely the majority of the inhabitants, and though many of them are Christianised, they are little more than subjected, and take all the Spaniards, Christians, and all the Portuguese in the Brazils, all the English

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and French in the north, and, in a word, all the Christians in America, and put them together, they will not balance one part of the pagans or Mahomedans in Europe, for example, take the Crim Tartars of Europe, who inhabit the banks of the Euxine Sea, they are more in number than all the Christians in America, so that setting one nation against the other, and you may reckon that there is not one Christian, or as if there were not one Christian, in those three parts of the world, Asia, Africa, and America, except the Greeks of Asia

This is a just but a very sad account of the small extent of Christian knowledge in the world, and were it considered as it ought, would put the most powerful princes of Europe upon thinking of some methods, at least, to open a way for the spreading Christian knowledge. I am not much of the opinion, indeed, that religion should be planted by the sword, but as the Christian princes of Europe, however few in number, are yet so superior to all the rest of the world in martial experience and the art of war, nothing is more certain than that, if they could unite their interest, they are able to beat paganism out of the world. Nothing is more certain than this, that would the Christian princes unite their powers and act in concert, they might destroy the Turkish Empire and the Persian kingdom, and beat the very name of Mahomet out of the world

It is no boast to say that, were there no intestine broils among us, the Christian soldiery is so evidently superior to the Turkish at this time, that had they all joined after the late battle at Belgrade to have sent 80,000 veteran soldiers to have joined Prince Eugene, and supplied him with money and provisions by the ports of the Adriatic Gulf and the Archipelago, that prince would in two or three

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campaigns have driven the Mahomedans out of Europe, taken Constantinople, and have overturned the Turkish Empire

After such a conquest, whither might not the Christian religion have spread? The King of Spain with the same ease would reduce the Moors of Barbary, and dispossess those sons of hell, the Algerines, Tripolines, Tunizens, and all the Mahomedan pirates of that coast, and plant again the ancient churches of Africa, the sees of Tertullian, St Cyprian, &c

Nay, even the Czar of Muscovy, an enterprising and glorious prince, well assisted and supported by his neighbours, the northern powers, who together are masters of the best soldiery in the world, would not find it impossible to march an army of 36,000 foot and 16,000 horse, in spite of waste and inhospitable deserts, even to attack the Chinese Empire, who, notwithstanding their infinite numbers, pretended policy, and great skill in war, would sink in the operation, and such an army of disciplined European soldiers would beat all the forces of that vast empire with the same or greater ease as Alexander with 30,000 Macedonians destroyed the army of Darius, which consisted of 680,000 men

And let no man ridicule this project on account of the march, which I know they will call 3000 miles, and more. While there is no obstruction but the length of the way, it is not so difficult as some may imagine, 'tis far from impossible to furnish sufficient provisions for the march, which is indeed the only difficulty that carries any terror in it

Such a prince as the Czar of Muscovy cannot want the assistance of innumerable hands for the amassing, or carriage for conveying, to proper magazines sufficient stores of provisions for the maintaining a select chosen body of men to march over the deserts, for in

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the grand march no useless mouths should be found to feed

Why, then, should not the Christian princes think it a deed of compassion to the souls of men, as well as an humble agency to the work of Providence, and to the fulfilling the promises of their Saviour, by a moderate and, as far as in them lies, a bloodless conquest, to reduce the whole world to the government of Christian power, and so plant the name and knowledge of Christ Jesus among the heathens and Mahomedans? I am not supposing that they can plant real religion in this manner, the business of power is to open the way to the gospel of peace, the servants of the king of the earth are to fight, that the servants of the King of Heaven may preach

Let but an open door be made for the preaching of the word of God, and the ministers of Christ be admitted, if they do not spread Christian knowledge over the face of the earth the fault will be theirs. Let but the military power reduce the pagan world, and banish the devil and Mahomet from the face of the earth, the knowledge of God be diligently spread, the word of God duly preached, and the people meekly and faithfully instructed in the Christian religion, the world would soon receive the truth, and the knowledge of Divine things would be the study and delight of mankind

I know some nice and difficult people would object here, How are the present body of Christians, as you call them, qualified to convert the pagan and Mahomedan world, when they are not able to settle the main point, viz, What the Christian religion is, or what they would convert them to? That Christianity is subdivided into so many parts and particular principles, the people so divided in their opinion, and, that which is still worse, there is so little char-

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ity among the several sorts, that some of them would sooner side with Mahomet against their neighbours than assist to propagate that particular doctrine in religion which they condemn. Thus the members of the Protestant faith would make it a point of principle not to support or propagate the interest of Popery in such a conquest as this, and again, the Catholics would as much make it a duty on them to root out heresy — so they call the Protestant doctrine — as they would to root out paganism and the worship of devils.

I would not answer for some Protestants that they would not be of the same mind, as to particular divisions among Protestants. The difference among some opinions is such, and then want of charity one to another sets them at such variance, that if they do not censure one another for devil-worshippers, yet we know they frequently call some of the opposite principles doctrines of devils, and persecute one another with as much fury as ever the heathen persecuted the primitive churches.

Witness the violences which have reigned between the Episcopal and Presbyterian parties in the north of Ireland and in Scotland, which has so often broken out into a flame of war, and that flame been always quenched with blood.

Witness the frequent persecutions, wars, massacres, and other cruel and unnatural doings, which have been in these parts of the world among Christians the effect of a mistaken zeal for the Christian religion, which, as it was not planted by blood and violence, so much less can Christians justify the endeavours to erect this or that opinion in it by the ruin and blood of their brethren.

But this is far from being a reason why we should not think it our duty to subdue the barbarous and idolatrous nations of the world in order to suppress

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the worshipping the devil, who is the enemy not only of God and of all true religion in the world, but who is the great destroyer and enemy of mankind, and of his future or present felicity, and whose business is always, to the utmost of his power, to involve or retain them either in ignorance or in error

I distinguish between forcing religion upon people, or forcing them to entertain this or that opinion of religion — I say, I distinguish between that and opening the door for religion to come among them. The former is a violence, indeed, inconsistent with the nature of religion itself, whose energy prevails and forces its way into the minds of men by another sort of power; whereas the latter is removing a force unjustly put already upon the minds of men, by the artifice of the devil, to keep the Christian religion out of the world, so that, indeed, I propose a war not with men, but with the devil — a war to depose Satan's infernal tyranny in the world and set open the doors to religion, that it may enter if men will receive it, if they will not receive it, be that to themselves.

In a word, to unchain the wills of men, set their inclinations free, that their reason may be at liberty to influence their understandings, and that they may have the faith of Christ preached to them, whether they will hear or forbear, I say, as above, is no part of the question, let the Christian doctrine and its spiritual enemies alone to struggle about that. I am for dealing with the temporalities of the devil, and deposing that human power which is armed in the behalf of obstinate ignorance, and resolute to keep out the light of religion from the mind.

I think this is a lawful and just war, and, in the end, kind both to them and then posterity. let me bring the case home to ourselves

Suppose neither Julius Cæsar or any of the Roman

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generals or emperors had cast their eyes towards Britain for some ages, or till the Christian religion had spread over the whole Roman Empire 't is true the Britons might at last have received the Christian faith in common with the rest of the northern world, but they had yet lain above three hundred years longer in ignorance and paganism than they did, and some hundred thousands of people who proved zealous Christians, nay, even martyrs for the Christian doctrine, would have died in the professed paganism of the Britons.

Now 't is evident the invasion of the Romans was an unjust, bloody, tyrannical assault upon the poor Britons, against all right and property, against justice and neighbourhood, and merely carried on for conquest and dominion. Nor, indeed, had the Romans any just pretence of war, yet God was pleased to make this violence be the kindest thing that could have befallen the British nation, since it brought in the knowledge of God among the Britons, and was a means of reducing a heathen and barbarous nation to the faith of Christ, and to embrace the Messias.

Thus Heaven serves itself of men's worst designs, and the avance, ambition, and rage of men have been made use of to bring to pass the glorious ends of Providence, without the least knowledge or design of the actors. Why, then, may not the great undertakings of the princes of Europe, if they could be brought to act in concert, with a good design to bring all the world to open their doors to the Christian religion, and by consequence then ease — I say, why may not such an attempt be blessed from heaven with so much success, at least as to make way for bringing in nominal Christianity among the nations? For as to obliging the people to be of this or that opinion afterward, that is another case

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There is a great pother made in the world among the several denominations of Christians about coercion, erecting a church, and compelling men to come in, that is to say, one sort of Christians persecuting another sort of Christians to make them worship Christ their way, as if Christ had no sheep but one fold

I distinguish much between using force to reduce heathens and savages to Christianity, and using force to reduce those that are already Christians to be of this or that opinion, I will not say but a war might be very just, and the cause be righteous, to reduce the worshippers of the pagodas of India to the knowledge and obedience of Christianity, when it would be a horrible injustice to commence a like war to reduce even a Popish nation to be Protestant.

But my proposed war does not reach so far as that neither, for though I would have a nation of pagans conquered that their idols and temples might be destroyed, and then idol worship be abolished, yet I would be very far from punishing and persecuting the people for not believing in Christ, for if we believe that faith, as the Scripture says, is the gift of God, how can we, upon any Christian foundation, punish or persecute the man for not exercising that which God had not given him? Hence, compelling men to conform to this or that particular profession of the Christian religion, is to me impious and unchristian

And shall I speak a word here of the unhappy custom among Christians of reviling one another with words on account of differing opinions in religion? It was a part of apocryphal scripture, taken from one of the traditional sayings of the Rabbis, "Thou shalt not mock at the gods of the heathens," but ribaldry, satire, and sarcasms are the usage we give one another every day on the subject of relig-



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ion, as if slander and the severities of the tongue were not the worst kind of violence in matters of the Christian religion

In a word, I must acknowledge, if I am to speak of reproach in general, I know no worse persecution than that of the tongue. Solomon says, "There are that speak like the piercing of a sword," and King David was so sensible of the bitterness of the tongue, that he is full of exclamations upon the subject, among the rest, he says of his enemies, "They have compassed me about with words of hatred . . . He clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment" (Psalm cix 3, 18)

It is indeed remote from the subject I am upon to talk of this kind of unchantable dealing, but as just observations are never out of season, it may have its uses, let no man slight the hint, though it were meant for religion only, for that, indeed, is my present subject. there is doubtless as severe a persecution by the tongue as that of fire and faggot, and some think 'tis as hard to be borne

I have never met with so much of this anywhere in all my travels as in England, where the mouths of the several sects and opinions are so effectually open against one another, that, albeit common charity commands us to talk the best of particular persons in their failings and infirmities, yet here, censuring, condemning, and reproaching one another on account of opinions is carried on with such a gust, that lets every one see nothing but death and destruction can follow, and no reconciliation can be expected

I have lived to see men of the best light be mistaken, as well in party as in principles, as well in politics as in religion, and find not only occasion, but even a necessity, to change hands or sides in both, I have seen them sometimes run into contrary extremes, beyond their first intention, and even

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without design, nay, in those unhappy changes I have seen them driven into lengths they never designed, by the fiery resentment of those whom they seemed to have left, and whom they differed from. I have lived to see those men acknowledge, even publicly and openly, they were wrong and mistaken, and express their regret for being misled very sincerely, but I cannot say I have lived to see the people they have desired to return to forgive or receive them. Perhaps the age I have lived in has not been a proper season for charity, I hope futurity will be furnished with better Christians, or perhaps 'tis appointed so to illustrate the Divine mercy, and let mankind see that they are the only creatures that never forgive. I have seen a man in the case I speak of, offer the most sincere acknowledgments of his having been mistaken, and this not in matters essential either to the person's morals or Christianity, but only in matters of party, and with the most moving expressions desire his old friends to forgive what has been passed, and have seen them return by mocking him with what they called a baseness of spirit, and a mean submission, I have seen him expostulate with them, why they should not act upon the same terms with a penitent, as God Himself not only prescribed, but yields to, and have seen them in return tell him God might forgive him if He pleased, but they would never, and then expose all those offers to the first comer in banter and ridicule. but take me right too, I have seen at the same time, that to wiser men it has been always thought to be an exposing themselves, and an honour to the person.

I speak this too feelingly, and therefore say no more, there is a way by patience, to conquer even the universal contempt of mankind, and though two drams of that drug be a vomit for a dog, it is, in my

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experience, the only method, there is a secret peace in it, and in time the rage of men will abate. A constant steady adhering to virtue and honesty, and showing the world that whatever mistakes he might be led into, supposing them to be mistakes, that yet the main intention and design of his life was sincere and upright. He that governs the actions of men by an unbiassed hand, will never suffer such a man to sink under the weight of universal prejudice and clamour.

I, Robinson Crusoe, grown old in affliction, borne down by calumny and reproach, but supported from within, boldly prescribe this remedy against universal clamours and contempt of mankind: patience, a steady life of virtue and sobriety, and a comforting dependence on the justice of Providence, will first or last restore the patient to the opinion of his friends, and justify him in the face of his enemies, and in the meantime will support him comfortably in despising those who want manners and charity, and leave them to be cursed from Heaven with their own passions and rage.

This very thought made me long ago claim a kind of property in some good old lines of the famous George Withers, Esq, made in prison in the Tower. He was a poetical gentleman who had, in the time of the civil wars in England, been unhappy in changing sides too often, and had been put into the Tower by every side in their turn, once by the King, once by the Parliament, once by the Army, then by the Rump, and at last again, I think, by General Monk, in a word, whatever side got up, he had the disaster to be down. The lines are thus

The world and I may well agree,  
As most that are offended,  
For I slight her, and she slights me,  
And there 's our quarrel ended

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For service done and love expressed,  
Though very few regard it,  
My country owes me bread at least,  
But if I am debarred it,  
Good conscience is a daily feast,  
And sorrow never marred it.

But this article of verbal persecution has hurried me from my subject, which I must return to

I have spoken of a project for the Czar of Muscovy, worthy of a monarch who is lord of so vast an extent of country as the Russian Empire reaches to, which is in effect, as I have said, much more than half Europe, and consequently an eighth part of the world. I have given my thoughts how a war to open a door for the Christian religion may be justifiable, and that it has not the least tincture of persecution in it. If the Christian princes of the world, who now spend their force so much to an ill purpose in real persecution, would join in an universal war against paganism and devil-worship, the savage part of mankind would, in one age, be brought to bow their knees to the God of Truth, and would bless the enterprise itself in the end of it, as the best thing that ever befell them, nor could such an attempt fail of success, unless Heaven in justice had determined to shut up the world longer in darkness, and the cup of their abominations was not yet full. But I may venture to say there would be much more ground for such Christian princes to hope and expect the concurrence of Heaven in such an undertaking, than in sheathing their swords in the bowels of their brethren, and making an effusion of Christian blood upon every slight pretence, as we see has been the case in Europe for above thirty years past.

I had intended to remark here that, as the country possessed by Christians is but a spot of the globe compared to the heathen, pagan, and Mahometan

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world, so the number of real Christians among the nations professing the Christian name is yet a more disproportioned part, a mere trifle, and hardly to be compared with the infinite numbers of those who, though they call themselves Christians, yet know as little of God and religion as can be imagined to be known where the word Christian is spoken of, and neither seek or desire to know more, in a word, who know but little of God or Jesus Christ, heaven or hell, and regard none of them.

This is a large field, and being thoroughly searched into, would, I doubt not, reduce the real faithful subjects of the kingdom of Jesus Christ to a much fewer number than those of Mahomet, nay, than those of the monarch of Germany, and make our Lord appear a weaker prince, speaking in the sense of kingdoms, than many of the kings of the earth. And if it be true that the old king of France should say, that he had more loyal subjects than King Jesus, I do not know but, in the sense his most Christian majesty meant it, the thing might be very true.

But this observation is something out of my present road, and merits to be spoken of by itself.

The number of true Christians will never be known on this side the great bar, where they shall be critically separated. No political arithmetic can make a calculation of the number of true Christians while they live blended with the false ones, since it is not only hard, but impossible, to know them one from another in this world.

We shall perhaps be surprised at the last day to see some people at the right hand of the righteous Judge whom we have condemned with the utmost zeal in our opinions, while we were contemporary with them in life, for charity, as it is generally practised in this world, and mixed with our human

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infirmities, such as pride, self-opinion, and personal prejudice, is strangely misguided, and makes us entertain notions of things and people quite different from what they really deserve, and there is hardly any rule to prescribe ourselves, except it be of the text — “In meekness, every one esteeming others better than themselves,” which, by the way, is difficult to do

But though we shall thus see at the great audit a transposition of persons from the station they held in our charity, we shall only thereby see that our judgment was wrong, that God judgeth not as man judgeth, and that we too rashly condemn whom He has thought fit to justify and accept

Let, then, the number of Christians be more or less, as He that makes them Christians determines, this is not for us to enter into, and this brings me back to what I said before, that though we cannot make Christians, we both can and may, and indeed ought, to open the door to Christianity, that the preaching of God's word, which is the ordinary means of bringing mankind to the knowledge of religion, may be spread over the whole world

With what vigour do we consult, and how do the labouring heads of the world club together, to form projects, and to raise subscriptions to extend the general commerce of nations into every corner of the world! But 't would pass for a bubble of all bubbles, and a whimsey that none would engage in, if ten millions should be asked to be subscribed for sending a strong fleet and army to conquer heathenism and idolatry, and protect a mission of Christians, to be employed in preaching the Gospel to the poor heathens, say it were on the coast of Coromandel, the island of Ceylon, and country of Malabar, or any of the dominions of the Great Mogul, and yet such an attempt would not only be just, but infi-

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ntely advantageous to the people who should undertake it, and to the people of the country on whom the operation should be wrought.

In the occasional discourses I had on this subject, in conversation with men of good judgment and principles, I have been often asked in what manner I would propose to carry on such a conquest as I speak of, and how it should answer the end, and that I may not be supposed to suggest a thing impracticable in itself, or for which no rational scheme might be proposed, I shall make a brief essay, at the manner, in which the conquest I speak of should be, or ought to be, carried on, and if it be considered seriously, the difficulties and perhaps all the reasonable objections might vanish in an instant. I will therefore, first, for the purpose only, suppose that an attempt was made by a Christian nation to conquer and subdue some heathen or Mahometan people at a distance from them, place the conquest where and among whom we will, for example, suppose it was the great island of Madagascar, or that of Ceylon, Borneo in the Indies, or those of Japan, or any other where you please.

I would first suppose the place to be infinitely populous, as any of those countries, though they are islands, are said to be; and because the Japanese are said to be a most sensible, sagacious people, under excellent forms of government, and capable more than ordinarily of receiving impressions, supported by the argument and example of a virtuous and religious conqueror.

For this purpose you must grant me, that the island or islands of Japan were in a situation proper for the undertaking, and that a powerful European army, being landed upon them, had in a great battle, or in divers battles, overthrown all their military force, and had entirely reduced the whole

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nation to their power, as, to go back to examples, the Venetians had done by the Turks in the Morea in a former war, or as the Turks did in the isles in Candia, Cyprus, and the like. The short scheme for establishing the government in those countries should be this —

First, as the war is pointed chiefly against the kingdom of the devil in behalf of the Christian worship, so no quarter should be given to Satan's administration, and as nothing else should willingly be treated with violence, so, indeed, no part of the devil's economy should have any favour, but all the idols should be immediately destroyed and publicly burnt, all the pagodas and temples burnt, and the very face and form of paganism, and the worship attending it, be utterly defaced and destroyed.

Secondly, the priests and dedicated persons of every kind, by whatsoever names or titles known or distinguished, should be at least removed, if not destroyed.

Thirdly, all the exercise of profane and idolatrous rites, ceremonies, worship, festivals, and customs should be abolished entirely, so as by time to be forgotten, and clean wiped out of the minds as well as out of the practice of the people.

This is all the coercion I propose, and less than this cannot be proposed, because, though we may not by arms and force compel men to be religious — because if we do we cannot make them sincere, and so by persecution we only create hypocrites — yet I insist that we may by force, and that with the greatest justice possible, suppress paganism, and the worship of God's enemy the devil, and banish it out of the world, nay, that we ought to do it to the utmost of our power. But I return to the conquest.

The country being thus entirely reduced under Christian government, the inhabitants, if they sub-



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mit quietly, ought to be used with humanity and justice, no cruelty, no rigour. They should suffer no oppression, injury, or injustice, that they may not receive evil impressions of the people that are come among them, lest, entertaining an abhorrence of Christians from their evil conduct, cruelty, and injustice, they should entertain an abhorrence of the Christian religion for their sakes, as the poor wretches the Indians in America, who, when they were talked to of the future state, the resurrection of the dead, eternal felicity in heaven, and the like, inquired where the Spaniards went after death, and if any of them went to heaven, and being answered in the affirmative, shook their heads, and desired they might go to hell then, for that they were afraid to think of being in heaven if the Spaniards were there.

A just and generous behaviour to the natives, or at least to such of them as should show themselves willing to submit, would certainly engage them in their interest, and accordingly would in a little while bring them to embrace that truth which dictated such just principles to those who espoused it.

Thus prejudices being removed, the way to instruction would be made the more plain, and then would be the time for Gospel labourers to enter upon the harvest, ministers should be instructed to teach them our language, to exhort them to seek the blessings of religion and of the true God, and so gradually to introduce right principles among them at their own request.

From hence they should proceed to teach all the young children the language spoken by them, who would then be their benefactors rather than conquerors, and a few years wearing the old generation out, the posterity of them and of their conquerors would be all one nation.

In case any rejected the instruction of religious

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men and adhered obstinately to his idolatry, and would not be reclaimed by gentle and Christian usage, suitable methods are to be taken with such, that they might not make a religious faction in the country and gain others to side with them in order to recover their liberty, as they might call it, to serve their own gods, that is to say, idols, for it must be for ever as just not to permit them to go back to idolatry by force as it was to pull them from it by force

By this kind of conquest the Christian religion would be most effectually propagated among innumerable nations of savages and idolaters, and as many people be brought to worship the true God as may be said to do it at this time in the whole Christian world

This is my crusado, and it would be a war as justifiable on many accounts as any that was ever undertaken in the world, a war that would bring eternal honour to the conquerors and an eternal blessing to the people conquered

It were easy now to cut out enterprises of this nature for other of the princes of the world than the Czar of Muscovy, and I could lay very rational schemes for such undertakings, and the schemes that could, if thoroughly pursued, never fail of success. For example, an expedition against the Moors of Africa by the French, Spanish, and Italian princes, who daily suffer so much by them, and the last of whom are at perpetual war with them; how easy would it be to those powers to join in a Christian confederacy to plant the Christian religion again in the Numidian and Maunitanian kingdoms — where was once the famous church of Carthage, and from whence thousands of Christians have gone to heaven — the harvest of the primitive labours of St. Cyprian, Tertullian, and many more, whose posterity now bow

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their knees to that latest and worst of all impostors, Mahomet

But unchristian strife was always a bar against the propagation of the Christian religion, and unnatural wars, carried on among the nations I speak of, are made so much the business of the Christian world, that I do not expect in our time to see the advantages taken hold of that the nature of the thing offers. But I am persuaded, and leave it upon record as my settled opinion, that one time or other the Christian powers of Europe shall be inspired from Heaven for such a work, and then the easiness of subduing the kingdom of Africa to the Christian power shall shame the generations past, who had the opportunity so often in their hands, but made no use of it.

*Note* — In this part of the subject I am upon, I must acknowledge there is a double argument for a war. (1) In point of the interfering interests, Europe ought to take possession of those shores, without which it is manifest her commerce is not secured, and indeed, while that part of Africa bordering on the sea is in the hands of robbers, pirates cannot be secured. Now, this is a point of undisputed right, for a war-trade claims the protection of the powers to whom it belongs, and we make no scruple to make war upon one another for the protection of our trade, and it is allowed to be a good reason why we should do so. Why, then, is it not a good reason to make war upon thieves and robbers? If one nation take the ships belonging to another, we immediately reclaim the prize from the captors, and require of the prince that justice be done against the aggressor, who is a breaker of the peace, and if this is refused we make war.

But shall we do thus to Christians, and scruple to make an universal war for the rooting out a race of pirates and rovers, who live by rapine, and are con-

tinually employed, like the lions and tigers of their own Lybia, in devouring their neighbours? This, I say, makes such a war not only just on a religious account, but both just and necessary upon a civil account

The war, then, being thus proved to be just on other accounts, why should not (2) the extirpation of idolatry, paganism, and devil-worship be the consequence of the victory? If God be allowed to be the giver of victory, how can it be answered to Him that the victory should not be made use of for the interest and glory of the God of war, from whom it proceeds? But these things are not to be offered to the world till higher principles work in the minds of men in their making war and peace than yet seems to take up their minds

I was tempted upon this occasion to make an excursion here upon the subject of the very light occasions princes and powers, states and statesmen, make use of for the engaging in war and blood one against another, one for being ill satisfied with the other, and another for preserving the balance of power, this for nothing at all, and that for something next to nothing, and how little concern the blood that is necessarily spilt in these wars produces among them. But this is not a case that will so well bear to be entered upon in a public manner at this time

All I can add is, I doubt no such zeal for the Christian religion will be found in our days, or perhaps in any age of the world, till Heaven beats the drums itself, and the glorious legions from above come down on purpose to propagate the work, and to reduce the whole world to the obedience of King Jesus — a time which some tell us is not far off, but of which I heard nothing in all my travels and illuminations, no, not one word



**A VISION OF THE ANGELIC  
WORLD**



# A VISION OF THE ANGELIC WORLD

**T**HEY must be much taken up with the satisfaction of what they are already, that never spare their thoughts upon the subject of what they shall be

The place, the company, the employment which we expect to know so much of hereafter, must certainly be well worth our while to inquire after here

I believe the main interruptions which have been given to these inquiries, and perhaps the reason why those that have entered into them have given them up, and those who have not entered into them have satisfied themselves in the utter neglect, have been the wild chimeric notions, enthusiastic dreams, and unsatisfying ideas, which most of the conceptions of men have led them into about these things

As I endeavour to conceive justly of these things, I shall likewise endeavour to reason upon them clearly, and, if possible, convey some such ideas of the invisible world to the thoughts of men as may not be confused and indigested, and so leave them darker than I find them

The locality of heaven or hell is no part of my search, there is doubtless a place reserved for the reception of our souls after death, as there is a state of being for material substances, so there must be a place, if we are to be, we must have a where, the Scripture supports reason in it — Judas is gone



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to his place, Dives in hell lifted up his eyes, and saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom the locality of bliss and misery seems to be positively asserted in both cases

But there is not so clear a view of the company as of the place, it is not so easy to inquire into the world of spirits, as it is evident that there are such spirits and such a world We find the locality of it is natural, but who the inhabitants are is a search of still a sublimer nature, liable to more exception, encumbered with more difficulties, and exposed to much more uncertainty

I shall endeavour to clear up as much of it as I can, and intimate most willingly how much I rejoice in the expectation that some other inquirers may go farther, till at last all that Providence has thought fit to discover of that part may be perfectly known

The discoveries in the Scripture which lead to this are innumerable, but the positive declaration of it seems to be declined When our Saviour walking on the sea frightened His disciples, and they cried out, what do we find terrified them? Truly they thought they had seen a spirit One would have thought such men as they, who had the vision of God manifest in the flesh, should not have been so much surprised if they had seen a spirit, that is to say, seen an apparition, for to see a spirit seems to be an allusion, not an expression to be used literally, a spirit being not visible by the organ of human sight

But what if it had been a spirit? If it had been a good spirit, what had they to fear? And if a bad spirit, what would crying out have assisted them? When people cry out in such cases, it is either for help, and then they cry to others, or for mercy, and then they cry to the subject of their terror to spare them Either way it was either the foolishness or

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the wickedest thing that ever was done by such grave men as the apostles, for if it was a good spirit as before, they had no need to cry out, and if it was a bad one, who did they cry to? for 'tis evident they did not pray to God, or cross and bless themselves, as was afterwards the fashion, but they cried out, that is to say, they either cried out for help, which was great nonsense to call to man for help against the devil, or they cried to the spirit they saw, that it might not hurt them, which was, in short, neither less nor more than praying to the devil

This put me in mind of the poor savages in many of the countries of America and Africa, who, really instructed by their fear, that is to say, by mere nature, worship the devil that he may not hurt them

Here I must digress a little, and make a transition from the story of the spirit to the strange absurdities of men's notions at that time, and particularly of those upon whom the first impressions of Christ's preachings were wrought, and if it be looked narrowly into, one cannot but wonder what strange ignorant people even the disciples themselves were at first, and indeed their ignorance continued a great while, even to after the death of Christ Himself—witness the foolish talk of the two disciples going to Emmaus. It is true they were wiser afterwards when they were better taught, but the Scripture is full of the discoveries of their ignorance, as in the notions of sitting at His right hand and His left in His kingdom, asked for by Zebedee's children, no doubt but the good woman their mother thought one of her sons should be lord treasurer there, and the other lord chancellor, and she could not but think those places their due when she saw them in such favour with Him here. Just so in their notion of seeing a spirit here, which put them into

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such a fright, and indeed they might be said, according to our dull way of thinking, to be frightened out of their wits, for had their senses been in exercise, they would either have rejoiced in the appearance of a good angel, and stood still to hear his message as from Heaven, or prayed to God to deliver them out of the hands of the devil on their supposing it, as above, to be a vision from hell.

But I come to the subject. It is evident that the notion of spirits, and their intermeddling with the affairs of men, and even of their appearing to men, prevailed so universally in those ages of the world, that even God's own people, who were instructed from Himself, believed it, nor is there anything in all the New Testament institution to contradict it, though many things to confirm it, such particularly as the law against what is called a familiar spirit, which was esteemed no better or worse than a conversing with the devil, that is to say, with some of the evil spirits of the world I speak of.

The witch of Endor, and the story of an apparition of an old man personating Samuel, which is so plainly asserted in Scripture, and which the learned opposers of these notions have spent so much weak pains to disturb our imaginations about, yet assure us that such apparitions are not inconsistent with Nature or with religion, nay, the Scripture allows this woman to *paw waw*, as the Indians in America call it, and conjure for the raising this spectre, and when it is come, allows it to speak a great prophetic truth, foretelling the king, in all its terrible particulars, what was to happen to him, and what did befall him the very next day.

Either this appearance must be a good spirit or a bad, if it was a good spirit it was an angel, as it is expressed in another place of the Apostle Peter, when he knocked at the good people's door in

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Jerusalem (Acts xii 15), and then it supports my opinion of the spirits unembodied conversing with and taking care of the spirits embodied, if it was an evil spirit, then they must grant God to be making a prophet of the devil, and making him personate Samuel to foretell things to come, permitting Satan to speak in the first person of God's own prophet, and indeed to preach the justice of God's dealing with Saul for rejecting His prophet Samuel, which, in short, is not a little odd, putting the spirit of God into the mouth of the devil, and making Satan a preacher of righteousness

When I was in my retirement I had abundance of strange notions of my seeing apparitions there, and especially when I happened to be abroad by moonshine, when every bush looked like a man, and every tree like a man on horseback, and I so prepossessed myself with it that I scarce durst look behind me for a good while, and after that durst not go abroad at all at night, nay, it grew upon me to such a degree at last, that I as firmly believed I saw several times real shapes and appearances, as I do now really believe and am assured that it was all hypochondriac delusion

But, however, that the reader may see how far the power of imagination may go, and judge for me whether I showed any more folly and simplicity than other men might do, I'll repeat some little passages, which for a while gave me very great disturbances, and every one shall judge for me whether they might not have been deluded in the like circumstances as well as I

The first case was, when I crept into the dark cave in the valley, where the old goat lay just expiring, which, wherever it happened, is a true history, I assure you

When first I was stopped by the noise of this

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poor dying creature, you are to observe that the voice was not only like the voice of a man, but even articulate, only that I could not form any words from it ; and what did that amount to more or less than this, namely, that it spoke, but only it was in a language that I did not understand. If it was possible to describe the surprise of my spirits on that occasion, I would do it here, how all my blood run, or rather stood still, chilled in my veins, how a cold dew of sweat sat on my forehead, how my joints, like Belshazzar's knees, shook one against another, and how, as I said, my hair would have lifted off my hat if I had had one on my head.

But this is not all. After the first noise of the creature, which was a faint, dying kind of imperfect bleating, not unusual, as I found afterward, I say, after this he fetched two or three deep sighs, as lively, and as like human, as it is possible to imagine, as I have also said.

These were so many confirmations of my surprise, besides the sight of his two glaring eyes, and carried it up to the extreme of fright and amazement, how I afterwards conquered this childish beginning, and mustered up courage enough to go into the place with a firebrand for light, and how I was presently satisfied with seeing the creature whose condition made all the little accidental noises appear rational, I have already said.

But I must acknowledge that this real surprise left some relics or remains behind it that did not wear quite off a great while, though I struggled hard with them, the vapours that were raised at first were never so laid but that on every trifling occasion they returned, and I saw, nay, I felt apparitions as plainly and distinctly as ever I felt or saw any real substance in my life.

' The like was the case with me before that, when

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I first found the print of a man's foot upon the sand, by the seaside, on the north part of the island

And these, I say, having left my fancy a little peevish and wayward, I had frequently some returns of these vapours, on differing occasions, and sometimes even without occasion, nothing but mere hypochondriac whimsies, fluttering of the blood, and rising of vapours, which nobody could give any account of but myself

For example, it was one night, after my having seen some odd appearances in the air, of no great significance, that coming home, and being in bed, but not asleep, I felt a pain in one of my feet, after which it came to a kind of numbness in my foot, which a little surprised me, and after that a kind of tingling in my blood, as if it had been some distemper running up my leg

On a sudden I felt, as it were, something alive lie upon me, as if it had been a dog lying upon my bed, from my knee downwards, about half way up my leg, and immediately afterwards I felt it heavier, and felt it as plainly roll itself upon me upwards upon my thigh, for I lay on one side, I say, as if it had been a creature lying upon me with all his weight, and turning his body upon me

It was so lively and sensible to me, and I remember it so perfectly well, though it is now many years ago, that my blood chills and flutters about my heart at the very writing it I immediately flung myself out of my bed and flew to my musket, which stood always ready at my hand, and naked as I was, laid about me upon the bed in the dark, and everywhere else that I could think of where anybody might stand or lie, but could find nothing "Lord deliver me from an evil spirit," said I, "what can this be?" And being tired with groping about, and having broke two or three of my earthen pots

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with making blows here and there to no purpose, I went to light my candle, for my lamp which I used to burn in the night either had not been lighted, or was gone out.

When I lighted a candle, I could easily see there was no living creature in the place with me but the poor parrot, who was waked and frighted, and cried out, "Hold your tongue," and "What 's the matter with you?" Which words he learned of me, from my frequent saying so to him, when he used to make his ordinary wild noise and screaming that I did not like.

The more I was satisfied that there was nothing in the room, at least to be seen, the more another concern came upon me. "Lord!" says I aloud, "this is the devil!" "Hold your tongue," says Poll. I was so mad at the bird, though the creature knew nothing of the matter, that if he had hung near me, I believe I should have killed him. I put my clothes on, and sat me down, for I could not find in my heart to go to bed again, and as I sat down, "I am terribly frighted," said I. "What 's the matter with you?" says Poll. "You toad," said I, "I'd knock your brains out if you were here." "Hold your tongue," says he again, and then fell to chattering "Robin Crusoe," and "Poor Robin Crusoe," as he used to do.

Had I been in any reach of a good temper, it had been enough to have composed me, but I was quite gone, I was fully possessed with a belief that it was the devil, and I prayed most heartily to God to be delivered from the power of the evil spirit.

After some time I composed myself a little, and went to bed again, and lying just in the posture as I was in before, I felt a little of the tingling in my blood which I felt before, and I resolved to lie still, let it be what it would, it came up as

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high as my knee, as before, but no higher, and now I began to see plainly that it was all a distemper, that it was something paralytic, and that affected the nerves, but I had not either experience of such a thing, or knowledge of diseases enough to be fully satisfied of the nature of them, and whether anything natural, any numbness or dead palsy affecting one part of the thigh, could feel as that did, till some months after that I felt something of the very same again at my first lying down in my bed for three or four nights together, which at first gave me a little concern as a distemper, but at last gave me such satisfaction, that the first was nothing but the same thing in a higher degree, that the pleasure of knowing it was only a disease was far beyond the concern at the danger of it, though a dead palsy to one in my condition might reasonably have been one of the most frightful things in Nature, since, having nobody to help me, I must have inevitably perished for mere want of food, not being able to go from place to place to fetch it.

But to go back to the case in hand, and to the apprehension I had been in all the several months that passed between the first of this and the last, I went about with a melancholy, heavy heart, fully satisfied that the devil had been in my room, and lay upon my bed.

Sometimes I would try to argue myself a little out of it, asking myself whether it was reasonable to imagine the devil had nothing else to do than to come thither, and only lie down upon me, and go away about his business, and say not one word to me, what end it could answer, and whether I thought the devil was really busied about such trifles, or whether he had not employment enough of a higher nature, so that such a thing as that could be worth his while



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But still, then, I was answered with my own thoughts returning thus — What could it be? Or, if it was not a devil, what was it? This I could not answer by any means at all, and so I still sunk under the belief that it was the devil, and nothing but the devil.

You may be sure, while I had this fancy in my head, I was of course overrun with the vapours, and had all the hypochondriac fancies that ever any melancholy head could entertain, and what with ruminating on the print of a foot upon the sand, and the weight of the devil upon me in my bed, I made no difficulty to conclude that the old gentleman really visited the place, and, in a word, it had been easy to have possessed me, if I had continued so much longer, that it was an enchanted island, that there were a million of evil spirits in it, and that the devil was lord of the manor

I scarce heard the least noise, near or far off, but I started, and expected to see a devil, every distant bush upon a hill, if I did not particularly remember it before, was a man, and every stump an apparition, and I scarce went twenty yards together, by night or by day, without looking behind me

Sometimes, indeed, I took a little heart, and would say, "Well, let it be the devil if it will! God is master of the devil, and he can do me no hurt unless he is permitted, he can be nowhere but He that made him is there too," and, as I said afterwards, when I was frightened with the old goat in a cave, "He is not fit to live all alone in such an island for twenty years that would be afraid to see the devil"

But all these things lasted but a short while, and the vapours that were raised at first were not to be so easily laid, for, in a word, it was not mere imagination, but it was the imagination raised up to dis-

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ease, nor did it ever quite wear off till I got my man Friday with me, of whom I have said so much, and then, having company to talk to, the hypo wore off, and I did not see any more devils after that

Before I leave this part, I cannot but give a caution to all vapourish, melancholy people, whose imaginations run this way, I mean about seeing the devil, apparitions, and the like, namely, that they should never look behind them, and over their shoulders, as they go upstairs, or look into the corners and holes of rooms with a candle in their hands, or turn about to see who may be behind them in any walks or dark fields, lanes, or the like, for let such know, they will see the devil whether he be there or no, nay, they will be so persuaded that they do see him, that their very imagination will be a devil to them wherever they go

But after all this is said, let nobody suggest that because the brain-sick fancy, the vapourish hypochondiac imagination represents spectres and spirits to us, and makes apparitions for us, that therefore there are no such things as spirits, both good and evil, any more than we should conceive that there is no devil, because we do not see him

The devil has witnesses of his being and nature, just as God Himself has of His, they are not indeed so visible or so numerous, but we are all able to bring evidence of the existence of the devil from our own failties, as we are to bring evidence of the existence of God from the faculties of our souls, and from the contexture of our bodies

As our propensity to evil rather than good is a testimony of the original depravity of human nature, so the harmony between the inclination and the occasion is a testimony which leaves the presence of the evil spirit with us out of question

Not that the devil is always the agent in our

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temptations, for though the devil is a very diligent fellow, and always appears ready to fall in with the allurements, yet the Scripture clears him, and we must do so too, of being the main tempter, 'tis our own corrupt, debauched inclination, which is the first moving agent, and therefore the Scripture says, "A man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed" The devil, who, as I said, is a very diligent fellow in the infernal work, and is always ready to forward the mischief, is also a very cunning fellow, and knows how most dexterously to suit alluring objects to the allurable dispositions, to procure ensnaring things, and lay them in the way of the man whom he finds so easily to be ensnared, and he never fails to prompt all the mischief he can, full of stratagem and art, to ensnare us by the help of our corrupt affections, and these are called "Satan's devices"

But having charged Satan home in that part, I must do the devil that justice as to own that he is the most slandered, most abused creature alive, thousands of crimes we lay to his charge that he is not guilty of, thousands of our own infirmities we load him with which he has no hand in, and thousands of our sins, which, as bad as he is, he knows nothing of, calling him our tempter, and pretending we did so and so as the devil would have it, when on the contrary the devil had no share in it, and we were only led away of our own lusts, and enticed

But now, having made this digression in the devil's defence, I return to the main question, that of the being of the devil, and of evil spirits, this I believe, there is no room to doubt of, but this, as I have observed, is not the thing, these are not the spirits I am speaking of, but I shall come directly to what I mean, and speak plain without any possibility of being misunderstood

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I make no question but that there is not only a world of spirits, but that there is a certain knowledge of it, though to us impossible as to the manner of it, there is a certain converse between the world of spirits, and the spirits in this world, that is to say, between spirits uncased or unembodied and souls of men embodied or cased up in flesh and blood, as we all are on this side death.

It is true that we cannot describe this converse of spirits, as to the way of it, the manner of the communication, or how things are mutually conveyed from one to another. How intelligences are given or received, we know not, we know but little of their being conveyed this way from the spirits unembodied to ours that are in life, and of their being conveyed that way, namely, from us to them — of that we know nothing. The latter certainly is done without the help of the organ, the former is conveyed by the understanding, and the retired faculties of the soul, of which we can give very little account.

“ For spirits, without the help of voice, converse ”

Let me, however, give, as reasons for my opinion, some account of the consequences of this converse of spirits, I mean, such as are quite remote from what we call apparition or appearance of spirits, and I omit these, because I know they are objected much against, and they bear much scandal from the frequent impositions of our fancies and imaginations upon our judgments and understandings, as above.

But the more particular discoveries of this converse of spirits, and which to me are undeniable, are such as follows, namely, —

Dreams	Impulses	Involuntary sad-
Voices	Hints	ness, &c
Noises	Apprehensions	

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Dreams are dangerous things to talk of, and we have such dreaming about them, that indeed the least encouragement to lay any weight upon them is presently carried away by a sort of people that dream waking, and that run into such wild extremes about them, that indeed we ought to be very cautious what we say of them

It is certain dreams of old were the ways by which God Himself was pleased to warn men, as well what to do, as what not to do, what services to perform, what evils to shun. Joseph, the husband of the blessed Virgin Mary, was appeared to in both these (Matt. ii 13, 19). He was directed of God, in a dream, to go into Egypt, and he was bid return out of Egypt in a dream, and in the same chapter, the wise men of the East were warned of God in a dream to depart into their own country another way to avoid the fury of Herod.

Now as this, and innumerable instances through the whole Scripture, confirm that God did once make use of this manner to convey knowledge and instruction to men, I wish I could have this question well answered, viz, Why are we now to direct people to take no notice of their dreams?

But farther, it appears that this was not only the method God Himself took by His immediate power, but it is evident He made use of it by the ministry of spirits, the Scripture says in both the cases of Joseph above named, that the "angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream." Now every unembodied spirit is an angel of the Lord in some sense, and as angels and spirits may be the same thing in respect of this influence upon us in dreams, so it is still, and when any notice for good, or warning against evil, is given us in a dream, I think 'tis no arrogance at all for us to say the angel of the Lord appeared to us in a dream, or to say some good

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spirit gave me warning of this in a dream ; — take this which way you will

That I may support this with such undeniable arguments, drawn from examples of the fact, as no man will, or reasonably can oppose, I first appeal to the experience of observing people, I mean, such people as observe these things without a superstitious dependence upon the signification of them, that look upon dreams but with such a moderate regard to them as may direct to a right use of them. The question I would ask of such is, whether they have never found any remarkable event of their lives so evidently foretold them by a dream, as that it must of necessity be true that some invisible being foresaw the event, and gave them notice of it ? And that, had that notice been listened to, and the natural prudence used which would have been used if it had been certainly discovered, that evil event might have been prevented ?

I would ask others whether they have not, by dreams, been so warned of evil really approaching, as that, taking the hint, and making use of the caution given in those dreams, the evil has been avoided ? If I may speak my own experience, I must take leave to say, that I never had any capital mischief befall me in my life but I have had notice of it by a dream, and if I had not been that thoughtless, unbelieving creature, which I now would caution other people against, I might have taken many a warning, and avoided many of the evils that I afterwards fell into merely by a total obstinate neglect of those dreams.

In like manner I have in some of the greatest distresses of my life been encouraged to believe firmly and fully that I should one time or other be delivered, and I must acknowledge, that in my greatest and most hopeless banishment I had such frequent

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dreams of my deliverance, that I always entertained a firm and satisfying belief that my last days would be better than my first, all which has effectually come to pass.

From which I cannot determine, as I know some do, that all dreams are mere dozings of a delirious head, delusions of a waking devil, and relics of the day's thoughts and perplexities, or pleasures. Nor do I see any period of time fixed between the two opposite circumstances — namely, when dreams were to be esteemed the voice of God and when the delusion of the devil.

I know some have struggled hard to fix that particular article, and to settle it as a thing going hand in hand with the Jewish institutions, as if the oracle ceasing in the temple with the consummation of the typical law, all the methods which Heaven was pleased to take in the former times for revealing His will to men were to cease also at the same time, and the Gospel revelation being fully and effectually supplied by the mission of the Holy Spirit, dreams and all the uses and significations of dreams were at an end, and the esteem and regard to the warnings and instructions of dreams was to expire also.

But the Scripture is point-blank against this in the history of fact relating to Ananias and the conversion of St Paul, and in the story of St Peter and Cornelius, the devout centurion at Antioch, both of them eminent instances of God's giving notice of His pleasure to men by the interposition or medium of a dream. The first of these is in Acts ix 10. "There was a certain disciple at Damascus named Ananias. To him said the Lord in a vision," &c., the words spoken in this vision to Ananias, directing to go to seek out one Saul of Tarsus, go on thus (ver 12), "and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in."

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The other passage is of St Peter and Cornelius the centurion (Acts x. vers. 3, 10, 11). In the third verse it is said, Cornelius, fasting and praying, saw a vision, which afterwards, in the 22nd verse, is called an holy angel warning him, in the 30th verse it is said, "a man stood before me in bright clothing," at the same time (ver 10) it is said, St. Peter was praying and fell into a trance — this we all agreed to be a possession of sleep, or a deep sleep — and in this trance it is said he saw heaven opened, that is to say, he dreamed that he saw heaven opened, it could be nothing else, for no interpreters will offer to insist that heaven was really opened, also, the hearing a voice (vers 13, 15) must be in a dream. Thus 'tis apparent the will of God concerning what we are to do or not to do, what is or is not to befall us, is and has been thus conveyed by vision or dream since the expiation of the Levitical dispensation, and since the mission of the Holy Ghost

When, then, did it cease? And if we do not know when it ceased, how then are we sure it is at all ceased, and what authority have we now to reject all dreams or visions of the night, as they are called, more than formerly?

I will not say but there may be more nocturnal delusions now in the world than there were in those times, and perhaps the devil may have gained more upon mankind in these days than he had then, though we are not let into those things enough to know whether it is so or not, nor do we know that there were not as many unsignifying dreams in those days as now, and perhaps, as much to be said against depending upon them, though I think there is not one word in Scripture said to take off the regard men might give to dreams, or to lessen the weight which they might lay on them



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The only text that I think looks like it is the flout Joseph's brethren put upon him, or threw out at him, when they were speaking of him with contempt (Gen xxxvii 19), "Behold, this dreamer cometh," and again (ver 20), "Let us slay him and cast him into some pit, and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

This, indeed, looks a little like the present language against dreams, but even this is sufficiently rebuked in the consequences, for those dreams of Joseph did come all to pass, and proving the superior influence such things have upon the affairs of men, in spite of all the contempt they can cast upon them.

The maxim I have laid down to myself for my conduct in this affair is, in few words, that we should not lay too great stress upon dreams, and yet not wholly neglect them.

I remember I was once present where a long dispute was vainly carried on between two persons of my acquaintance upon this very subject, the one a layman, the other a clergyman, but both very pious and religious persons. The first thought there was no heed at all to be given to dreams, that they could have no justifiable original, that they were delusions and no more, that it was atheistical to lay any stress upon them, and that he could give such objections against them as that no man of good principles could avoid being convinced by, that as to their being a communication from the invisible to the visible world 't was a chimera, and that he saw no foundation for believing any reality in such a thing, unless I would set up for a Popish *limbus*, or purgatory, which had no foundation in the Scripture.

(1) He said, if dreams were from the agency of any prescient being, the notices would be more direct and the discoveries clear — not by allegories and

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emblematic fancies, expressing things imperfect and dark. For to what purpose should spirits unembodied sport with mankind, warning him of approaching mischiefs by the most ridiculous enigmas, figures, &c., leaving the wretch to guess what awaited him, though of the utmost consequence, and to perish if he mistook the meaning of it, and leaving him sometimes perfectly at a loss to know whether he was right or wrong, and without any rule or guide to walk by in the most difficult cases?

(2) He objected, that with the notice of evil, suppose it to be rightly understood, there was not given a power to avoid it, and therefore it could not be alleged that the notice was any way kind, and that it was not likely to proceed from a beneficent spirit, but merely fortuitous, and of no significance.

(3) He objected, that if such notices as those were of such weight, why were they not constant, but that sometimes they were given and sometimes omitted, though cases were equally important? and that, therefore, they did not seem to proceed from any agent whose actions were to be fairly accounted for.

(4) He said, that oftentimes we had very distinct and formal dreams, without any signification at all, that we could neither know anything probable or anything rational of them, and that it would be profane to suggest that to come from heaven which was too apparently foolish and inconsistent.

(5) As men were not always thus warned, or supplied with notices of good or evil, so all men were not alike supplied with them, and what reason could we give why one man or one woman should not have the same hints as another?

The clergyman gave distinct answers to all these objections, and to me, I confess, very satisfactory, whether they may be so to those that read them,

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is no concern of mine , let every one judge for himself

(1 ) He said, that as to the signification of dreams and the objections against them, because dark and doubtful, that they are expressed generally by hieroglyphical representations, similes, allusions, and figurative emblematic ways of expressing things, was true, and that by this means, for want of interpretation, the thing was not understood, and consequently the evil not shunned. This, he said, was the only difficulty that remained to him in the case, but that he could see nothing in it against the signification of them, because thus it was before, for dreams were often allegoric and allusive when they were evidently from God, and what the end and design of Providence in that was, we could not pretend to inquire

(2 ) To the second he said, we charged God foolishly, to say He had given the notice of evil without the power to avoid it, which he denied, and affirmed that, if any one had not power to avoid the evil, it was no notice to him that it was want of giving due heed to that notice, not for want of the notice being sufficient that any evil followed, and that men first neglected themselves, and then charged the Judge of all the earth with not doing right

(3 ) Likewise he said, the complaint that these notices were not constant, was unjust, for he doubted not but they were so, but our discerning was crazed and clouded by our negligence in not taking due notice of it , that we hooiwinked our understanding by pretending dreams were not to be regarded , and the voice really spoke, but we refused to hear, being negligent of our own good

(4 ) In the same sense he answered the fourth, and said it was a mistake to say that sometimes dreams had no import at all , he said it was only to be said, none that we could perceive the reason of, which was

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owing to our blindness and supine negligence, to be secure at one time, and our heads too much alarmed at another, so that the spirit which we might be said to be conversing with in a dream was constantly and equally kind and careful, but our powers not always in the same state of action, nor equally attentive to or retentive of the hints that were given, or things might be rendered more or less intelligible to us, as the powers of our soul were more or less dozed or somnolent with the oppression of vapours from the body, which occasions sleep, for though the soul cannot be said to sleep itself, yet how far its operations may be limited, and the understanding prescribed by the sleepiness of the body, says he, I will not undertake, let the anatomist judge of it who can account for the texture of the parts, and for their operations, which I cannot answer to.

(5) As to the last question, why people are not equally supplied with such warnings, he said, this seemed to be no question at all in the case, for Providence itself might have some share in the direction of it, and then that Providence might perhaps be limited by some superior direction, the same that guides all the solemn dispositions of Nature, and was a wind blowing where it listeth, that as to the converse of spirits, though he allowed the thing itself, yet he did not tie it up to a stated course of conversing, that it should be the same always, and to all people, and on all occasions, but that it seemed to be spontaneous, and consequently arbitrary, as if the spirits unembodied had it left to them to converse as they thought fit, how, where, and with whom they would, that all he answered for in that discourse was for the thing itself, that such a thing there was, but why there was so much of it, or why no more, was none of his business, and he believed a discovery was not yet made to mankind of that part.

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I thought it would be much to the purpose to remark this opinion of another man, because it corresponded so exactly with my own, but I have not done with my friend, for he led me into another inquiry, which, indeed, I had not taken so much notice of before, and this was introduced by the following question —

“You seem,” says he, “to be very inquisitive about dreams, and to doubt—though I think you have no reason for it—of the reality of the world of spirits, which dreams are such an evidence of Pray,” says he, “what think you of waking dreams, trances, visions, noises, voices, hints, impulses, and all these waking testimonies of an invisible world, and of the communication that there is between us and them, which are generally entertained with our eyes open?”

This led me into many reflections upon past things, which I had been witness to as well in myself as in other people, and particularly in my former solitudes, when I had many occasions to mark such things as these, and I could not but entertain a free conversation with my friend upon this subject as often as I had opportunity, of which I must give some account.

I had one day been conversing so long with him upon the common received notions of the planets being habitable, and of a diversity of worlds, that I think verily I was for some days like a man transported into these regions myself. Whether my imagination is more addicted to realising the things I talk of, as if they were in view, I know not, or whether by the power of the converse of spirits I speak of I was at that time enabled to entertain clearer ideas of the invisible world, I really cannot tell, but I certainly made a journey to all those supposed habitable bodies in my imagination, and I know not but it may be very useful to tell you what

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I met with in my way, and what the wiser I am for the discovery, whether you will be the wiser for the relation at second hand, I cannot answer for that.

I could make a long discourse here of the power of imagination, and how bright the ideas of distant things may be found in the mind when the soul is more than ordinarily agitated. It is certain the extraordinary intelligence conveyed in this manner is not always regular, sometimes it is exceeding confused, and the brain being not able to digest it, turns round too fast, this tends to lunacy and distraction, and the swiftness of the motion these ideas come in with occasions a commotion in Nature, the understanding is inobbed with them, disturbed, runs from one thing to another, and digests nothing, this is well expressed in our common way of talking of a madman, namely, that his head is turned. Indeed, I can liken it to nothing so well as to the wheels of a windmill, which, if the sails or wings are set, and the wind blow a storm, run round so fast, that they will set all on fire if a skilful hand be not ready to direct and manage it.

But not to enter upon this whimsical description of lunacy, which, perhaps, may be nobody's opinion but my own, I proceed thus, that when the head is strong, and capable of the impressions, when the understanding is empowered to digest the infinite variety of ideas which present to it from the extended fancy, then, I say, the soul of man is capable to act strangely upon the invisibles in Nature, and upon futurity, realising everything to itself in such a lively manner, that what it thus thinks of it really sees, speaks to, hears, converses with, &c., as lively as if the substance was really before his face; and this is what I mean by those that dream waking, by visions, trances, or what you please to call them, for

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it is not necessary to this part that the man should be asleep

I return to my share of these things. It was after my conversing with my learned friend about the heavenly bodies, the motion, the distances, and the bulk of the planets, their situation, and the orbits they move in, the share of light, heat, and moisture which they enjoy, their respect to the sun, their influences upon us, and, at last, the possibility of their being habitable, with all the arcana of the skies, it was on this occasion, I say, that my imagination, always given to wander, took a flight of its own, and as I have told you that I had an invincible inclination to travel, so I think I travelled as sensibly, to my understanding, over all the mazes and wastes of infinite space, in quest of those things, as ever I did over the deserts of Karakathie, and the uninhabited wastes of Tartary, and perhaps may give as useful an account of my journey

When first my fancy raised me up in the confines of this vast abyss, and having now travelled through the misty regions of the atmosphere could look down as I mounted, and see the world below me, it is scarcely possible to imagine how little, how mean, how despicable everything looked. Let any man but try this experiment of himself, and he shall certainly find the same thing, let him but fix his thoughts so intensely upon what is and must necessarily be seen in a stage or two higher than where we now live, removed from the particular converse with the world, as to realise to his imagination what he can suppose to be there, he shall find all that is below him, as distant objects always do, lessen in his mind as they do in his sight

Could a man subsist without a supply of food, and live but one mile in perpendicular height from the surface, he would despise life and the world at

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such a rate that he would hardly come down to have it be all his own, the soul of man is capable of being continually elevated above the very thoughts of human things — is capable of travelling up to the highest and most distant regions of light, but when it does, as it rises above the earthly globe, so the things of this globe sink to him

When I was at first lifted up in my imaginary travels, this was the first thing of moment I remarked, namely, how little the world and everything about it seemed to me. I am not given to preach, or drawing long corollaries, as the learned call them, but I recommend it to my friends to observe that, could we always look upon the things of life with the same eyes as we shall do when we come to the edge of time, when one eye can as it were look back on the world, and the other look forward into eternity, we should save ourselves the trouble of much repentance, and should scorn to touch many of those things in which we now fancy our chief felicity is laid up, believe me, we shall see more with half an eye then, and judge better at first glance, than we can now, with all our pretended wisdom and penetration. In a word, all the passions and affections suffer a general change upon such a view, and what we desire before, we condemn them with abhorrence.

Having begun to soar, the world was soon out of sight, unless that as I rose higher, and could look at her in a due position as to the sun, I could see her turned into a moon, and shine by reflection. “Ay, shine on,” said I, “with thy borrowed rays, for thou hast but very few of thy own.”

When my fancy had mounted me thus beyond the vestiges of the earth, and leaving the atmosphere behind me, I had set my firm foot upon the verge of infinite, when I drew no breath, but subsisted upon



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pure ether, it is not possible to express fully the vision of the place. First, you are to conceive of sight as unconfined, and you see here at least the whole solar system at one view. Nor is your sight bounded by the narrow circumference of one sun and its attendants of planets, whose orbits are appropriated to its proper system, but above and beyond, and on every side, you see innumerable suns, and, attending on them, planets, satellites, and inferior lights, proper to their respective systems, and all these moving in their subordinate circumstances, without the least confusion, with glorious light and splendour inconceivable.

In this first discovery 't is most natural to observe how plainly it is to be seen that the reason of the creation of such immense bodies as the sun, stars, planets, and moons, in the great circle of the lower heaven, is far from being to be found in the study of Nature on the surface of our earth, but he that will see thoroughly why God has formed the heavens, the work of His hands, and the moon and the stars which He has made, must soar up higher, and then, as he will see with other eyes than he did before, so he will see the God of Nature has formed an infinite variety which we know nothing of, and that all the creatures are a reason to one another for their creation.

I could not forget myself, however, when I was got up thus high, I say, I could not but look back upon the state of man in this life, how confined from these discoveries, how vilely employed in biting and devouring, envying and maligning one another, and all for the vilest trifles that can be conceived.

But I was above it all here, and all those things which appeared so afflicting before gave me not the least concern now, for the soul being gone of this errand had quite different notices of the whole state

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of life, and was neither influenced by passions or affections, as it was before

Here I saw into many things by the help of a sedate inquiry, that we can entertain little or no notion of in a state of common superficial life, and I desire to leave a few remarks of this unaginary journey, as I did of my ordinary travels

When I came, I say, to look into the solar system as I have hinted, I saw perfectly the emptiness of our modern notions that the planets were habitable worlds, and shall give a brief description of the case, that others may see it too, without the necessity of taking so long a journey

And first for the word habitable I understand the meaning of it to be, that the place it is spoken of is qualified for the subsistence and existence of man and beast, and to preserve the vegetative and sensitive life, and you may depend upon it that none of the planets, except the moon, are in this sense habitable, and the moon, a poor, little, watery, damp thing, not above as big as Yorkshire, neither worth being called a world, nor capable of rendering life comfortable to mankind, if indeed supportable, and if you will believe one's mind capable of seeing at so great a distance, I assure you I did not see man, woman, or child there in all my contemplative voyage to it my meaning is, I did not see the least reason to believe there was or could be any there. As to the rest of the planets, I will take them in their order Saturn (the remotest from the sun, which is in the centre of the system) is a vast extended globe, of a substance cold and moist, its greatest degree of light is never so much as our greatest darkness may be said to be in clear weather, and its cold insufferable, and if it were a body composed of the same elements as our earth, its sea would be all brass, and its earth all iron, that is to

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say, both would be continually frozen, as the north pole in the winter solstice. What man or men, and of what nature, could inhabit this frigid planet, unless the Creator must be supposed to have created animal creatures for the climate, not the climate for the creatures? All the notions of Saturn's being a habitable world are contrary to nature, and incongruous with sense, for Saturn is at so infinite a distance from the sun, that it has not above one-ninetieth part of the light and heat that we enjoy on our earth, so that the light there may be said to be much less than our starlight, and the cold ninety times greater than the coldest day in our winter

Jupiter is in the same predicament, his constitution, however, in its degree much milder than Saturn, yet certainly is not qualified for human bodies to subsist, having only one twenty-seventh part of the light and heat that we enjoy here, consequently its light is at best as dim as our twilight, and its heat so little in the summer of its situation as to be as far from comfortable as it is in its winter situation insupportable

Mars, if you will believe our ancient philosophers, is a fiery planet in the very disposition of its influence, as well as by the course of its motion, and yet even here the light is not above one-half, and its heat one-third of ours. And on the other hand, as Saturn is cold and moist, so this planet is hot and dry, and would admit no habitation of man, through the manifest intemperance of the air, as well as want of light to make it comfortable, and moisture to make it fruitful, for by the nature of the planet, as well as by clear-sighted observation, there is never any rain, vapour, fog, or dew in that planet.

Venus and Mercury are in the extreme the other way, and would destroy nature by their heat and

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dazzling light, as the other would by their darkness and cold, so that you may depend upon it I could see very clearly that all these bodies were neither inhabited or habitable, and the earth only, as we call it, being seated between these intemperances, appeared habitable, surrounded with an atmosphere to defend it from the invasion of the inconsistent ether, in which perspiration could not be performed by the lungs, and by which the needful vapour it sends forth is preserved from dissipating into the waste and abyss, and is condensed, and timely returns in showers of rain to moisten, cool, and nourish the exhausted earth

It is true the way I went was no common road, yet I found abundance of passengers going to and fro here, and particularly innumerable armies of good and evil spirits, who all seemed busily employed, and continually upon the wing, as if some expresses passed between the earth, which in this part of my travels I place below me, and some country infinitely beyond all that I could reach the sight of, for, by the way, though I take upon me in this sublime journey to see a great deal of the invisible world, yet I was not arrived to a length to see into any part of the world of light beyond it all. That vision is beyond all, and I pretend to say nothing of it here, except this only, that a clear view of this part with optics unclouded is a great step to prepare the mind for a look into the other.

But to return to my station in the highest created world, flatter not yourselves that those regions are uninhabited because the planets appear to be so. No, no, I assure you this is that world of spirits, or at least is a world of spirits.

Here I saw a clear demonstration of Satan being the prince of the power of the air, 't is in this boundless waste he is confined, whether it be his busy rest-

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less inclination has posted him here, that he may affront God in His government of the world, and do injury to mankind in mere envy to his happiness, as the famed Mr Milton says it, or whether it is that by the eternal decree of Providence he is appointed to be man's continual disturber for Divine ends, to us unknown, this I had not wandered far enough to be informed of, those secrets being lodged much higher than imagination itself ever travelled

But here, I say, I found Satan keeping his court, or camp we may call it, which we please. The innumerable legions that attended his immediate service were such that it is not at all to be wondered that he supplied every angle of this world, and had his work going forward, not in every country only, but even in every individual inhabitant of it, with all the dexterity and application imaginable

This sight gave me a just idea of the devil as a tempter, but really let me into a secret which I did not so well know before, or at least did not consider, namely, that the devil is not capable of doing half the mischief in the world that we lay to his charge. That he works by engines and agents, stratagems and art, is true, and a great deal is owing to his vigilance and application, for he is a very diligent fellow in his calling. But 'tis plain his power is not so great as we imagine. he can only prompt to the crime — he cannot force us to commit it; so that if we sin it is all our own, the devil has only to be charged with the art of insinuation. Just as he began with Eve, he goes on with us, in short, he reasons us out of our resolutions to do well, and wheedles us to an agreement to do ill, working us up to an opinion, that what evil we are about to do is no sin, or not so great a sin as we feared, and so draws us by art into the crime we had resolved against. This, indeed, the Scripture intimates when

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it speaks of Satan's devices, the subtlety of the wicked one, his lying in wait, &c But to charge the devil with forcing us to offend, is doing the devil a great deal of wrong, our doing evil is from the native propensity of our wills *humanum est peccare* I will not enter here into the dispute about original corruption in nature, which I know many good and learned men dispute, but that there is a secret aptness to offend, and a secret backwardness to what is good, which, if it is not born with us, we can give no account how we came by, this I think every man will grant, and that this is the devil that tempts us the Scripture plainly tells us, when it says, "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed"

There is a secret love of folly and vanity in the mind, and mankind are hurried down the stream of their own affections into crime, 't is agreeable to them to do this, and 't is a force upon nature not to do it.

Vice is down hill, and when we do offend,  
'T is nature all, we act as we intend  
Virtue's up hill, and all against the grain,  
Resolved reluctant, and pursued with pain

But to return to the devil his power not extending to creation, and being not able to force the world into an open rebellion against Heaven, as doubtless he would do if he could, he is left to the exercise of his skill, and, in a word, we may say of him, that he lives by his wits, that is to say, maintains his kingdom by subtlety and most exquisite cunning; and if my vision of his politics is not a new discovery, I am very much mistaken

His innumerable legions, as I hinted above, like *aides-de-camp* to a general, are continually employed to carry his orders and execute his commissions in all parts of the world, and in every individual to oppose

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the authority of God and the felicity of man to the utmost of his power

The first and greatest part of his government is over those savage nations where he has obtained to set himself up as God, and to be worshipped instead of God, and I observed that though, having full possession of these people, even by whole nations at a time, that is the easiest part of his government, yet he is far from neglecting his interest there, but is exceeding vigilant to keep up his authority among those people. This he does by sending messengers into those parts to answer the pawawings or conjurings even of the most ignorant old wizard, raising storms and making noises, and shrieks in the air, flashes of infernal fire, and anything but to fright the people, that they may not forget him, and that they may have no other gods but him.

He has his peculiar agents for this work, which he makes detachments of, as his occasions require, some to one part of the world, some to another, as to the North America, even as far as to the frozen provinces of Greenland, to the north of Europe, to the Laplanders, Samoyedes, and Mongol Tatars, also to the Gog and Magog of Asia, and to the devil-makers of China and Japan, again to the southern parts of Asia, to the isles of the Indian and South Seas, and to the south part of America and Africa.

Through all these parts he has an uncontrolled power, and is either worshipped in person or by his representatives, the idols and monsters which the poor people bow down to, and Satan has very little trouble with them.

He employs, indeed, some millions of his missionaries into those countries, who labour *ad propagandam fidem*, and fail not to return and bring him an account of their success, and I doubt not but some of them were at my hand in my island when the savages

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appeared there, for if the devil had not been in them, they would hardly have come straggling over the sea so far to devour one another.

In all these countries the brutality, the cruelty, and ravenous bloody dispositions of the people, is to me a certain testimony that the devil has full possession of them.

But to return to my observations in the exalted state of my fancy, I must tell you that though the devil carried on his schemes of government in those blinded parts of the world with great ease and all things went to his mind, I found he had more difficulty in the northern parts of the temperate zone, I mean, our climate and the rest of Christendom, and consequently he did not act here by whole squadrons and by generals, but was obliged to carry on his business among us by particular solicitations, to act by particular agents upon particular persons, attacking the personal conduct of men in a manner peculiar to himself. But so far was this difficulty from being any advantage to the world, or disadvantage to the devil, that it only obliged him to make use of the more engines, and as he had no want of numbers, I observed that his whole clan seemed busy on this side, the number of which consists of innumerable millions, so that, in short, there was not a devil wanting, no, not to manage every individual man, woman, and child in the world.

How, and in what manner, evil angels attend us, what then business, how far their power extends, and how far it is restrained, and by whom, were all made plain to me at one view in this state of *clairvoyance* that I stood in now, and I will describe it if I can in a few heads of fact, you may enlarge upon them as experience guides.

And first, the limitations of the devil's power are



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necessary to be understood, and how directed For example, you must know, that though the numbers of these evil spirits, which are thus diligently employed in mischief, are so infinitely great, yet the numbers of good angels or good spirits which are employed by a superior authority, and from a place infinitely distant and high above the devil's bounds, is not only equal, I say equal at least, in number, but infinitely superior in power, and it is this particular which makes it plain that all the devil does, or that his agents can do, is by continual subtlety, extreme vigilance and application, under infinite checks, rebukes, and callings off by the attendant spirits, who have power to correct and restrain him upon all occasions, just as a man does a dog or a thief when he is discovered

On this account it is first plain, I say, that the devil can do nothing by force, he cannot kill, maim, hurt, or destroy, if he could, mankind would have but a very precarious state of life in the world, nay the devil cannot blast the fruits of the earth, cause death, droughts, famine, or scarcity. neither can he spread noxious fumes in the air to infect the world, if any of those things were in his power, he would soon unpeople God's creation, and put his Maker to the necessity of a new fiat, or of having no more human creatures to worship and honour Him

You will ask me how I came to know all this? I say, ask me no questions till the elevation of your fancy carries you up to the outer edge of the atmosphere, as I tell you mine did. There you will see the prince of the air in his full state, managing his universal empire with the most exquisite art, but if ever you can come to a clear view of his person, do but look narrowly, and you will see a great clog at his foot, in token of his limited power, and though he himself is immense in bulk, and moves like a

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fiery meteor in the air, yet you always see a hand with a thunderbolt impending just over his head, the arm coming out of a fiery cloud, which is a token of the sentence he is under, that at the end of his appointed time that cloud shall break, and that hand strike him with the thunder represented, down, down, for ever, into a place prepared for him

But all this does not hinder him, who is prompted by infernal rage against the kingdom of God and the welfare of man, from pushing mankind, as above, upon all the methods of their own ruin and destruction, by alluring baits, cunning artifice, night whispers, infusing wicked desires, and fanning the flames of men's lusts, pride, avarice, ambition, revenge, and all the wicked excursions of corrupt nature.

It would take up a long tract by itself to form a system of the devil's politics, and to lay down a body of his philosophy. I observed, however, that some of his general rules are such as these —

(1) To infuse notions of liberty into the minds of men, that it is hard they should be born into the world with inclinations, and then be forbidden to gratify them, that such and such pleasure should be prepared in the nature of things, made suitable and proper to the senses and faculties, which on the other hand are prepared in mere constitution, and placed in his soul, and that then he should be forbidden, under the penalty of a curse, to taste them; that to place an appetite in the man, and a strong powerful gust to these delights, and then declare them fatal to him, would be laying a snare to mankind in his very constitution, and making his brightest faculties be the betrayers of his soul to misery, which would not consist with justice, much less with the goodness of a creator.

(2) To persuade from hence, that the notions of

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future punishments are fables and amusements, that it is not rational to think a just God would prepare infinite and eternal punishments for finite and trivial offences, that God does not take notice of the minute acts of life, and lay every slip to our charge, but that the merciful dispositions of God, who so bountifully directs the whole world to be assistant to the profit and delight of mankind, has certainly given him leave to enjoy it at will, and take the comfort of it without fear

(3) Of late, indeed, the devil has learned — for devils may improve as well as men in the arts of doing ill — at last, I say, he has learned to infuse a wild notion into the heads of some people, who are first fitted for it by having reasoned themselves in favor of their loose desires up to a pitch, that there is no such thing as a God or a future state at all

Now, as at first the devil was not fool enough to attempt to put this jest upon man, his own antiquity and eternity being a contradiction to it, so I found among my new discoveries that the devil took this absurdity from man himself, and that it went among Satan's people for a new invention. I found also that there was a black party employed upon this new subtlety, these were a sort of devils, for Satan never wants instruments, who were called insinulators, and who were formerly employed to prompt men to crimes by dreams, and here I shall observe, that I learned a way how to make any man dream of what I please. For example suppose one to be sound asleep, or, as we say, in a deep sleep or dead sleep, let another lay his mouth close to his ear and whisper anything to him so softly as not to awaken him, the sleeping man shall certainly dream of what was so whispered to him

Let no man despise this hint nothing is more

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sure than that many of our dreams are the whispers of the devil, who, by his insinuations, whispers into our heads what wicked things he would have our thoughts entertain and work upon, and take this with you as you go, those insinuating devils can do this as well when we are awake as when we are asleep. And this will bring me to what I call impulses upon the mind, which are certainly whispers in the ear and no other, and come either from good angels attending us, or from the devil's insinuations, which are always at hand, and may be judged of according as the subject our thoughts are prompted to work upon is good or evil.

From whence but from these insinuations come our causeless passions, our involuntary wickedness, sinning in desire as effectually as by actual committing the crime we desire to commit?

Whence comes imagination to work upon wicked and vicious objects when the person is fast asleep, and when he had not been under the preparation of wicked discourse or wicked thoughts previous to those imaginations? Who forms ideas in the mind of man? who presents beautiful or terrible figures to his fancy, when his eyes are closed with sleep? who but these insinuating devils, who invisibly approach the man, sleeping or waking, and whisper all manner of lewd, abominable things into his mind.

Mr Milton, whose imagination was carried up to a greater height than I am now, went farther into the abyss of Satan's empire a great way, especially when he formed Satan's palace of pandemonium, I say, he was exactly of this opinion when he represented the devil tempting our mother Eve in the shape of a toad lying just at her ear, when she lay fast asleep in her bower, where he whispered to her ear all the wicked things which she entertained notions of by night, and which prompted her the

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next day to break the great command, which was the rule of her life, and, accordingly, he brings in Eve, telling Adam what an uneasy night's rest she had, and relating her dream to him

This thought, however laid down in a kind of jest, is very seriously intended, and would, if well digested, direct us very clearly in our judgment of dreams, viz, not to suggest them to be always things of mere chance, but that sometimes they are to be heeded as useful warnings of evil or good by the agency of good spirits, as at other times they are the artful insinuations of the devil to inject wicked thoughts and abhorred abominable ideas into the mind, which we ought not only as much as possible to guard against, but even to repent of so far as the mind may have entertained and acted upon them

From this general vision of the devil's management of his affairs, which I must own I have had with my eyes wide open, I find a great many useful observations to be made, and first, it can be no longer strange that, while the commerce of evil spirits is so free and the intercourse between this world and that is thus open, I say, it can be no longer strange that there are so many silent ways of spirits conversing, I mean, spirits of all kinds.

For, as I have observed already, there is a residence of good spirits, but they are placed infinitely higher, out of the reach and out of the sight of this lower orbit of Satan's kingdom, as those pass and repass invisible, I confess I have yet had no ideas of them but those which I have received from my first view of the infernal region. If I should have any superior elevations, and should be able to see the economy of Heaven in His disposition of things on earth, I shall be as careful to convey them to posterity as they come in.

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However, the transactions of good spirits with man are certainly the same, for as God has, for a protection and safeguard to mankind, limited the devil from affrighting him by visible appearances in his native and hellish deformity, and the horrid shape he would necessarily bear, so, for man's felicity, even the glorious angels of heaven are very seldom allowed, at least not lately, to appear in the glorious forms they formerly took, or, indeed, in any form, or with a voice, the restraint of our souls in the case of flesh and blood we now wear not admitting it, and not being able to familiarise those things to us, man being by no means, in his incorporated state, qualified for an open and easy conversation with unembodied spirit

Moreover, this would be breaking into the limits which the wisdom and goodness of God has put to our present state, I mean as to futurity, our ignorance in which is the greatest felicity of human life, and without which necessary blindness man could not support life, for nature is no way able to support a view into futurity, I mean, not into that part of futurity which concerns us in our state of life in this world

I have often been myself among the number of those fools that would be their own fortune-tellers, but when I look thus beyond the atmosphere, and see a little speculatively into invisibles, I could easily perceive that it is our happiness that we are short-sighted creatures, and can see but a very little before us For example, were we to have the eyes of our souls opened through the eyes of our bodies, we should see this very immediate region of air which we breathe in thronged with spirits, to us, blessed be God, now invisible, and which would otherwise be most frightful, we should see into the secret transactions of those messengers who are employed when the pass-

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ing soul takes its leave of the reluctant body, and perhaps see things nature would shrink back from with the utmost terror and amazement. In a word, the curtain of Providence for the disposition of things here, and the curtain of judgment for the determination of the state of souls hereafter, would be alike drawn back, and what heart could support here its future state in life, much less that of its future state after life, even good or bad?

It is, then, our felicity that the converse of spirits and the visions of futurity are silent, emblematic, and done by hints, dreams, and impulses, and not by clear vision and open discovery. They that desire a fuller and plainer sight of these things ask they know not what, and it was a good answer of a gipsy, when a lady of my acquaintance asked her to tell her fortune, "Do not ask me, lady," said the gipsy, "to tell you what you dare not hear." The woman was a little honester than her profession intimated, and freely confessed it was all a cheat, and that they knew nothing of fortunes, but had a course or round of doubtful expressions, to amuse ignorant people and get a little money.

Even the devil's oracles—for such, no doubt, they were at Delphos and at other places, though the devil seemed at that time to have some liberties granted him which it is evident have since been denied him—were allowed to be given only in doubtful expressions, double entendres, echoes of words, and such like. For example a man going to sea, and inquiring of the oracle thus—

"Have I just cause the seas and storms to fear?"

Echo—"Fear."

Another.

"Shall we the Parthian boatmen fight, or fly?"

Echo—"Fly."

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Such dark replies, and other words doubtful and enigmatis, were frequently given and taken for answers, by which the deluded world were kept in doubt of that futurity they hunted after. But Satan, even then, was not permitted to speak plain, or mankind to see what awaited them behind the dark veil of futurity, nor was it proper, on any account whatsoever, that it should be otherwise.

But before I come to this let me put some limits to the elevations and visions I have mentioned before, for as I am far from enthusiastie in my notions of things, so I would not lead any one to fancy themselves farther enlightened than is meet, or to see things invisible, as St Paul heard things unutterable.

And, therefore, let me add here, that the highest raptures, trances, and elevations of the soul are bounded by the eternal decree of Heaven, and let men pretend to what visions they please, it is all romance, all beyond what I have talked of above is fabulous and absurd, and it will for ever be true, as the Scripture says, not only those things are hid from the eye, but even from the conception.

Upon this occasion, I must own that I think it is criminal to attempt to form ideas either of hell or of heaven in the mind, other than as the Scripture has described them, by the state rather than the place. We are told, in plain words, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive either of what is prepared for the future state of the happy or miserable, 't is enough for us to entertain the general notion — the favour of God is heaven, and the loss of it the most dreadful of all, hell.

A heaven of joy must in His presence dwell,  
And in His absence every place is hell

My meaning is this, all visions, or propounded visions, either of heaven or hell, are mere delusions



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of the mind, and generally are fictions of a waking bewildered head, and you may see the folly of them in the meanest of the descriptions, which generally end in showing some glorious place, fine walks, noble illustrious palaces, gardens of gold, and people of shining forms and the like. Alas! these are all so short that they are unworthy the thoughts of a mind elevated two degrees above darkness and dirt. All these things amount to no more than Mahomet's Alcoran and the glorious state of things represented by him to his believers. In short, all this makes only a heaven of sense, but comes so infinitely short of what alone must or can be a heaven to an exalted glorified spirit, that I as much want words to express how contemptible the best of these descriptions are as to a true description of heaven as I do to express a true idea or description of heaven myself.

And how should this be done? We can form no idea of anything that we know not and have not seen but in the form of something that we have seen. How, then, can we form an idea of God or heaven in any form but of something which we have seen or known? By what image in the mind can we judge of spirits? By what idea conceive of eternal glory? Let us cease to imagine concerning it, 't is impossible to attain, it is criminal to attempt it.

Let me, therefore, hint here, that supposing myself, as before, in the orbit of the sun, take it in its immense distance as our astronomers conceive of it, or on the edge only of the atmosphere with a clear view of the whole solar system, the region of Satan's empire all in view, and the world of spirits laid open to me.

Yet let me give you this for a check to your imagination, that even here the space between finite

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and infinite is as impenetrable as on earth, and will for ever be so till our spirits, being uncased, shall take their flight to the centre of glory, where everything shall be seen as it is, and therefore you must not be surprised if I am come down again from the verge of the world of spirits the same short-sighted wretch as to futurity and things belonging to heaven and hell as I went up, for elevations of this kind are meant only to give us a clearer view of what we are, not of what we shall be, and 't is an advantage worth travelling for too. All this I thought necessary to prevent the whimsical building of erroneous structures on my foundation, and fancying themselves carried farther than they are able to go.

I come, therefore, back to talk of things familiar, and particularly to mention in the next place some of those other ways by which we have notice given of this converse of spirits which I have been speaking of, for the whispers and insinuations I have mentioned go sometimes farther than ordinary

One of those other methods is, when, by strong impulses of the mind, as we call them, we are directed to do or not to do this or that particular thing that we have before us to do, or are under a consultation about. I am a witness to many of these things, as well in my own life as in my observation of others.

I know a man, who being at some distance from London, not above six or seven miles, a friend that came to visit and dine with him urged him to go to London. "What for?" says his friend, "is there any business wants me?"—"Nay, nothing," says the other, "but for your company, I do not know of anything wants you," and so gave over importuning him. But as his friend had given it over a strong impulse of mind seized him and followed him, like a voice, with this—Go to London, go to London. He put it by several times, but it went on still—Go

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to London, go to London, and nothing else could come upon his thoughts but Go to London. He came back to his friend, "Hark ye," says he, "tell me sincerely, is all well at London? Am I wanted there? Did you ask me to go to London with you on any particular account?" — "Not I," says his friend, "in the least, I saw all your family, and all is very well there, nor did they say they had any particular occasion for you to return, I only ask it, as I told you, for the sake of your company." So he put off going again, but could have no quiet, for it still followed him, and no doubt a good spirit communicated it — Go to London, and at length he resolved he would go, and did so, and when he came there he found a letter, and messengers had been at his house to seek him and to tell him of a particular business, which was, first and last, worth above a thousand pounds to him, and which, if he had not been found that very night, would have been in danger of being lost.

I seriously advise all sober-thinking persons not to disregard those powerful impulses of the mind in things otherwise indifferent or doubtful, but believe them to be whispers from some kind spirit, which sees something that we cannot see, and knows something that we cannot know.

Besides, unless infinite Power should take off the silence that is imposed upon the inhabitants of the invisible world, and allow them to speak audibly, nothing can be a plainer voice, they are words spoken to the mind, though not to the ear, and they are a certain intelligence of things unseen, because they are given by persons unseen, and the event confirms it beyond all dispute.

I know a man who made it his rule always to obey these silent hints, and he has often declared to me that when he obeyed them he never miscarried, and

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if he neglected them, or went on contrary to them, he never succeeded; and gave me a particular case of his own, among a great many others, wherein he was thus directed. He had a particular case befallen him, wherein he was under the displeasure of the Government, and was prosecuted for a misdemeanour, and brought to a trial in the King's Bench Court, where a verdict was brought against him, and he was cast, and times running very hard at that time against the party he was of, he was afraid to stand the hazard of a sentence, and absconded, taking care to make due provision for his bail, and to pay them whatever they might suffer. In this circumstance he was in very great distress, and no way presented unto him but to fly out of the kingdom, which, being to leave his family, children, and employment, was very bitter to him, and he knew not what to do, all his friends advising him not to put himself into the hands of the law, which, though the offence was not capital, yet, in his circumstances, seemed to threaten his utter ruin. In this extremity he felt one morning — just as he awaked, and the thoughts of his misfortune began to return upon him — I say, he felt a strong impulse darting into his mind thus, Write a letter to them. It spoke so distinctly to him, and as it were forcibly, that, as he has often said since, he can scarce persuade himself not to believe but that he heard it, but he grants that he really did not hear it too.

However, it repeated the words daily and hourly to him, till at length, walking about in his chamber, where he was hidden, very pensive and sad, it jogged him again, and he answered aloud to it, as if it had been a voice, Who shall I write to? It returned immediately, Write to the judge. This pursued him again for several days, till at length he took his pen, ink, and paper, and sat down to write, but knew not

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one word of what he should say, but, *dabitur in hac hora*, he wanted not words. It was immediately impressed on his mind, and the words flowed upon his pen in a manner that even charmed himself, and filled him with expectations of success

The letter was so strenuous in argument, so pathetic in its eloquence, and so moving and persuasive, that as soon as the judge read it he sent him word he should be easy, for he would endeavour to make that matter light to him, and, in a word, never left till he obtained to stop prosecution, and restore him to his liberty and to his family

These hints, I say, are of a nature too significant to be neglected, whence they come is the next inquiry I answer, they are the whispers of some subsisting spirit communicated to the soul without the help of the organ, without the assistance of a particular sound, and without any other communication, but, take it as you go, not without the merciful disposition of that Power that governs that world, as well as this that we are sensible of. How near those spirits are to us, who thus foresee what concerns us, and how they convey these hints into our minds as well waking as sleeping, or how they are directed, that I could not discover, nor can yet resolve, no, not in the highest of my imaginary elevation, any more than in what manner they are limited and restrained.

I have been asked by some, to whom I have talked freely of my frequent applications to these things, if I knew anything by those observations of the manner of the disposition of the human soul after its departure out of the body, I mean, as to its middle state, and whether, as some, it has a wandering existence in the upper part of the waste or abyss near to, but not in, a present state of felicity? Whether it is still confined within the atmosphere

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of the earth, according to others, as in a *limbus*, or purgatory; or in the circle of the sun, as others say? Whether I knew or perceived anything of our Saviour's being ascended into the body of the sun only, and not into the highest heaven, receiving His redeemed souls to Himself, and into an incorporation with His glory there, till the restitution of all things? Whether I perceived anything of Satan being possessed of the reprobate souls as they departed, and of his substitutes, as executioners, being empowered and employed to torment them according to the received notions of the wise contemplators of such things?

I answered, as I do now, that not only nothing of all this appears, but, on the contrary, such serious contemplations as mine give a great and abundant reason to be satisfied that there is nothing in it all but mere dream and enthusiastic conjecture. I own that the agents I mentioned make use of all those things to terrify and affright poor ignorant people out of their senses, and to drive them often into desperation, and after to restore them by a cure that is worse than the distemper, namely, by a hardness and coldness of temper, rejecting entirely all the notions of eternity and futurity, and so fitting them to go out of the world as they lived in it, viz, without troubling themselves with what is to come after it.

But I return to the article of impulses of the mind, for I lay a greater weight upon these than upon any of the other discoveries of the invisible world, because they have something in them relating to what we are about, something directing, something to guide us in avoiding the evils that attend us, and to accepting, or rather embracing, opportunities of doing ourselves good when they present, which many times, for want of the knowledge of our way, we irrecoverably let slip

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Voices, apparitions, noises, and all the other frightening things which unavoidably follow the neighbourhood of spirits in the air we breathe in, seem to have much less signification, as to us, than these seasonable kind whispers to our souls, which, it is plain, are directed for the advantage of life.

It seems hard that mankind should be so open to the secret insinuations, the whispering devils I have been speaking of, who are night and day, sleeping and waking, working upon his senses by the arts and subtleties of hell, to fill his imagination with a thousand devilish contrivances to gratify his vanity and lust, and that our thoughts should be always ready to receive the impressions they make, pressed to follow the infernal counsel, be awake to listen to all his directions, but should be deaf to the instructions of any kind spirits that would influence us for our advantage, and insensible to those impressions which are made upon us for our immediate good by an agent good in itself, and acting from a principle, whatever it be, of good to us.

We have a foolish saying, though taken from something that is more significant than we imagine, when any danger has surprised us — Well, my mind misgave me when I was going about it, well, I knew some mischief would come of it. Did you so? And why then did you do it? Why did you go on? Why, when your mind misgave you, did you not obey the friendly caution? Whence do you think your mind received the speaking, though silent impression? Why did you not listen to it as to a voice? For such a one it was, no doubt, and let all those unthinking people who go on in anything they are upon, contrary to those secret, silent impressions upon their minds, I say, let them know and observe it, they will very seldom fail of meeting some mischief in the way. They will very seldom

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fail of miscarrying in the way. I say very seldom, because I would not take upon me to prescribe things positively, which the reader will take me up short in, and say, how do I know it? But I will take the liberty to say, I durst be positive in it, relating to myself, and I durst be positive from the nature and reason of the thing

As to my own experience, I waive saying much of it, but that in general I never slighted these impulses but to my great misfortune, I never listened to and obeyed them, but to my great advantage, but I choose to argue from the reason of them, rather than from my own experience

As they are evident warnings of what is to come, and are testified daily and hourly by the things coming to pass afterwards, so they are undeniable testimonies that they proceed from some being, intelligent of those things that are at hand, while they are yet to come. If, then, I am satisfied that it is a notice given from a something, be it what it will, which is fully informed of what is attending me, though concealed from me, why should I slight the hint given me from anything that knows what I know not, and especially, for example, for avoiding evils to come?

I know a person, who had so strong an impression upon her mind that the house she was in would be burnt that very night, that she could not go to sleep, the impulse she had upon her mind pressed her not to go to bed, which, however, she resisted and went to bed, but was so terrified with the thought, which, as she called it, run in her mind, that the house would be burnt, that she could not go to sleep

She had made so much discovery of her apprehensions in the family, that they were all in a fright, and applied themselves to search from the top of



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the house to the bottom, and to see every fire and every candle safe out, so that, as they all said, it was impossible anything could happen in the house, and they sent to the neighbours on both sides to do the like. Thus far they did well, but had she obeyed the hint, which pressed upon her strangely not to go to bed, she had done much better, for the fire was actually kindled at that very time, though not broken out

In about an hour after the whole family was in bed, the house just over the way, directly opposite, was all in a flame, and the wind, which was very high, blowing the flame upon the house this gentlewoman lived in, so filled it with smoke and fire in a few moments, the street being narrow, that they had not air to breathe, or time to do anything but jump out of their beds and save their lives. Had she obeyed the hint given, and not gone to bed, she might have saved several things of value which she lost, but as she neglected that, and would go to bed, the moments she had spared to her were but just sufficient to get out of bed, get some clothes on, and get downstairs, for the house was on fire in half a quarter of an hour

It might be asked here, why could not the same kind spirit have intimated by the same whispers where the danger lay, and from what quarter it was to be expected; in what manner the fire would attack them, and that it would come from the other side of the street, the wind blowing it directly upon them?

To this I answer, that it is our business the more vigilantly to observe and listen to the hints which are given, seeing the intimations are not so particular as we might wish, without inquiring into the reasons why they are given no plainer. We have a great deal of reason to believe the kind spirit that

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gives these intimations and whispers thus to us, gives us all the light it is permitted to give, and whispers as much, either as it knows, or as it is allowed to communicate, otherwise, why does it give any intimations at all? But, on the other hand, it may be alleged that enough is intimated to suffice for our safety, if we will obey the intimation, and it would be a much more reasonable question to ask why we slight and disobey the impression that we acknowledge to have received, rather than why the intimation was no plainer

A person of my acquaintance being to go to New England by sea, two ships presented, and the masters earnestly solicited to take him as a passenger, he asked my advice, professing that as well the ships as the captains were perfectly indifferent to him, both the men being equally agreeable to him, and the vessels equally good. I had my eye upon this notion of impulses, and pressed upon him to observe strictly if he had not some secret motion of his mind to one ship rather than another, and he said he had not

After some time he accidentally met one of the captains, and falling into terms with him, agreed for his passage, and accordingly prepared to go on board, but from the very time that he made the agreement, nay, even while he was making the bargain, he had a strong impression on his mind that he should not go in that ship

It was some days after this that he told me of these impressions, which increased on him every day; upon which I pressed him earnestly not to go, but to take passage with the other. After he had resolved upon this, he came to me, and told me, that he had with some difficulty and some loss put off the first ship, but now he had the same, or rather stronger aversion to going in the second ship, and had a

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strong impression on his mind that if he went in the second ship he should be drowned. I bid him consider it a little, and tell me if he had any further intimations of it, and he continued to tell me that he had no rest about his going in either of those ships, and yet his affairs lay so that he was under a necessity of going, and there was no other ship put up upon the Exchange for going.

I pressed him, however, not to venture by any means, I convinced him that those impulses of his mind were the whispers of some kind spirit, that saw things farther than he could, and were certainly given him as cautions to save him from some mischief which he might not foresee, that it could be no evil spirit, because the keeping him back could be no injury to him of such a nature as would gratify the devil in any part of his usual desires, it must therefore be something for his good, and he ought to be very cautious how he slighted the silent admonition. In a word, I prepossessed him so much in aid of the secret impulses of his own mind, that he resolved not to go that year, and he saw clearly afterwards that the secret intimation was from a good hand, for both the ships miscarried, the first being taken by the Turks, and the latter cast away and all the men lost, the ship foundering at sea, as was supposed, for she was never heard of.

I could fill this tract with accounts of this nature, but the reason of the case is stronger than the example, for as it is an intimation of something future, and that is to come to pass, it is certain there is a state in which what is future and must come to pass is known, and why should we not believe the news, if it comes from the place where the certainty of it is known?

Some give all this to a prescience peculiar to the soul itself, and of kin to that we call the second

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sight, but I see no ground for this but mere presumption. Others call it an *afflatus*, which they think is a distemper of the brain. Others call it a sympathetic power in the soul, foreboding its own disasters. But all this is short of the thing, for here is not a foreboding only, which indeed is often felt, but is expressed another way, but here is a direct intelligence, a plain intimation of the evil, and warning to avoid it. This must be more than an *afflatus*, more than a sympathy, this must be from a certain knowledge of a thing that exists not, by a something that does exist, and must be communicated by a converse of spirits unembodied, with the spirit embodied, for its good, unless you will call it Divine revelation, which I see no ground for.

All these reasonings make it abundantly our concern to regard these things, as what we are greatly concerned in, however, that is not the chief use I make of them here, but (1) they abundantly explain the nature of the world of spirits, and the certainty of an existence after death, (2) they confirm that the disposition of Providence concerning man, and the event of things, are not so much hidden from the inhabitants of that world as they are from us, as also (3) that spirits unembodied see with a sight differing from us, and are capable of knowing what attends us, when we know nothing of it ourselves.

This offered many useful reflections to my mind, which, however, 't is impossible for me to communicate with the same vivacity, or to express with the same life, that the impression they make on my own thoughts came with.

The knowledge of there being a world of spirits, may be many ways useful to us, and especially that of their seeing into futurity, so as to be able to communicate to us, by what means soever they do it, what we shall or shall not do, or what shall or shall

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not befall us, to communicate dangers before us so as they may be avoided, and mischiefs awaiting us, so as they may be prevented, and even death itself, so as we may prepare for it, for we may certainly, if we would attend to these things, increase our acquaintance with them, and that very much to our advantage

I would be far from prompting the crazy imaginations of hypochondriac distempered heads, which run men out to so many extravagancies, and which, ~~in~~ fixing their thoughts upon the real world of spirits, make this an imaginary world of spirits to them, who think they are talked to from the invisible world by the howling of every dog, or the screeching of every owl. I believe it was much of this vapourish dreaming fancy by which the augurs of the Romans determined events from the flying of birds, and the entrails of beasts.

It will be hard for me to be prevailed on to suppose that even those intelligent spirits which I speak of, who are able by such easy ways, as the impulses of our minds, dreams, and the like, to convey the knowledge of things to us, can be put to the necessity, or find reason to make use of the agency of dogs and birds, to convey their notices by, this would be to suppose them to be much more confined in their converse with us, than we evidently find they are; and, on the other hand, would suppose the inanimate world to have more knowledge of the invisible than we have, whereas, on the other hand, we know they have nothing at all to do with it

There is only this to be said for it, namely, that those inanimate creatures do it involuntarily, and, as it were, under the power of a possession.

I will not affirm but that the invisible inhabitants I have been speaking of may have power to act upon

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the brute creatures, so as to employ them, or make use of their agency, in the warnings and notices which they give to us of things to come; but that the brutes have otherwise any farther sight of things than we have, I can see nothing at all of that. It is true Balaam's ass saw the angel with the flaming sword standing in the road when the prophet did not, but the reason is plainly expressed; the angel was really there, and actually presenting terror to them with a flaming sword in his hand, only the prophet's eyes were miraculously withheld that he could not see him

I shall unriddle this mystery of the agency of beasts and birds as far as reason dictates; and it seems to be easy upon the scheme of the nearness of the spirits I am speaking of to us, and their concern to convey intelligence to us. They may, I say, have power to terrify the brutes by horrible apparitions to them, so as to force those howlings and screechings we have been told of, and to do this in such places, and at such times, as shall suit with the circumstances of the family or person concerned, and so far their said extraordinary howlings and screechings may be significant, but that the brutes can either, by sense or by extraordinary sight, have any foreknowledge of things in futurity relating to us, or to themselves, this has no foundation in reason or philosophy, any more than it has in religion. Matter may act upon material objects, and so the understanding or sense of a brute may act upon visible objects, but matter cannot act upon immaterial things, and so the eye of a beast cannot see a spirit, or the mind of a brute act upon futurity, eternity, and the sublime things of a state to come

What use, then, the spirits we speak of, inhabiting the invisible world, can make of the inanimate world to direct them, as missionaries to us, I do not see,

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neither did I in all my altitudes perceive they employed any such agents

It is from the misunderstanding of these things that we place abundance of incidents, merely fortuitous, to the devil's account, which he knows nothing of. Many a storm blows that is none of his raising, many a midnight noise happens that is none of his making. If Satan or his instruments had one tenth part of the power, either of the air, or in the air, or over the elements, that we give them in our imaginations, we should have our houses burnt every night, hurricanes raised in the air, floods made in the country, and, in a word, the world would not be habitable, but you remember I told you, as powerful as he is, he is chained, he has a great clog at his foot, and he can do nothing by violence, or without permission.

I might hint here at abundance of idle, ridiculous devils, that we are daily told of, that come and only make game among us, put out our candles, throw chairs and stools about the house, break glasses, make a smoke, a stink of brimstone, &c, whereas, after all, the devil has no more sulphur about him than other folks, and I can answer for it that Satan is not disposed for mirth, all the frolics and gambols we ascribe to him, I dare say, are antics of our own brain. I heard of a house in Essex which they told me was haunted, and that every night the devil or a spirit, call it which you will, came into such a room, and made a most terrible knocking, as if it had a hammer or a mallet, and this for two or three hours together. At length, upon looking about in an empty closet in that room, there was found an old mallet, and this was presently concluded to be the mallet which the devil made such a noise with, so it was taken away, but the next night they said the devil made such a racket for want of the mallet,

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that they were much more disturbed than before, so they were obliged to leave the mallet there again, and every night the devil would come and knock in the window, for two or three hours together, with that mallet. I have seen the room and the mallet, in neither of which was anything extraordinary, but never heard the noise, though I sat up to wait for it, nor after causing the mallet to be taken away was there any noise, belike the mannerly spirit would not disturb us who were strangers.

This passed for a most eminent piece of walking or haunting, and all the difficulty was to inquire to what purpose all this disturbance was made, seeing there was no end answered in it, and I always thought the devil was too full of business to spend his time to no manner of purpose.

At last all the cheat was discovered, viz., that a monkey, kept in a house three or four houses from it, had found the way into that room, and came every night almost about midnight, and diverted himself with the frolic, and then went home again.

If these things were not frequently detected, it would be a great scandal upon the devil that he had nothing to employ himself in more significant than rapping all night with a hammer to fright and disturb the neighbours, making noises, putting out candles, and the like. When we come into the invisible state, of which we now know so little, we shall be easily convinced that the devil is otherwise employed, and has business of much more importance upon his hands.

It would be very insignificant to have us so frequently warned against Satan's devices, to have us be cautioned to be sober and vigilant, knowing that our adversary, the devil, goes about like a roaring lion, seeking, &c. All these things import that he is diligent in attacking us, watching all advantages,



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hunting us down, circumventing, waiting, and constantly plying us with snares that he may trepan and devour us. This admits not any of those simple, ludicrous, and senseless digressions which we set him to work upon in our imaginations.

Perhaps it may be expected I should enter here upon the subject of apparitions, and discourse with equal certainty of that undecided question concerning the reality of apparitions, and whether departed souls can revisit the place of their former existence, take up shapes, bodies, and visible and apparent beings, assume voices, and concern themselves with the affairs of life, of families, persons, and even of estates, and the like, as many have affirmed they have been witnesses to.

I must be allowed to leave this where I find it. There are some difficulties which I am not yet got over in it, nor have I been elevated high enough to determine that point, and shall not venture to decide it without more certainty than I am yet arrived to.

I would warn all people not to suffer their imagination to form shapes and appearances where there are none, and I may take upon me to say that the devil himself does not appear half so often as some people think they see him. fancy governs many people, and a sick brain forms strange things to itself, but it does not follow from thence that nothing can appear because nothing does at that time.

However, as my design is to instruct, not amuse, so, I say, I forbear to enter upon a subject which I must leave as doubtful as I find it, and consequently talk of to no purpose.

I have heard of a man that would allow the reality of apparitions, but would have it be nothing but the devil, that the souls of men departed or good spirits never appeared. It happened that to

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this very man something appeared, as he said, and insisted upon it to the last. He said he saw the shape of an ancient man pass by him in the dusk of the evening, who, holding up his hand as it were in a threatening posture, said aloud, "O wicked creature! repent, repent." He was exceedingly terrified, and consulted several people about it, who all advised him seriously to take the advice, for his life made it well known, it seems, that he stood in need of it; but being seriously debating about it, one of his friends asked what he thought of the apparition, and whether it was any of the devil's business to bid him repent. This puzzled his thoughts, and, in a word, he grew a very sober man, but, after all, it was a real man, and no apparition, that spoke to him, though his frightened fancy made him affirm that he vanished out of his sight, which he did not, and the person who did it, being a grave and pious gentleman, met him by mere accident, without any design, and spoke as he did, from the knowledge he had of his being indeed a most wretched wicked fellow. By the way, the gentleman had the opportunity to hear the use that was made of it, and to hear himself mistaken for an apparition of the devil, but he was so prudent as not to discover it to the man, lest the reformation, which was the consequence of the fright, should wear off, when he should know that there was nothing in the thing but what was common.

If we would always make the like good use of Satan's real appearances, I do not know but it would go a great way to banish him from the visible world, for I am well assured he would very seldom visit us, if he thought his coming would do us any good, at least, he would never come but when he was sent, he would never come willingly, for he is so absolutely at the Divine disposal, that if Heaven

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commands he must go, though it were to do the good he abhors. Not that I believe Heaven ever thinks fit to employ him in doing good, if ever he is let loose, 'tis to act in judgment as an instrument of vengeance, and some are of opinion he is often employed as a destroying angel, though I do not grant that, I can hardly think the justice of God would gratify Satan's gust of doing evil so far as to suffer him to be even so much as an executioner, but that is by the way.

I have another turn to give this part of my observations, which though, perhaps, some may not think so much to the purpose as entering into a critical inquiry after the devil's particular mission in these cases, yet I think otherwise.

I have observed that some desperate people make a very ill use of the general notion, that there are no apparitions, nor spirits at all, and really, the use they make of it is worse than the extreme of those who, as I said, make visions and devils of everything they see or hear. For these men persuade themselves there are no spirits at all, either in the visible or invisible world, and, carrying it on farther, they next annihilate the devil, and believe nothing about him, either of one kind or another.

This would not be of so much bad consequence if it was not always followed by a worse, namely, that when they have prevailed with themselves to believe there is no devil, the next thing is, and they soon come to it, that there is no God, and so atheism takes its rise in the same snik, with a carelessness about futurity.

I have no mind to enter upon an argument to prove the being of our Maker, and to illustrate His power by words, who has so many undemable testimonies in the breasts of every rational being to prove His existence. But I have a mind to conclude this

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work with a short history of some atheists, which I met with many years ago, and whether the facts are testified or not, may be equally useful in the application, if you do not think them a little too religious for you

Some years ago there was a young gentleman, a scholar at the university, eminent for learning and virtue, of prompt parts and great proficiency, in so much that he was taken great notice of by the masters and fellows, and every one promised fair in their thoughts for him, that he would be a great man. It happened, whether from his earnest desire of more knowledge, or the opinion of his own great capacity, I know not which, that this gentleman, falling upon the study of divinity, grew so opinionative, so very positive and dogmatic in his notions in religious things, that by degrees it came to this height, that his tutor saw plainly that he had little more than notions in all his religious pretences to knowledge, and concluded he would either grow enthusiastic or obstinately profane and atheistic

He had three chums, or companions, in his studies, and they all fell into the same error, as well by the consequence of a great deal of wit and little grace, as by the example and leading of this other young gentleman, who was, indeed, their oracle almost in everything

As his tutor, who was a very good man, feared for him, so it came to pass with him and all the rest, for they ran up their superficial notions in divinity to such a height that, instead of reasoning themselves into good principles of religion, they really reasoned themselves out of all religion whatsoever, running on to expunge every right idea from their minds, pretending those things really were not, of which they could not define both how and what they were, they proceeded to deny the existence of their

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Maker, the certainty of a future state, a resurrection, a judgment, a heaven, or a hell.

They were not contented to satisfy themselves with these impious foundations, but they set up to dispute in private societies against all revealed religion, thereby bringing on themselves the curse denounced in Scripture against those that do evil and teach men so to do, in a little time they grew so public that more company came in, and, which was worse, many joined with them in principle, or, as I should rather have said, in casting off all principles, and they began to be famous in the place, though to the offence of all good men, and were called "The Atheistical Club"

They soon began to see sober, religious people shun them, and in some time, upon information given, they were obliged, by authority, to separate for fear of punishment, so that they could not hold their public disputations as they began to do, yet they abated nothing of their wicked custom, and this dreadful creature, who set up at the head of the rest, began to be so open in his blasphemies that he was at length obliged to fly from the university

However, he went a great while before it came to that, and though he had been often admonished, yet, instead of reclaiming, he grew the more impious, making the most sacred things his jest and the subject of his ridicule. He gave out that he could frame a new gospel, and a much better system of religion than that which they called Christian, and that if he would trouble himself to go about it, he would not fail to draw in as great a part of the world to run after him as had been after any other. I care not to repeat any of his blasphemous words, it is not to be supposed there can be any blasphemous abominable thing that this set of wicked wretched young men did not run into, neither any

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wickedness of that kind within their reach which they did not commit

It would be too long to enter into the particular history of these men, and how it pleased God to dispose of them, they might be in number, before they separated, about twenty-two in all, I shall tell you of some of them, however, who did not run such lengths as the rest. There was a young man who frequented their society, though, as he afterwards said, he was rather persuaded to be among them than to be one of them, he had, however, too much yielded to their delusions, and though they made him very much their jest, because they found he still retained some little sense of a God and of a future state in his mind, yet he had yielded dreadfully to them, and began to do so more and more every day.

It happened one day this young man was going to their hellish society, and not minding the weather, the clouds gathered over his head, and he was stopped by a sudden shower of rain in the street. It rained so very hard that it obliged him to stand up in the gateway of an inn for some time, while he was standing here a great flash of lightning more than ordinarily surprised him, it seems the fire came so directly in his face that he felt the very warmth of it, and was exceedingly startled, in the same moment almost, as is natural in the case, followed such a clap of thunder that perfectly astonished him. The rain continuing kept him in the gateway, as I said, for a good while, till he had time for such reflections as these "Where am I going? What am I going about? Who is it has stopped me thus? Why are these thunders, these rains, and this lightning thus terrible? and whence are they?" And with the rest came in this thought, warm and swift as the lightning which had terrified

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him before, "What if there should be a God! what will become of me then?" Terrified with these things he starts out of the gateway into the street, notwithstanding the wet, and runs back through the rain, saying to himself as he went, "I will go among them no more!" When he came home to his chambers he fell into dreadful agonies of mind, and at length broke out thus "What have I been doing! have I been denying the Power that made me? despising that God whose fire flashed just now in my face, and which, had not that mercy I have abused interposed, might have burnt me to death? What kind of creature am I?" While he was thus giving vent to his reflections a near relation of his—a pious, good man, who had often used to speak very plainly to him of the horrid sin he was guilty of—happened to come to visit him.

The young man had thrown himself upon his bed, and had, with the deepest sense of his madness and most serious reproaches of himself for his horrid life, been expressing himself to his friend, and he had been comforting him in the best manner he could, when, after a while, he desired his friend to retire that he might be a little alone and might give vent to his thoughts with the more freedom, and his friend taking a book in his hand stayed in the outer room.

In this interval came another scholar to the door, who was one of the wicked company I mentioned just now. He came not to visit this first gentleman, but to call him to go with him to the usual meeting of their dreadful society, and knocking at his chamber door, this gentleman who was left in the chamber stepped to the door, and, looking through a little grate, not only knew the person, but knew him to be one of the wicked company I have been speaking of. Now, as he was very loath

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his friend should have such an interruption to the good disposition he was then in, so, above all, he was loath he should be persuaded to go any more among that miserable gang, wherefore he opened the door a little way, so as he was not very distinctly seen, and spoke aloud in the person of his friend thus "O sir, beseech them all to repent, for, depend upon it, there is a God, tell them I say so," and with that he shut the door upon him violently, giving him no time to reply, and, going back into his friend's room, took no notice of anybody having been at the door at all

The person who knocked at the door you may suppose was one of the leaders of the company, a young scholar of good parts and sense, but debauched by that horrid crew, and one that had made himself eminent for his declared opposition to all the common notions of religion, a complete atheist, and publicly so, without God or the desire of God in the world. However, as he afterwards confessed, the repulse he met with at the door, and which he thought came from his friend, gave him a strange shock at first and filled him with horror. He went down the college stairs in the greatest confusion imaginable, and went musing along a good way, not knowing where he was or whither he went, and in that embarrassment of thought went a whole street out of the way. The words had made an unusual impression upon his mind, but he had his other surprises too, for he thought his friend, for he believed firmly that it was he that had spoken to him, had treated him very rudely

Sometimes he resented it, and reflected upon it as an affront, and once or twice was upon the point of going back again to him to know the reason of his using him so, and to demand satis-



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faction, but still the words, "There is a God," dwelt upon his mind "And what if it should be so?" says he, "what then?" Upon this question to himself, the answer immediately occurred to his mind "What then? Why, then, I am undone! For, have not I declared war against the very notion, defied all the pretenders to it as mere enthusiasts and men of whimsey?" However, after these thoughts his mind cooled a little again, and it offered to him, no doubt injected by an evil spirit, that he should not trouble himself with inquiring into it one way or another, but be easy.

This pacified him for a little while, and he shook off the surprise he was in, the hardened temper seemed to return, and he kept on his way towards the hellish society that he was going to before. But still the words returned upon him, "There is a God," and began to bring some terror with it upon his mind, and the last words of his friend came into his mind often, "tell them I say so." This filled him with a curiosity which he could not withstand, viz, of going back to his friend and inquiring of him what discoveries he had made of this kind? How he came to have changed his mind so suddenly? And, especially, how he was arrived to a certainty of the thing?

I told you that there had been a great shower of rain, which had stopped the first young gentleman in his way out, it seems the day was still showery, and a little rain happening to fall again as this gentleman went by a bookseller's shop, he stops at the door to stand up a little out of the wet.

There happened to be sitting in the shop reading a book a gentleman of his acquaintance, though far differing from him in his principles, being a very sober, studious, religious young man, a student in

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divinity of the same college, who, looking up, called him in, and after a few common salutes he whispers in his ear.

*Student* I was looking in an old book here just now, and began the following short dialogue, and I found four lines written on the back of the title-page which put me in mind of you.

*Atheist* Me ' why did they put you in mind of me ?

*Stud.* I'll tell you presently, come hither. [*He retires into a back room, and calls the other after him*]

*Ath.* Well, now tell me.

*Stud.* Because I think they are very fit for such an atheistical wretch as you to read.

*Ath.* You are very civil.

*Stud.* You know you deserve it

*Ath.* Come, let me see them, however

*Stud.* Let me look in your face all the while, then.

*Ath.* No, you shan't

*Stud.* Then you shan't see them

*Ath.* Well, let it alone, then

*Stud.* Come, give me your hand, you shall see them if you will promise to read them over three times

*Ath.* There 's my hand, I'll read them out to you.

*Stud.* I'll hold your hand all the while, because I'll be sure of your performance

*Ath.* I'll warrant you I'll read them [*He reads*]

“ But if it should fall out, as who can tell,  
That there may be a God, a heaven, and hell,\*  
Had I not best consider well, for fear  
’T should be too late when my mistakes appear ? ”

[\* *He held him by the hand till that word, and then let it go, pressing gently one of his fingers*]

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*Stud* Well, what do you say to them?

*Ath* I'll tell you my thoughts farther by-and-by, but first tell me, what did you press my hand for when you let it go?

*Stud* Did you feel no motion within you when you read those words, "there may be a God"?

*Ath* What motion? What do you talk of?

*Stud* Come, do not deny it, for I am a witness against you

*Ath* Witness, for what? I have killed nobody, I have robbed nobody, if you would turn informer, I value not your evidence

*Stud* No, no, I shall not turn informer of that kind, but I am a witness in your Maker's behalf.

*Ath* What can you witness?

*Stud* I'll tell you what I can witness, I can testify that your own conscience is against you in your impious denying the existence of that God that gave you life, you could not conceal it, I tell you I felt it

*Ath* How do you pretend to know what my conscience dictates to me, or what the result of secret reflections may be in the mind? You may be mistaken, have a care, you know you are not to bear false witness.

*Stud* 'Tis in vain to struggle with it — 't is not to be concealed, you betrayed yourself, I tell you

*Ath* How betrayed myself? you are mighty dark in your expressions

*Stud* Did I not tell you I would look in your face all the while you read? Did I not see into the distraction of your soul? Did you not turn pale at the very words, when your tongue said, "there may be a God"? Was there not a visible horror in your countenance when you read the word HEAVEN? a horror which signified a sense of your having no share in it, or hope about it? And did I not feel a trem-

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bling in your very joints, as I held you by the hand, when you read the word HELL ?

*Ath* And was that it you held me by the hand for ?

*Stud* Indeed it was, I was persuaded I should find it, for I could never believe that an atheist had always a hell within him, even while he braved it out against a hell without him

*Ath* You speak enough to fright one, how can you say so positively a thing which you cannot be sure of ?

*Stud* Never add sin to sin, 'tis in vain to deny it

*Ath* Well, well, it's none of your business, who made you my father confessor ? [*He is a little angry*]

*Stud* Nay, do not be angry with your friend, and though you are, do but take the hint, and be as angry as you will

*Ath* What hint ? What is it you aim at ? Your hints are all so general, I can make nothing of them

*Stud* I aim at nothing but your eternal felicity, I thought those lines very apposite to your case, and was wishing you had them before I happened to see you I thought that such a reflection in the case of atheism, so natural, so plain, especially blessed from Him whose secret voice can effectually reach the mind, might be some means to open your eyes

*Ath* Open my eyes ! — to what ?

*Stud* To something that I am persuaded you see already in part, though I find you struggle hard against your own convictions

*Ath* What is this something you speak of ?

*Stud* I mean in a few words what the lines you have read mean, viz, that perhaps there may be a God, a heaven, and hell

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*Ath.* I don't know but there may [*He observes tears stand in his eyes*]

*Stud* Well, I see it begins to touch you, if you are uncertain, that is a step to conviction, and the rest of the words you have read are a most natural inference in your case

“ You 'd best consider well, for fear

‘T should be too late when your mistakes appear

*Ath.* What would you have me consider ?

*Stud* I am not able to enter into that part now, the first thing is to persuade you to look in, listen to the voice of conscience, I am satisfied you stand convicted at that bar, you cannot plead not guilty there

*Ath* Convicted of what ?

*Stud* Of having acted contrary to the light of nature, of reason, and indeed of common-sense, most impiously denied the God whose air you breathe in, whose earth you tread on, whose food you eat, whose clothes you wear, who is your life, and will be your Judge

*Ath* I do not absolutely deny, I tell you I don't know but there may be a God

*Stud* Don't you know but there may ! O sir, I beseech you, repent, for certainly there is a God, depend upon it, I say so

*Ath* You fright me [*He starts and looks surprised*]

*Stud* Indeed I think it may well fright you.

*Ath* But you fright me upon a quite different account from what you imagine, I am indeed very much surprised, and so would you too, if you knew the circumstance.

*Stud* What circumstance ?

*Ath* Pray did you hear those words spoken anywhere to-day before you spoke them ?

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*Stud.* No, not I.

*Ath* Was you at Mr. ——'s chamber about half-an-hour ago?

*Stud* I have not been there this month past, I have given over visiting him, and all such as he is, long ago

*Ath.* Have you seen him to-day, or when did you last see him? — did he speak those words to you, or you to him?

*Stud.* I have not seen him since I saw him with you about fourteen days ago, when your discourse (even both of you) was so blasphemous and so atheistical as made my very heart tremble, and I resolved never to come into company with either of you again, and it was that very discourse that made me think of you when I found those lines in this book. I should think it an evident discovery of God, and what I might hope should best forward your conviction, if His providence should have sent you to this door at that minute to receive the hint on this occasion

*Ath* There is something more than common in everything that has happened to me to-day

*Stud* If you would explain yourself a little I might say more, but you know very well I cannot make the least guess at what you mean.

*Ath* Ask me no more questions, there must be a God or a devil in being [*He looks wildly and amazed*]

*Stud* Dear friend, there are both, depend upon it, but I beseech you, compose your mind, and do not receive the conviction with horror, but with comfort and hope.

*Ath.* One or other of them has been concerned in what has happened to me to-day, it has been a strange day with me.

*Stud.* If it relates only to these things, perhaps it

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may be of use to you to communicate the particulars, at least it may give some vent to the oppression of thought which you seem to be under, you cannot open your mind to one that has more earnest desires to do you good, though perhaps not sufficiently furnished to advise you

*Ath* I must tell it or burst [*Here he gave him the whole story of his going to his friend's chamber in order to take him with him to the wicked club they had kept, and how he had met him at the door, and said the same words to him that the Student had repeated, and when he had done, says he to his friend*] — And who now do you think must dictate the same words to him, and afterwards to you, to say to me on the same occasion ?

*Stud* Who do I think ? Nay, who do you think ?

*Ath* Who ? the devil, if there is a devil

*Stud* Why, do you think the devil preaches repentance ? [*He stands stock still, and says not a word, which the other perceiving, goes on*] — Pray think seriously, for I see it does a little touch your reason Is it likely the devil should bid either of us, or both of us, entreat you to repent ? Is it the devil, think you, that would pronounce the certainty of the great truth I speak of ? Is it his business to convince you that there is a God ?

*Ath.* That's very true

*Stud* One thing, however, I'll say in Satan's behalf, and that is, that he never came up to your height of sinning The devil has frequently set up himself, and persuaded poor deluded people to worship him as a God, but, to do him justice, he never had the impudence to deny the being of a God, that's a sin purely human, and even among men very modern too, the invention of witty men, as they call themselves — a way they have lately found out

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to cherish superlative wickedness, and flatter themselves that they shall have no audit of their accounts in a future state, of whom it may indeed be said in that particular, they have outsinned the devil

*Ath* Indeed I think we have

*Stud* I wish you would consider a little farther of it

*Ath* What can men consider that have gone that length?

*Stud* Yes, yes, remember what St. Peter said to Simon the sorcerer

*Ath* What was that?

*Stud* Read Acts viii 22, "Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee"

*Ath* No, no, the last of your verses is against me there most directly.

"It's all too late, now my mistakes appear"

*Stud* No, no, remember what you said, that it must be a God or a devil

*Ath* What is that to the purpose?

*Stud* Why, you seemed satisfied that it could not be from the devil

*Ath* But what the better am I for that, if the other is my enemy?

*Stud* Much the better if it was from God, if the words you heard were from God, and that two unconcerned persons so eminently concurred in speaking to you, you cannot believe God would bid you REPENT if it was too late, or if He were your irreconcilable enemy, on the contrary, if you believe it to be the voice of His providence, you ought to listen to and obey it

*Ath* You have a strange power of persuasion, there is no resisting your argument



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*Stud* It is not in me to persuade, but Heaven may make use of me to convince

*Ath* To convince is to persuade, I am convinced that I have been a dreadful wretch.

*Stud* I am persuaded you were convinced of that before

*Ath* I cannot deny but my heart always struck me — a kind of chill horror ran through my veins, when I have uttered the blasphemous opinions that I have been drawn into, my very blood stagnated at the thought of it, and I look back on it with astonishment

*Stud* I tell you, I felt a terror even in your flesh when you read the words, a God, a heaven, a hell

*Ath* I confess to you my very heart sunk within me at the words *who can tell*, my soul answered that I could tell myself that it both is and must be so

*Stud* Conscience is a faithful and never-failing evidence in his Maker's behalf

*Ath* It is a very terrible evidence against me, and where will it end?

*Stud* I hope it will end where it began, I mean in a heavenly call to you to repentance

*Ath* That is not always the consequence of conviction

*Stud* You must therefore distinguish again of what proceeds from heaven, what from hell, the voice of God, and the voice of the devil, the first calls upon you to repent, the last prompts you to despair

*Ath* Despair seems to be the natural consequence of denying God, for it shuts out the power that can alone restore the mind

*Stud* The greater is that love which refuses to be shut out, that sends such a heavenly summons to

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you to repent, and in so eminent a manner, it is not your having been an enemy, a blasphemer, a denier of God, Peter denied Christ three times, nay, the third time he even abjured Him, and yet, mark the words—the Lord looked on him, and immediately he repented.

*Ath.* My case is worse than Peter's.

*Stud* And yet you see you are called on to repent

*Ath* I think you are called to make me repent, there's no answering you.

*Stud* Amen, may I have the blessing of being an instrument to so good a work, there seems to be something extraordinary in it all

*Ath.* It's all a surprise to me how came I hither.

*Stud* Nay, how came I hither?—How came this book here?—Who writ the lines in the frontispiece?—How came I to read them?—'Tis all a dream to me!

*Ath* How came you to think of me upon the reading them? And how came I here just at the moment, and out of my way too?

[*He lifts up his hands and cries out, "There is a God, certainly there is. I am convinced of it, it must be so."*]

*Stud.* Nothing more certain, nor is there any doubt but all these things are of Him

*Ath* But there are yet greater things behind. I wish you would go with me to my friend Mr ——'s chamber, I am persuaded something yet more extraordinary must have befallen him

*Stud* With all my heart

[*They both go to the first gentleman's chamber, and find him at home, very much out of order, but willing enough to discourse with them*]

*Ath.* Well, friend of mine, I hope you are better disposed to your friends than when I saw you last

*Gent* Truly, when I saw you last, I was disposed

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of by the devil, and so, I doubt, were you, I hope I shall never come into that horrid place again.

*Ath* What horrid place?

*Gent* You know where I mean; I tremble at the very thoughts of the place, and much more of the company, I wish I could prevail upon you to come no more among them too, I assure you, if I know myself, and if God would assist me to do it, I would much rather go to a stake to be burnt

*Stud* I rejoice in such an alteration, sir, upon you, and I hope our friend here is of the same mind, long may it continue in you both

*Ath* Well, pray tell us something of the occasion of this happy alteration, for it will seem still more strange how you came to be instrumental to my change, if I know nothing of the means that brought about your own

*Gent* Mine! I assure you it was all from heaven, not the light that shone about St Paul was more immediately from heaven than the stroke that touched my soul, it is true I had no voice without, but a voice has spoken (I hope) effectually to my understanding, I had voice enough to tell me how I was in the hands of that Power, that Majesty, that God, whom I had wickedly, and with a hardness not to be expressed, disowned and denied

*Stud* Pray, sir, if you care to have it known, give us some account of the particulars of this wonderful thing

*Gent* Sir, I shall do it freely, I think I ought not to conceal it

[*Here he gives an account of the surprise he was in by the lightning, how he was stopped in his way to his wicked company, and went back to his chamber*]

*Ath* Well, now I will no more wonder at the salutation you gave me when I came to call you, but thank you for it

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*Gent.* What salutation ?

*Ath* Why, when I was at your chamber about two hours ago.

*Gent* You at my chamber !

*Ath* Nay, you need not conceal it, for I have told our friend here all the story.

*Gent* I know nothing of what you talk of, much less what you mean

*Ath* Nay, what need you go about to conceal it ? I tell you I do not take it ill, I hope I may have reason to be thankful for what you said to me, and look upon it as spoken from Heaven, for I assure you, it has been an introduction to that light in my thoughts which I hope shall never be extinguished

*Gent* Dear friend, as I believe you are serious, so I hope you believe I am so, I profess I know nothing of all you talk about

*Ath* Why, was I not at your door this afternoon a little after the great shower of rain ?

*Gent* Not that I know of

*Ath* Why, did not I knock at your chamber-door, and you come to the door yourself and speak to me ?

*Gent* Not to-day, I am very sure of it

*Ath* Am I awake ? Are you Mr — ? am I sure we are all alive, and know what we are saying, and to whom ?

*Gent.* I beseech you unuzzle yourself, for I am surprised

*Ath* Why, about three o'clock this afternoon I came to this chamber-door, I knocked, you came and opened the door, I began to speak, you interrupted me, and —

[*Here he repeats the passage at large, and his own thoughts and resentment, as before*]

*Gent* Depend upon it, 't was some voice from heaven, it was nothing of mine, I have not been at

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the door since two of the clock, when I came first in, but have been on the bed, or in my study ever since. wholly taken up with my own thoughts, and very much indisposed

[*The young man turns pale, and falls into a swoon.*]

There was a great deal more belonging to this story, but it is too long for the present purpose, I have related this part on several accounts, and it hits the purpose I am upon many ways.

(1) Here is a visible evidence of God, and of His being and nature, fixed so in the mind, that not the most hardened atheist can deny it; nature recoils at every endeavour to suppress it, and the very pulsation of his blood shall discover and acknowledge it

(2) Yet even in this we see how the power of imagination may be worked up by the secret agency of an unknown hand, how many things concurred to make this man believe he had seen an apparition, and heard a voice, and yet there was nothing in it but the voice of a man unseen and mistaken. The young man was so surprised at his friend's declaring that he knew nothing of his coming there, that he concluded it had been all a vision or apparition that opened the door, and that it was a voice that had spoken to him, of what kind he knew not, and the reflection upon this surprised him so much as threw him into a swoon, and yet here was neither vision or voice, but that of an ordinary person, and one who meant well and said well

It is not to be doubted but that many an apparition related with a great deal of certainty in the world, and of which good ends have followed, has been no more than such a serious mistake as this

But before I leave it, let me observe that this should not at all hinder us from making a very good use of such things, for many a voice may be directed

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from heaven that is not immediately spoken from thence, as when the children cried Hosannah to our Saviour, they fulfilled the Scripture, which said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise," so doubtless He that made all things and created all things, may appoint instruction to be given by fortuitous accidents, and may direct concurring circumstances to touch and affect the mind as much and as effectually as if they had been immediate and miraculous.

Thus was the two persons happening to say the same words to the atheist, the strange reading of those lines when the person came into the bookseller's shop, the incident of his running into the shop for shelter, and many the like things of the same nature, and ordered in the same manner as the cock crowing when Peter denied Christ, which, though wonderfully concurrent with what his blessed Master had foretold, yet was no extraordinary thing in a cock, who naturally crows at such a time of the morning.

In a word, all these things serve to convince us of a great superintendency of divine Providence in the minutest affairs of this world, of a manifest existence of the invisible world, of the reality of spirits, and of the intelligence between us and them. I hope I have said nothing of it to misguide anybody, or to assist them to delude themselves, having spoken of it with the utmost seriousness in my design, and with a sincere desire for a general good.



## APPENDIX





## APPENDIX

### I

*Captain Woodes Rogers's Account of the Rescue of  
Alexander Selkirk*

[“A Cruising Voyage round the World,” second edition (1718),  
pp 123–130]

**A**T seven this morning [Jan 31, 1709] we made the island of Juan Fernandez . In the afternoon we hoisted our pinnace out, Captain Dover, with the boat's crew, went in her to go ashore, though we could not be less than four leagues off. As soon as the pinnace was gone, I went on board the “Duchess,” who admired our boat attempting going ashore at that distance from land. ’T was against my inclination, but to oblige Captain Dover I consented to let her go. As soon as it was dark we saw a light ashore. Our boat was then about a league from the island, and bore away for the ships as soon as she saw the lights. We put our lights abroad for the boat, though some were of opinion the lights we saw were our boat's lights, but as night came on, it appeared too large for that. We fired our quarter-deck gun and several muskets, showing lights in our mizen and fore shrouds, that our boat might find us whilst we plied in the lee of the island. About two in the morning our boat came on board, having been two hours on board the “Duchess,” that took them up astern of us, we were glad they got well off, because it began to blow. We are all convinced the

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light is on the shore, and design to make our ships ready to engage, believing them to be French ships at anchor, and we must either fight them or want water. We stood on the back side along the south end of the island, in order to lay in with the first southerly wind, which Captain Dampier told us generally blows there all day long. In the morning, being past the island, we tacked to lay it in close aboard the land, and about ten o'clock opened the south end of the island, and ran close aboard the land that begins to make the north-east side.

The flaws came heavy off the shore, and we were forced to reef our topsails when we opened the middle bay, where we expected to find our enemy, but saw all clear, and no ships in that nor the other bay next the north-west end. These two bays are all that ships ride in which recruit on this island, but the middle bay is by much the best. We guessed there had been ships there, but that they were gone on sight of us. We sent our yawl ashore about noon, with Captain Dover, Mr Fry, and six men, all armed. Meanwhile we and the "Duchess" kept turning to get in, and such heavy flaws came off the land, that we were forced to let go our topsail sheet, keeping all hands to stand by our sails, for fear of the wind's carrying them away, but when the flaws were gone we had little or no wind. These flaws proceeded from the land, which is very high in the middle of the island. Our boat did not return, so we sent our pinnace, with the men armed, to see what was the occasion of the yawl's stay, for we were afraid that the Spaniards had a garrison there, and might have seized them. We put out a signal for our boat, and the "Duchess" showed a French ensign. Immediately our pinnace returned from the shore, and brought abundance of crav-fish, with a man clothed in goat's skins, who looked wilder than

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the first owners of them. He had been on the island four years and four months, being left there by Captain Stradling in the "Cinque Ports," his name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who had been master of the "Cinque Ports," a ship that came here last with Captain Dampier, who told me that this was the best man in her, so I immediately agreed with him to be a mate on board our ship. 'T was he that made the fire last night when he saw our ships, which he judged to be English. During his stay here he saw several ships pass by, but only two came to anchor. As he went to view them, he found them to be Spaniards, and retired from them, upon which they shot at him. Had they been French, he would have submitted, but chose to risk his dying alone on the island rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards in these parts, because he apprehended they would murder him, or make a slave of him in the mines, for he feared they would spare no stranger that might be capable of discovering the South Seas.

The Spaniards had landed before he knew what they were, and they came so near him that he had much ado to escape, for they not only shot at him, but pursued him to the woods, where he climbed to the top of a tree, at the foot of which they made water, and killed several goats just by, but went off without discovering him. He told us that he was born at Largo, in the county of Fife, in Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left here was a difference betwixt him and his captain, which, together with the ship's being leaky, made him willing rather to stay here than go along with him at first, and when he was at last willing, the captain would not receive him. He had been in the island before to wood and water, when two of the ship's company were left upon it for

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six months till the ship returned, being chased thence by two French South Sea ships

He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could, but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against melancholy, and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place. He built two huts with pimento trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound, and that being almost spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals; and in the larger he slept and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying, so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again

At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for grief, and partly for want of bread and salt. Nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer, the pimento wood, which burnt very clear, served him both for firing and candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant smell. He might have had fish enough, but could not eat them for want of salt, because they occasioned a looseness; except crayfish, which are there as large as lobsters, and very good. These he sometimes boiled, and at other times broiled, as he did his goats' flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours. He kept an account of 500 that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear, and let go. When his powder

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failed, he took them by speed of feet , for his way of living and continual exercise of walking and running cleared him of all gross humours , so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us . We had a bulldog, which we sent, with several of our nimblest runners, to help him in catching goats , but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back

He told us that his agility in pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life . he pursued it with so much eagerness that he caught hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes hiding it from him ; so that he fell with the goat down the said precipice, a great height, and was so stunned and bruised with the fall that he narrowly escaped with his life , and when he came to his senses, found the goat dead under him . He lay there about twenty-four hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again for ten days.

He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread , and in the season had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Captain Dampier's men, and have now overspread some acres of ground . He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento trees, which is the same as Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously . He found also a black pepper called malageta, which was very good to expel wind, and against griping in the guts

He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running through the woods , and at last, being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard that he ran everywhere without difficulty, and it was

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some time before he could wear shoes after we found him, for, not being used to any so long, his feet swelled when he came first to wear them again.

After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes by cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left, and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that bred in great numbers from some of each species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes whilst asleep, which obliged him to chensh the cats with his goats' flesh, by which many of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids, and to divert himself would, now and then, sing and dance with them and his cats, so that, by the care of Providence, and vigour of his youth, being now about thirty years old, he came at last to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy.

When his clothes wore out, he made himself a coat and a cap of goat's skins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same, that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a nail, and when his knife was wore to the back, he made others, as well as he could, of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth by him, he sewed himself shirts with a nail, and stitched them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him on the island.

At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water

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since his being there , and 't was some time before he could relish our victuals

He could give us an account of no other product of the island than what we have mentioned, except small black plums, which are very good, but hard to come at, the trees which bear them growing on high mountains and rocks. Pimento trees are plenty here, and we saw some of sixty feet high, and about two yards thick, and cotton trees higher, and more than four fathom round in the stock.

The climate is so good that the trees and grass are verdant all the year. The winter lasts no longer than June and July, and is not then severe, there being only a small frost and a little hail, but sometimes great rains. The heat of the summer is equally moderate, and there's not much thunder or tempestuous weather of any sort. We saw no venomous or savage creature on the island, nor any other sort of beast, but goats, &c , as above mentioned, the first of which had been put ashore here on purpose for a breed by Juan Fernandez, a Spaniard, who settled there with some families for a time, till the continent of Chih began to submit to the Spaniards, which, being more profitable, tempted them to quit this island, which is capable of maintaining a good number of people, and of being made so strong that they could not be easily dislodged.

Rengrose, in his account of Captain Shaipe's voyage, and other buccaneers, mentions one who had escaped ashore here, out of a ship which was cast away with all the rest of the company, and says he lived five years alone, before he had the opportunity of another ship to carry him off. Captain Dampier talks of a Mosquito Indian that belonged to Captain Watln, who, being a-hunting in the woods when the captain left the island, lived there three years alone, and shifted much in the same manner as Mr.



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Selkirk did, till Captam Dampier came hither in 1684 and carried him off. The first that went ashore was one of his countrymen, and they saluted one another, first, by prostrating themselves by turns on the ground, and then embracing. But whatever there is in these stories, this of Mr Selkirk I know to be true, and his behaviour afterwards gives me reason to believe the account he gave me how he spent his time, and bore up under such an affliction, in which nothing but the Divine Providence could have supported any man.

### II

#### *Steele's Account of Selkirk*

[*The Englishman*, December 1-3, 1713]

UNDER the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure, frequently, to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a

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sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life, in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a fire-lock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off, at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully, on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversion from the reflections on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything, for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly sup-

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portable He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason and frequent reading the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant cheerful, serene sky and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome He now, taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bowel, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude, the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears, but upon the recovery of his temper he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man if he approached them. But at that time his spirits and life were so high, that he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable, for observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to them middle, and as close to them as possible, and he despatched them with his hatchet at will

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The precautions which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut, and as he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running on a promontory, and never failed of catching them, but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was mired to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him that running on the summit of a hill he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him he fell down a precipice and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands, his nights were untroubled and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him I thought if I had not been let into his character and story I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company from his aspect and gesture. There was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had

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been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him, familiar discourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his want to natural necessities, and he that goes further in his desires, increases his want in proportion to his acquisitions, or, to use his own expression, "I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

THE END.





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## INTRODUCTION

**I**N this volume are found two, or possibly three, works by Daniel Defoe which have been connected with the name of a well-known character of the early eighteenth century, Duncan Campbell. Two other works relating to the same man have been at times attributed to Defoe, but the best opinion is that they were not from his pen.

So far as the facts in the life of Campbell can now be ascertained, they are substantially the same as those related by Defoe in his *History of the Life and Adventures of Mr Duncan Campbell*. The subject of this *History* was the son of a Mr. Campbell of Argyllshire and a lady of Lapland. On the death of his wife, whom he married abroad, Mr Campbell returned to Scotland, taking with him his only child, a son, who seems to have been born about 1680. This boy, Duncan, always passed for deaf and dumb, and there is no good reason to believe that he was not. Asserting that he had the gift of second sight, he became so famous in Scotland by his remarkable predictions that in 1694, desiring wider fame, he went up to London to become a professional seer. From then to the time of his death, his object was ever to keep himself in the notice of the English public

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In the earlier part of his career, when Campbell had just come of age, he seems to have been rather wild and extravagant. At one time he was so heavily in debt that he decided to sojourn in Holland for a while. Thence, after various adventures, he returned to London, where he married a young widow, lived in pretty fair style, and became more famous as a soothsayer than ever.

References in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* prove that for years Duncan Campbell had a considerable vogue. In No. 14 of the former periodical, May 12th, 1709, Steele wrote under date of "White's Chocolate-house, May 11" — "A gentleman here this evening was giving me an account of a dumb Fortune-Teller, who outdoes Mr. Partridge,<sup>1</sup> myself, or the Unborn Doctor, for predictions: all his visitants come to him full of expectations, and pay his own rate for the interpretations they put upon his shrugs and nods. There is a fine rich City-widow stole thither the other day," — and then the *Tatler* goes on to tell of her wish to know whether she should marry again, of the fortune-teller's intimation that she should marry not once but twice, and of her speculations as to which gentlemen, among those who frequented the soothsayer's apartment, were her husbands-to-be.

Three years later Addison mentioned Campbell in No. 323 of the *Spectator*.<sup>2</sup> Part of a young lady's

<sup>1</sup> The vulgar almanac-maker who was the victim of Swift's famous hoax.

<sup>2</sup> March 11th, 1712.

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journal has supposedly come to the *Spectator's* attention, a week's journal of a life "filled with a fashionable kind of Gayety and Laziness;" and in the last entry we read — "Monday Eight a Clock Waked by Miss Kitty . . . Went in our Mobbs to the dumb Man, according to Appointment. Told me that my Lover's Name began with a G Mem. the Conjurer was within a Letter of Mr Froth's Name, &c."

In September of the same year, in No 474, Steele made a certain "Dulcibella Thankley" write enthusiastically of "Mr. Campbell, the dumb Man," to whom she wishes especially to render thanks, because through his prophecies she is become "the happiest She in Kent" Inasmuch as no reference to Mr Campbell in either the *Tatler* or the *Spectator* was more flattering than this, Defoe gave the letter in full in Chapter VIII of the present volume

Later references of the *Spectator* to the dumb man are more satirical In No 505,<sup>1</sup> appeared a letter which was supposed to come from one recommending himself as an interpreter of dreams. "I am pretty well qualified for this office, . ." Addison made the correspondent write. "My great Uncle by my Wife's Side was a Scotch Highlander, and second Sighted" And at the conclusion the correspondent wrote, "N B I am not dumb"

Again Addison wrote in No. 560,<sup>2</sup> "Everyone has heard of the famous Conjuror, who, according to the Opinion of the Vulgar, has studied himself *dumb*,

<sup>1</sup> October 9th, 1712

<sup>2</sup> June 28th, 1714.

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for which Reason, as it is believed, he delivers out all his Oracles in Writing. Be that as it will, the blind *Ternas* was not more famous in *Greece*, than this dumb Artist has been for some Years last past, in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster* ”

Finally, in his 619th paper,<sup>1</sup> the Spectator, in trying to give some idea of the variety of the letters which he receives, writes of one dated from Cornhill, from Charissa, who “desires to be eased in some Scruples relating to the Skill of Astrologers *Referred to the Dumb Man for an Answer.*”

Fads appear to have lasted longer at the beginning of the eighteenth century than at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth. Novelty did not succeed novelty then with the same rapidity as now. Still all things in time had their turn, and there is a sign that Mr Campbell had had his in the advertising he resorted to towards the end of his life to keep his name before the public. Defoe's *Life of Campbell*, in a way, is part of this advertising. True, we cannot say that it was written at the suggestion of the fortune-teller. Defoe's unceasing interest in vulgar wonders would naturally have led him to “write up” Campbell, moreover, the publisher, thinking the book a good commercial venture, may have offered Defoe a good price for it. Still, one cannot read the preface addressed “To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Great Britain,” and signed by Campbell, without feeling that an important purpose of the book was to get

<sup>1</sup> November 12th, 1714

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people into the habit of consulting the seer again. That they had got out of this habit is plain from Campbell's attacks on other fortune-tellers and all kinds of independent divination, and from his self-commendation. There can be little doubt that Defoe was helping to advertise a partially forgotten favourite, when he wrote *The History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell A Gentleman, who though born Deaf and Dumb, writes down any Stranger's Name at First Sight, and their Future Contingencies of Fortune Now living in Exeter Court, over against the Savoy in the Strand.*

This work was published by Curll on the thirtieth of April, 1720. Two days later, by clever management on some one's part, "Mr Campbell, the Deaf and Dumb Gentleman . . . Kiss'd the King's Hand, and presented to his Majesty *The History of his Life and Adventures*, which was by his Majesty most graciously received" <sup>1</sup>

Even this advertisement of Defoe's book seems not to have made it sell so well as had been hoped. The next month, accordingly, a pamphlet was issued — it is conjectured to improve the sale — entitled, *Mr Campbell's Pacquet for the Entertainment of Gentlemen and Ladies, Containing, I, Verses to Mr. Campbell, Occasioned by the History of his Life and Adventures. By Mrs. Fowke, Mr Philips, &c. II, The Parallel, a Poem comparing the Poetical Productions of Mr. Pope, with the Prophetical Predictions of Mr Campbell. By Capt. Stanhope. III,*

<sup>1</sup> *Daily Post*, Wednesday, May 4th, 1720



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*An Account of a Most Surprising Apparition, sent from Launceston in Cornwall. Attested by the Rev Mr. Ruddle, Minister there* It is conjectured that Campbell's original plan was to publish only the first two sections of his *Pacquet*. As they proved, however, too short for a pamphlet, he probably asked Defoe to supply a third section. Whether or not the *Pacquet* improved the sale of Campbell's *Life and Adventures*, a second edition of the latter appeared in August, 1720, with the *Pacquet* included. It may be noted here that a third edition followed in 1728, with a titlepage which gave no clue to its being the *Life and Adventures* of Campbell already published. The *Pacquet* was included in this third edition, as it was in a fourth, published at the end of December of the same year.

The part of the *Pacquet* which chiefly concerns us is the third, which, as I have said, was probably supplied by Defoe, and is therefore included in this volume. Having no direct connection with Campbell, it must have been inserted in his *Pacquet* on the supposition that any account of a remarkable vision would be of interest in a book referring to him. It purports to tell the story of *A Remarkable Passage of an Apparition* which was seen by the Rev John Ruddle, a clergyman of Cornwall, in the year 1665. This *Apparition* till very recently has been attributed to Defoe, and the story is so much the sort of thing that he would have written, that one is naturally loath to deny his authorship. In the light of recent investigation, however, we must admit

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that the *Most Surprising Apparition* was probably not his

Defoe himself gave the credit of the story to Ruddle. In Campbell's *Pacquet*, at the head of the narrative are the words, "Related by the Rev. Dr. Ruddle, of Launceston in Cornwall, in the Year 1665." This of itself without corroboration would mean nothing, for one may say of such statements of Defoe in general, that they are as likely to be false as true. But Mr Alfred F Robbins, in an article written in 1895 for *Notes and Queries*,<sup>1</sup> and in another for the *Speaker*,<sup>2</sup> has shown that in this case Defoe probably spoke the truth.

Mr. Robbins calls attention to the fact that C. S. Gilbert's *History of Cornwall*, published in 1817, contained the story of Dorothy Dingley's ghost in almost the very words of the account in Campbell's *Pacquet*. Gilbert said that he had got the story from the Rev Jago Arundell, a native of Launceston, who had found it in the course of antiquarian researches, and was convinced that "it was in Ruddle's handwriting." The question at once arises, did the Rev Jago Arundell speak the truth? There seems to be no reason to suppose that he did not. He was both a conscientious and experienced antiquarian. The notice of his life in the *Dictionary of National Biography* shows that from his childhood he was interested in Cornish history, and Mr Robbins shows that Arundell, in his antiquarian researches, had seen both papers in Ruddle's hand-

<sup>1</sup> September 21st, 1895

<sup>2</sup> October 19th, 1895.

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writing and entries of his in the Launceston Parish Register. As to the variations between the account which Defoe secured for Campbell's *Pacquet* and that which Gilbert published nearly a century later, they may be due, says Mr. Quiller-Couch,<sup>1</sup> writing on Mr. Robbins's first article, "to slight alterations made by Defoe in putting the MS. through the press, or to his carelessness in correcting the proofs," and to the possibility that the narrative found by Mr. Arundell was a "subsequent 'fair copy,' in which Ruddle had made a few trifling alterations."

None of the facts of Ruddle's life, so far as they are known, will prevent our accepting his authorship of the strange narrative in question. What little we know of his literary ability would lead us to expect a narrative inferior to another on a similar subject, which is pretty certainly by Defoe, and which will be found in a later volume of this edition, — *The Apparition of Mrs Veal*. But though the story of the Cornish apparition is inferior as narrative to that of *The Apparition of Mrs Veal*, it is not without such touches as to an amazing degree produce belief in Defoe's stories. It is good testimony, for instance, for the reality of the apparition, that on one occasion "a spaniel dog, who followed the company unregarded, did bark and run away, as the spectrum passed by, whence it is easy to conclude that it was not our fear or fancy which made the apparition." Such realistic touches, however, are by no means so common as

<sup>1</sup> *The Speaker*, October 12th, 1895

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they would be in a story of Defoe's. On the whole, the tale of the Cornish apparition is not too skilfully written to be the work of a clergyman of good education and some literary feeling, who had been profoundly impressed by a wonder which he believed he had seen.

Nor do the dates of Ruddell's life forbid the assumption of his authorship. He began his ministry at Launceston in 1663, two years before he said that he saw Dorothy Dingley's ghost. He died in 1699, twenty-one years before Campbell's *Pacquet* appeared. An account of the *Apparition* in Ruddell's handwriting, therefore, could not have been copied from the account which Defoe added to his second edition of Campbell's *Life*. On the other hand, Defoe, with his half-credulous interest in marvels, would have been likely to get hold of Ruddell's story, if he had visited Launceston. That he did visit the place — probably on one of his secret political journeys — we know from his mention of it in his *Tour thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain*.<sup>1</sup>

Defoe was not the only author to bestow attention on Duncan Campbell. In 1724 there came out *A Spy upon the Conjurer*, a pamphlet whose manifest

<sup>1</sup> If the style of the *Most Surprising Apparition* were such as to make us of necessity believe that Defoe wrote it, we might assume that he made a visit to Launceston in the lifetime of Ruddell (perhaps when in hiding after the failure of Monmouth's rebellion), got the story then by word of mouth, and put it into a written form which Ruddell subsequently copied with a few alterations. The style, however, does not force us into such an hypothesis.

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object was to laud the "astonishing penetration and event" of his predictions. The author was Eliza Haywood. It is probable that from her pen, too, came in 1725 *The Dumb Projector, being a surprising account of a Trip to Holland made by Mr Campbell, with the manner of his Reception and Behaviour there*. This has at times been attributed to Defoe, but Mr Lee was satisfied that it was not his.

There is no doubt, though, that Defoe wrote at least the larger part of *The Friendly Demon*, which concludes this volume. It appeared in 1726 in two parts. The first was a letter signed by Duncan Campbell and addressed to a certain friend, whose name was not mentioned, asking the friend's opinion on Campbell's recent miraculous cure after an illness which had lasted the better part of eight years. In this letter Campbell stated that his guardian angel, or friendly demon, had prescribed the remedy which had wrought his cure, and he intimated that it might prove equally beneficial to others, presumably if they would pay him for it. The second part was a reply from the anonymous friend, who was no other than Defoe, to "my deaf and dumb Friend, Mr Duncan Campbell." Mr Lee has written with some enthusiasm of Defoe's conscientiousness in his reply to Campbell's alleged letter, of his unwillingness to commend a miraculous cure which he could hardly believe in, and of his desire to help his friend. Though there is no actual recommendation of the loadstone and powders which had effected Campbell's cure, the whole tone of the reply, with its discussion of familiar

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spirits and the like, seems to me designed to induce as many people as possible to try Campbell's remedy. In fine, it is not unlikely that Defoe composed Campbell's letter as well as the reply, and that both were written because Campbell, having failed as a fortune-teller through sickness and loss of vogue, wished to support himself as a quack doctor.

*The Friendly Demon* seems to have been the last piece which Defoe wrote for Campbell. In 1730 the dumb man was attacked with a sickness which proved too much for his "demon." This time there was no miraculous restoration to health, it was decreed that Campbell should die.

Enough interest was still felt in the man to warrant the publication in 1732 of *Secret Memoirs of the Late Mr Duncan Campbell, the famous Deaf and Dumb Gentleman, written by himself, who ordered that they should be published after his Decease*. Mr Lee declares that, in spite of this having been ascribed to Defoe, the only part of the work really his was the *Friendly Demon*, which was reprinted with it.

G. H. MAYNADIER.



## TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN

I AM not unacquainted that, ever since this book was first promised by way of advertisement to the world, it was greedily coveted by a great many persons of airy tempers, for the same reason that it has been condemned by those of a more formal class, who thought it was calculated partly to introduce a great many new and diverting curiosities in the way of superstition, and partly to divulge the secret intrigues and amours of one part of the sex, to give the other part room to make favourite scandal the subject of their discourse, and so to make one-half of the fan species very merry over the blushes and the mortifications of the other half. But when they come to read the following sheets, they will find their expectations disappointed, but I hope I may say too, very agreeably disappointed. They will find a much more elegant entertainment than they expected. Instead of making them a bill of fare out of patchwork romances of polluting scandal, the good old gentleman who wrote the adventures of my life has made it his business to treat them with a great variety of entertaining passages which always terminate in morals that tend to the edification of all readers, of whatsoever sex, age, or



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profession. Instead of seducing young, innocent, unwary minds, into the vicious delight which is too often taken in reading the gay and bewitching chimeras of the cabalists, and in perusing the enticing fables of new-invented tricks of superstition, my ancient friend, the writer, strikes at the very root of these superstitions, and shows them how they may be satisfied in their several curiosities, by having recourse to time, who by the talent of the second-sight (which he so beautifully represents how nature is so kind frequently to implant in the minds of men born in the same climate with myself) can tell you those things naturally, which, when you try to learn yourselves, you either run the hazard of being imposed upon in your pockets by cheats, gipsies, and common fortune-tellers, or else of being imposed upon in a still worse way, in your most lasting welfare, by having recourse to conjurois or enchanters that deal in black arts, and involve all then consultants in one general partnership of their execrable guilt, or lastly, of imposing worst of all on your own selves, by getting into an itch of practising and trying the little tricks of female superstition, which are often more officiously handed down by the tradition of credulous nurses and old women, from one generation to another, than the first principles of Christian doctrine, which it is their duty to instil early into little children. But I hope when this book comes to be pretty generally read among you ladies (as by your generous and numerous subscriptions I have good reason to expect), that it will afford a perfect remedy and a thorough cure to that dis-

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temper, which first took its rise from too great a growth of curiosity, and too large a stock of credulity, nursed prejudicially up with you in your more tender and infant years

Whatever young maid hereafter has an innocent but longing desire to know who shall be her husband, and what time she shall be married, will, I hope, when she has read in the following sheets of a man that can set her right in the knowledge of those points, purely by possessing the gift of the second-sight, sooner have recourse innocently to such a man than use unlawful means to acquire it, such as running to conjurors to have his figure shown in their enchanted glasses, or using any of those traditionary superstitions by which they may dream of their husbands, or cause visionary shapes of them to appear on such and such festival nights of the year, all which practices are not ordinarily wicked and impious, but downright diabolical. I hope that the next twenty-ninth of June, which is St John the Baptist's Day, I shall not see the several pasture fields adjacent to this metropolis, especially that behind Montague House, thronged, as they were the last year, with well-dressed young ladies, crawling busily up and down upon their knees, as if they were a parcel of weeders, when all the business is to hunt superstitiously after a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, that they may dream who shall be their husbands. In order to shame them out of this silly but guilty practice, I do intend to have some spies out on that day, that shall discover who they are, and what they

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have been about, and I here give notice to the public that this ill-acted comedy (if it be acted at all this year) must begin, according to the rule of their superstition, on that day precisely at the hour of twelve. And so much for the pretty weeders; but as you (ladies) have had several magical traditions delivered to you, which, if you put in exercise and practice, will be greatly prejudicial to your honour and your virtue, let me interpose my counsels, which will conduct you innocuously to the same end which some ladies have laboured to arrive at by these impieties. Give me leave first to tell you that though what you aim at may be arrived to by these means, yet these means make that a miserable fortune which would have been a good one, because, in order to know human things beforehand, you use preternatural mediums, which destroy the goodness of the courses which nature herself was taking for you, and annexes to them diabolical influences, which commonly carries along with them fatalities in this world as well as the next. You will therefore give me your pardon likewise, ladies, if I relate some other of these practices, which bare relation, of itself, after what I have said before, seems to me sufficient to explode them.

Another of the nurses' prescriptions is this. Upon a St Agnes's Night, the twenty-first day of January, take a row of pins and pull out every one, one after another, saying a Pater Noster, or Our Father, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of her you shall marry. Ben Jonson, in one of his masques, makes some mention of this —

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“ And on sweet St. Agnes’ night  
Please you with the promised sight,  
Some of husbands, some of lovers,  
Which an empty dream discovers.”

Now what can be more infinitely profane than to use the prayer of our Lord instituted in such a way?

There is another prescription, which is as follows. You must lie in another county, and knit the left garter about the right-legged stocking (let the other garter and stocking alone), and as you rehearse these following verses, at every comma knit a knot —

“ This knot I knit,  
To know the thing I know not yet,  
That I may see  
The man that shall my husband be :  
How he goes, and what he wears,  
And what he does all days and years ”

Accordingly, in your dream you will see him : if a musician, with a lute or other instrument, if a scholar, with a book, &c. Now I appeal to you, ladies, what a ridiculous prescription is this? But yet, as slight a thing as it is, it may be of great importance if it be brought about, because then it must be construed to be done by preternatural means, and then those words are nothing less than an application to the devil.

Mr Aubrey, of the Royal Society, says a gentlewoman that he knew confessed, in his hearing, that she used this method, and dreamed of her husband, whom she had never seen. About two or three years after, as she was one Sunday at church, up pops a young Oxonian in the pulpit she cries out presently

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to her sister, "This is the very face of the man I saw in my dream" Sir William Somes's lady did the like

Another way is to charm the moon thus (as the old nurses give out) at the first appearance of the moon after New Year's Day (some say any other new moon is as good), go out in the evening, and stand over the spars of a gate or stile, looking on the moon (here remark that in Yorkshire they kneel on a ground-fast stone), and say —

"All hail to the moon, all hail to thee,  
I prithee, good moon, reveal to me  
This night who my husband shall be"

You must presently after go to bed The aforesaid Mr Aubrey knew two gentlewomen that did thus when they were young maids, and they had dreams of those that married them

But a great many of the wittiest part of your sex laugh at these common superstitions, but then they are apt to run into worse They give themselves up to the reading of the cabalistical systems of sylphs, and gnomes, and mandrakes, which are very wicked and delusive imaginations

I would not have you imagine, ladies, that I impute these things as infirmities and frailties peculiar to your sex. No, men, and great men, too, and scholars, and even statesmen and princes themselves, have been tainted with superstitions, and where they infect the minds of such great personages, they make the deeper impression, according to the stronger and more manly ideas they have of them Their greater degree of strength in the intellect only subjects them to

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greater weaknesses. Such was even the great Paracelsus, the wonder and miracle of learning in the age wherein he lived, and such were all his followers, scholars, statesmen, divines, and princes, that are talismanists.

These talismans that Paracelsus pretends to owe to the excogitation and invention of honest art, seem to me to be of a very diabolical nature, and to owe their rise to being dedicated by the author to the heathen gods. Thus the cabalists, pretending to a vast penetration into arts and sciences (though all their thoughts are chimeras and extravagances, unless they be helped by preternatural means), say they have found out the several methods appropriated to the several planets. They have appropriated gold to the sun on the Sunday, silver to the moon on the Monday, iron to Mars on the Tuesday, quicksilver to Mercury on the Wednesday, tin to Jupiter on the Thursday, copper or brass to Venus on the Friday, and lead to Saturn on the Saturday. The methods they take in forming these talismans are too long to dwell upon here, but the properties which they pretend belong to them are, that the first talisman or seal of the sun will make a man beloved by all princes and potentates, and cause him to abound with all the riches his heart can wish. The second preserves travellers from danger, and is favourable to merchants, tradesmen, and workmen. The third carries destruction to any place where it is put, and it is said that a certain great minister of state ordered one of these to be carried into England in the times of the revolution of the government caused by Oliver Cromwell. The fourth, they pretend, cures fevers and

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other diseases : and if it be put under the bolster, it makes the proprietor have true dreams, in which he sees all he desires to know. The fifth, according to them, renders a man lucky and fortunate in all his businesses and undertakings, it dissipates melancholy, drives away all importunate cares, and banishes panic fears from the mind. The sixth, by being put into the liquor which any one drinks, reconciles mortal enemies, and makes them intimate friends ; it gains the love of all women, and renders the proprietor very dexterous in the art of music. The seventh makes women be easily brought to bed without pain, and if a horseman carries it in his left boot, himself and his horse become invulnerable.

This Paracelsus and his learned followers say is owing to the influence of the stars, but I cannot help arguing these acts of diabolical impiety. But as these arts are rarely known among the middling part of mankind, I shall neither open their mysteries, nor inveigh against them any further.

The persons who are most to be avoided, are your ordinary fortune-telling women and men about this town, whose houses ought to be avoided as a plague or a pestilence, either because they are cheats and impostors, or because they deal with black arts, none of them that I know having any pretensions to the gift of a second-sight. Among many, a few of the most notorious that I can call to mind now, are as follow.

The first and chiefest of these mischievous fortune-tellers is a woman that does not live far from the Old Bailey. And truly the justice hall in that place is the properest place for her to appear at, where, if she

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was tried for pretending to give charms written upon paper with odd scrawls, which she calls figures, she would be probably convicted, and very justly condemned, and doomed to have her last journey from the Old Bailey to Newgate, and from Newgate to Tyburn. The other is a fellow that lives in Moorfields, in which place, those who go to consult him ought to live all their lifetimes at the famous palaces of the senseless men. He is the successor of the famous Dr. Trotter, whose widow he married, and from being a tailor, and patching men's garments, he now cuts flourishes with his shears upon parchment, considers the heavens as a garment, and from the spangles thereupon he calculates nativities, and sets up for a very profound astrologer. The third is an ignorant fellow that caws out strange predictions in Crow Alley, of whose croaking noise I shall here take no notice, he having been sufficiently mauled in the most ingenious *Spectators*. These, and such counterfeits as these, I would desire all gentlemen and ladies to avoid. The only two really learned men that I ever knew in the art of astrology were my good friends, Dr. Williams and Mr. Gadbury; and I thought it necessary to pay this esteem to their manes, let the world judge of them what it will. I will here say no more, nor hinder you any longer, gentlemen and ladies, from the diversion which my good old friend, who is now departed this life, has prepared for you in his book, which a young gentleman of my acquaintance revised, and only subscribe myself, yours, &c.,

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.





## AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

**O**F all the writings delivered in an historical manner to the world, none certainly were ever held in greater esteem than those which give us the lives of distinguished private men at full length, and, as I may say, to the life. Such curious fragments of biography are the rarities which great men seek after with eager industry, and when found, prize them as the chief jewels and ornaments that enrich their libraries, and deservedly, for they are the beauties of the greatest men's lives handed down by way of example or instruction to posterity, and commonly handed down likewise by the greatest men. Since, therefore, persons distinguished for merit in one kind or other are the constant subjects of such discourses, and the most elegant writers of each age have been usually the only authors who choose upon such subjects to employ their pens, and since persons of the highest rank and dignity, and genius of the most refined and delicate relish, are frequently curious enough to be the readers of them, and to esteem them the most valuable pieces in a whole collection of learned works, it is a wonder to me, that when any man's life has something in it peculiarly great and remarkable in its kind, it should not move some more skilful writer

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than myself to give the public a taste of it, because it must be at least vastly entertaining, if it be not, which is next to impossible, immensely instructive and profitable withal

If ever the life of any man under the sun was remarkable, this Mr. Duncan Campbell's, which I am going to treat upon, is so to a very eminent degree.

It affords such variety of incidents, and is accompanied with such diversity of circumstances, that it includes within it what must yield entire satisfaction to the most learned, and admiration to persons of a moderate understanding. The prince and the peasant will have their several ends of worthy delight in reading it, and Mr. Campbell's life is of that extent that it concerns and collects (as I may say) within itself every station of life in the universe. Besides, there is a demand, in almost every page that relates any new act of his, for the finest and closest disquisitions that learning can make upon human nature, to account how those acts could be done by him, for he daily practised, and still practises, those things naturally which puts art to the rack to find out how nature can so operate in him, and his fleshly body, by these operations, is a living practical system or body of new philosophy, which exceeds even all those that have hitherto been compounded by the labour and art of many ages

If one that had speculated deep into abstruse matters, and made it his study not only to know how to assign natural reasons for some strange new acts, that looked like miracles by being peculiar to the individual genius of some particular admired man, but

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carrying his inquiry to a much greater height, had speculated likewise what might possibly be achieved by human genius in the full perfection of nature, and had laid it down as a thesis by strong arguments, that such things might be compassed by a human genius (if in its true degree of perfection) as are the hourly operations of the person's life I am writing, he would have been counted a wild, romantic enthusiast, instead of a natural philosopher. Some of the wisest would be infidels to so new and so refined a scheme of thinking, and demand experiment, or cry it was all against reason, and would not allow the least tittle to be true without it. Yet the man that had found out so great a mystery as to tell us what might be done by human genius, as it is here actually done, would have been a great man within himself, but wanting farther experimental proof, could lay no claim to the belief of others, or consequently to their esteem. But how great, then, is the man who makes it constantly his practice actually to do what would not otherwise have been thought to be of such a nature as might ever be acquired by mortal capacity, though in its full complement of all possible perfection? He is not only great within himself, he is great to the world. His experiments force our belief, and the amazing singularity of those experiments provokes both our wonder and esteem.

If any learned man should have advanced this proposition, that mere human art could give to the deaf man what should be equal to his hearing, and to the dumb man an equivalent for his want of speech, so that he should converse as freely almost as other hear-

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ing or talking persons ; that he might, though born deaf, be by art taught how to read, write, and understand any language as well as students that have their hearing, would not the world, and many even of the learned part of it, say that nothing could be more extravagantly wild, more mad and frantic ? The learned Dr. Wallis, geometry professor of Oxford, did first of all lay down this proposition, and was counted by many to have overshot the point of learning, and to have been the author of a whimsical thesis. And I should not have wondered if, after a man's having asserted this might be done before it was actually done, some blind devout people in those days had accused him of heresy, and of attributing to men a power of working miracles. The notion of the antipodes was by the most learned men of the age in which St. Augustine lived, and by the great St. Austin himself, treated in no milder a manner, yet if the ability of teaching the deaf and the dumb a language proved a truth in experience afterwards, ought not those to turn their contempt into admiration, ought not those very people to vote him into the Royal Society for laying down the proposition, who, before it proved true, in fact, would have been very forward to have sent him to Bedlam ? The first instance of this accomplishment in a dumb person was proved before King Charles II by this same Dr. Wallis, who was a fellow of the Royal Society, and one of the most ingenious of that society.

But notwithstanding this, should I come afterwards and say, that there is now living a deaf and dumb man, and born so, who could by dint of his

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own genius teach all others deaf and dumb to read, write, and converse with the talking and hearing part of mankind, some would, I wariant, very religiously conclude, that I was about to introduce some strange new miracle-monger and impostor into the world, with a design of setting up some new sect of anti-Christianism as formidable as that of Brahmans Should I proceed still farther and say, that this same person, so deaf and dumb, might be able also to show a presaging power, or kind of prophetical genius (if I may be allowed the expression) by telling any strange persons he never saw before in his life, their names at first sight in writing, and by telling them the past actions of their lives, and predicting to them determined truths of future contingencies, notwithstanding what divines say, that "*in futuris contingentibus non datur determinata veritas,*" would not they conclude that I was going to usher in a new Mahomet? Since, therefore, there does exist such a man in London, who actually is deaf and dumb, and was born so, who does write and read, and converse as well as anybody, who teaches others deaf and dumb to write and read and converse with anybody, who likewise can, by a presaging gift, set down in writing the name of any stranger at first sight, tell him his past actions, and predict his future occurrences in fortune, and since he has practised this talent as a profession with great success for a long series of years upon innumerable persons in every state and vocation in life, from the peeress to the waiting-woman, and from the lady mayoress to the milliner and sempstress, will it not be wonderfully entertain-

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ing to give the world a perfect history of this so singular a man's life? And while we are relating the pleasant adventures with such prodigious variety, can anything be more agreeably instructive in a new way than to intersperse the reasons, and account for the manner how nature, having a mind to be remarkable, performs by him acts so mysterious?

I have premised this introduction, compounded of the merry and the serious, with the hopes of engaging many curious people of all sorts to be my readers, even from the airy nice peruser of novels and romances, neatly bound and finely gilt, to the grave philosopher, that is daily thumbing over the musty and tattered pieces of more solid antiquity. I have all the wonders to tell that such a merry kind of a prophet has told, to entertain the fancies of the first gay tribe, by which means I may entice them into some solid knowledge and judgment of human nature, and I have several solid disquisitions of learning to make, accounting for the manner of these mysterious operations, never touched upon before in due form and order by the hands of the ancient or modern sages, that I may bribe the judgment of this last grave class so far as to endure the intermixing entertainment with their severer studies.

**THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND  
SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF  
MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL**





# THE HISTORY OF *the* LIFE AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL

## CHAPTER ONE

MR. CAMPBELL'S DESCENT, FAMILY, BIRTH, ETC.

**O**F the goodness and antiquity of the name and family of this gentleman, nobody can ever make any question. He is a Campbell, lineally descended from the house of Argyll, and bears a distant relation to the present duke of that name in Scotland, and who is now constituted a duke of England, by the style and title of Duke of Greenwich.

It happens frequently that the birth of extraordinary persons is so long disputed by different people, each claiming him for their own, that the real place where he first took breath grows at last dubious. And thus it fares with the person who is the subject of the following sheets, as, therefore, it is my proposal to have a strict regard to historical faith, so I am obliged to tell the reader that I can with no certainty give an account of him till after he was three years old, from which age I knew him even to this day. I will answer for the truths which I impart to the public during that time, and as for

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his birth and the circumstances of it, and how the first three years of his life passed, I can only deliver them the same account I have received from others, and leave them to their own judgments, whether it ought to be deemed real or fabulous

The father of our Mr Duncan Campbell (as these relate the story) was from his infancy of a very curious inquisitive nature, and of an enterprising genius, and if he heard of anything surprising to be seen, the difficulty in practice was enough to recommend to him the attempting to get a sight of it at any rate or any hazard. It is certain that during some civil broils and troubles in Scotland, the grandfather of our Mr Campbell was driven with his wife and family, by the fate of war, into the isle of Shetland, where he lived many years, and during his residence there, Mr Archibald Campbell, the father of our Duncan Campbell, was born

Shetland lies north-east from Orkney, between 60 and 61 degrees of latitude The largest isle of Shetland, by the natives called the Mainland, is sixty miles in length, from south-west to the north-east, and from sixteen to one mile in breadth

The people who live in the smaller isles have abundance of eggs and fowl, which contributes to maintain their families during the summer

The ordinary folks are mostly very nimble and active in climbing the rocks in quest of those eggs and fowl This exercise is far more diverting than hunting and hawking among us, and would certainly, for the pleasure of it, be followed by people of greater distinction, was it not attended with very

## A WAY OF FOWLING

great dangers, sufficient to turn sport into sorrow, and which have often proved fatal to those who too eagerly pursue their game. Mr. Archibald Campbell, however, delighted extremely in this way of fowling, and used to condescend to mix with the common people for company, because none of the youths of his rank and condition were venturesome enough to go along with him.

The most remarkable experiment of this sort is at the isle called the Noss of Brassah. The Noss standing at sixteen fathom distance from the side of the opposite main, the higher and lower rocks have two stakes fastened in each of them, and to these there are ropes tied, upon the ropes there is an engine hung, which they call a cradle, and in this a man makes his way over from the greater to the smaller rocks, where he makes a considerable purchase of eggs and fowl, but his return being by an ascent makes it the more dangerous, though those on the great rock have a rope tied to the cradle, by which they draw it and the man safe over for the most part. Over this rock Mr. Archibald Campbell and five others were in that matter let down by cradles and ropes, but before they could be all drawn back again it grew dark, and their associates not daring to be benighted, were forced to withdraw, and Mr. Campbell was the unfortunate person left behind, having wandered too far, and not minded how the day declined, being intent on his game. He passed that night, you may easily guess, without much sleep, and with great anxiety of heart. The night, too, as he lay in the open air, was, to add to his misfortunes,

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as boisterous and tempestuous as his own mind ; but in the end the tempest proved very happy for him. The reader is to understand that the Hamburgers, Bremeners, and Hollanders, carry on a great fish trade there. Accordingly, a Holland vessel that was just coming in the sound of Brassah, was by this tempest driven into a creek of the rock, which nature had made into a harbour, and they were providentially saved from the bottom of the sea by a rock, from which, humanly speaking, they could expect nothing but destruction, and being sent to the bottom of that sea. As never could a man be taken hold of with so sudden and surprising a disaster, so nobody could meet with a more sudden and surprising relief than Mr. Campbell found when he saw a ship so near. He made to the vessel, and begged the Hollanders to take him in. They asked him what he would give them, "or," said the barbarous sailors, "we will even leave you where you are." He told them his disaster, but they asked money, and nothing else would move them. As he knew them a self-interested people, he bethought himself that if he should tell them of the plenty of fowls and eggs they would get there, he might not only be taken in a passenger, but made a partner in the money arising from the stock. It succeeded accordingly when he proposed it, the whole crew were all at work, and in four hours, pretty well stored the vessel, and then, returning on board, set sail for Holland. They offered Mr. Campbell to put him in at his own island, but having a mind to see Holland, and, being a partner, to learn their way of merchandise, which he thought he might turn to

## A DISAPPEARANCE

his countrymen's advantage, he told them he would go the voyage out with them, and see the country of those who were his deliverers, a necessary way of speech, when one has a design to soothe barbarians, who but for interest would have left him unredeemed, and, for aught they knew, a perpetual sole inhabitant of a dreadful rock, encompassed round with precipices, some three hundred fathom high. Not so the islanders (who are wrongly called a savage set of mortals), no, they came in quest of him after so bitter a night, not doubting to find him, but fearing to find him in a lamentable condition. They hunted and ransacked every little hole and corner in the rock, but all in vain, in one place they saw a great slaughter of fowls, enough to serve forty families for a week, and then they guessed, though they had not the ill fortune to meet the eagles frequently noted to hover about those isles, that they might have devoured part of him on some precipice of the rock, and dropped the remnant into the sea. Night came upon them, and they were afraid of falling into the same disaster they went to relieve Mr Campbell from. They returned each to their proper basket, and were drawn up safe by their respective friends, who were amazed that one basket was drawn up empty which was let down for Mr Campbell, and that there was not the least intelligence to be had concerning him, but the supposititious story of his having been devoured by eagles. The story was told at home, and with the lamentation of the whole family, and all his friends, he was looked upon to be murdered or dead.

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Return we now to Mr. Archibald Campbell, still alive, and on board the Holland vessel, secure, as he thought within himself, that from the delivery he lately had by the gift of Providence, he was not intended to be liable to any more misfortunes and dangers of life, in the compass of so small a voyage. But his lot was placed otherwise in the book of fate than he too fondly imagined, his time of happiness was dated some pages lower down, and more rubs and difficulties were to be encountered with before his stars intended to lead him to the port of felicity. Just as he arrived within sight of Amsterdam a terrible storm arose, and, in danger of their lives for many hours, they weathered out the tempest, and a calm promising fair afresh, they made to the coast of Zealand, but a new hurricane prevented the ship from coming there also, and after having lost their masts and rigging, they were driven into Lapland. There they went ashore in order to careen and repair their ship, and take in provisions. While the ship was repairing by the Dutch, our islander made merry with the inhabitants, being the most inclined to their superstitious customs, he there became acquainted with a very beautiful woman, who fell in love with him, and after a very short space of time he married her. About the time when the ship departed, his wife, who was very rich, was big with child of a son, namely, Mr Duncan Campbell. He wrote a letter, by the master of the vessel, to his parents in Shetland, concerning the various adventures he had met with, which was delivered the June following, about the time of fish-

## STORY OF ADVENTURE

ing, to his parents, and several persons had copies thereof, and, for aught I know, some retain them to this very day, sure I am, that many remember the particulars of this surprising affair, who are now living in that island.

The letter being very remarkable and singular in all its circumstances, I shall present it the reader, word for word, as it was given into my hands, together with some others which he wrote afterwards, in all which I am assured, by very credible persons and undoubted authorities, there are not the least alterations but what the version of it from the then Scotch manner of expression into a more modern English dress made absolutely necessary

MY DEAREST FATHER, — The same odd variety of accident which put it out of my power to be personally present with you for so long a time, put it likewise out of my power to write to you. At last fortune has so ordered it, that I can send a letter to you before I can come myself, and it is written expressly to tell you the adventures I have met with, which have detained me this tedious space of time from my dear father, and because the same captain of a ship that brings you this, might as easily have brought your son to speak for himself. I shall in the next place lay before you the necessity there is for my stay a little longer among the strange natives of the country where I now inhabit, and where I am in a manner become naturalised.

You have, no doubt of it, been informed by my companions, some of whom I hope got safe back



## MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL

again, if not all, that I was lost where many a brave man has perished before me, by going over the high precipices of the mountain Brassah in a basket, sliding down by a rope I must suppose I have given you the anguish of a father for a son, who you thought had lost his life by such a foolhardy attempt, and I implore your pardon with all the power of filial contrition, penitence, and duty You have always showed me such singular marks of paternal affection that I know your receipt of this letter will fill your heart with joy, and cause you to sign me an absolution and free pardon for all the errors I have committed, and think the sufferings I have undergone for my rashness and indiscretion a sufficient atonement for my crime of making you, by my undutifulness, a partner of my sorrows To free you the more from this uneasiness, I know I need only tell you that every grief of mine is gone excepting one, which is, that I must still lose the pleasure of seeing you a little longer There was never surely a more bitter night than that which must by me be for ever remembered, when I was lost in the mountain of Brassah, where I must, for aught I know, have lived for ever, a wild single inhabitant, but that the storm which made the night so uneasy to me, rendered the first approach of daylight beyond measure delightful The first providential glimpse of the morning gave me a view of a ship driven by the tempest into a creek of the rock that was by nature formed like a harbour, a miraculous security of deliverance as I thought, both for the ship's crew and myself I made all the haste I could, you may be sure, to them, and I found them to be Dutch-

## UMA LAPMARK

men that were come for fish , but in lieu of fish I instructed them to load it with eggs and fowl, which we compassed very happily in a short space of time, and I was to be a sharer with the captain in the lading, and bargained to go for Holland to see the sale and nature of the traffic , but when we were at sea, after much bad weather, we made towards Zealand, but we were driven upon the coast of Finland by a new storm, and thence to Lapland, where I now am, and from whence I send you this letter

I could not come into a place so properly named for my reception As I had been undutiful to you, and fortune seemed to make me an exile or a banished man, by way of punishment for the vices of my youth , so Lapland (which is a word originally derived from the Finland word, *lappi*, that is, exiles, and from the Swedish word, *lap*, signifying banished, from which two kingdoms most of our inhabitants were banished hither for not embracing the Christian religion) was certainly the properest country in the world to receive me

When first I entered this country I thought I was got into quite another world. The men are all of them pigmies to our tall, brawny Highlanders , they are, generally speaking, not above three cubits high, insomuch that though the whole country of Lapland is immensely large, and I have heard it reckoned by the inhabitants to be above a hundred German leagues in length, and fourscore and ten in breadth, yet I was the tallest man there, and looked upon as a giant. The district in which I live now is called **Uma Lapmark**.

## MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL

You must understand, sir, that when I landed at North Cape, in Kimi Lapmark, another district of Lapland, there was at that time a most beautiful lady come to see a sick relation of her father's, who was prefect or governor of Uma Lapmark, which is a post of great distinction. This lady, by being frequently in the company of French merchants, who traffic now and then in that province of Uma Lapmark, understood French, and having heard of a man six feet and a half high, desired to see me, and when I came she happened mightily to like my person, and she talked French, which when I answered she made great signs of joy that she could communicate her sentiments to me, and she told me who she was, how rich, and that not one in the company besides could understand a syllable we said, and so I might speak my mind freely to her. She told me the customs of the country, that it was divided into cantons, like our shires, and those cantons into rekar, or certain grounds allotted to families that are just like our clans. As she was beyond measure beautiful, she was extremely good-humoured (a thing rarely to be met among Lapland women), of a better stature than her countrywomen, and very rich and of good birth. I thought it would be a prodigious turn of fortune for a man in my circumstances, if I could make any progress in her heart, which she seemed a little to open to me, in such a manner, for the beginning, as if such a successful event, if managed with prudence, might not be despaired of. Souls that are generous are apt to love, and compassion is the best introducer of love into a generous bosom, and that

## COURTSHIP IN LAPLAND

was the best stock I had to go upon in my courtship. I told her of all my calamities, my dangers, and my escapes; the goodness of my birth, as being allied to one of the greatest nobles in our island; and still she would ask me to tell it her over again, though every time I told it, just at such passages, she was forced to drop the tears from her eyes. In fine, I grew more in love with her, out of a sense of gratitude now, than by the power of her charms before. The matter in a few days went so far that she owned to me I had her heart. As to marriage, I did not then know the custom of the nation, I thought that if it proved only dangerous to me, I loved her so well that I intended to marry her, though the law was to pronounce me dead for it, but I did not know whether it might not be perilous for her too to engage in such a state with me, and I resolved in that case rather to be singly unhappy than to involve her in distress and make her the fair companion of my woes. I would not tell her so for fear she should, out of love, hide from me those dangers, and therefore, using a kind sort of dissimulation, I conjured her to tell me the laws and customs of marriages in that country to a tittle, and that nothing should hinder us from happiness. She told me exactly as I find since. "Our marriage," said she, "will be very hard to compass, provided we follow the strict rule of the country, for our women here are bound not to see the man who makes their addresses to them in some time. His way of courtship is to come to the parents, and his nearest friends and relations must make her father presents, and supplicate him

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like a king to grant him his daughter. The courtship often lasts two or three years, and sometimes has not its effect at last, but if it has, the woman is dragged by her father and brother to church, as unwilling to go to be married, which is looked upon as a greater part of modesty in her according to the greater disinclination she shows. My father and brother," said she, "will both be against it, you have no relations in this country to move your suit, I cannot be so hypocritical as to be dragged unwillingly to him I own I desire for my lawful husband, and therefore, as I have an inclination to you, and I dare own I have, I will not follow those methods which I disapprove. I have talked with several Swedes and several polite Frenchmen about their manner of espousals, and I am told that when souls are naturally united by affection, the couple so mutually and reciprocally loving, though they had rather have their parents' leave if likely to be got, yet, unwilling to be disappointed, only go to the next minister's and marry for better for worse. This way I approve of, for where two persons naturally love each other, the rest is nothing but a modest restraint to their wishes, and since it is only custom, my own reason teaches me there is no error committed, nor any harm done in breaking through it, upon so commendable an occasion. I have," added she, "a thousand reindeer belonging to me beyond my father's power of taking away, and a third share in a rekar or clan, that is ten leagues in compass, in the byar or canton of Uma Lapmark. This is at my own disposal, and it is all your own if you please to accept of it with

## MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND

me. Our women are very coy when they are courted, though they have never so much an inclination to their suitor, but good reason and the commerce I have had with persons of politer nations than ours is, teach me that this proceeds entirely from vanity and affectation, and the greatest proof of a woman's modesty, chastity, and sincerity certainly consists (contrary to the general corrupted opinion) in yielding up herself into the arms of the man she loves. For she that can dally with a heart she prizes, can give away her heart (when she is once baulked) to any man, even though she dislikes him " You must judge, my dear father, I must be touched with a woman that was exceeding beautiful beyond any of her nation, and who had thoughts as beautiful as her person I therefore was all in rapture, and longed for the matrimony, but still loved her enough to propose the question I resolved to her, viz, if it would not be in her nation accounted a clandestine marriage, and prove of great damage to her

To this she answered with all the wisdom which could be expected from a woman who had given such eminent tokens of her judgment on other points, amidst a nation so barbarous in its manners, and so corrupt in its principles, as Lapland is " I am," said she, " answerable to my father for nothing by our laws, having no portion of him, but only what was presented me by my relations at my birth, according to custom, in lands and reindeer. My father is but deputy-governor, it is a Swede who is the Governor of Uma, and if I pay to him at every mart and fair the due tribute, which must either

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consist of fifty reindeer or one hundred and fifty rix-dollars, he will have the priest that marries us present at the court of justice, according to our custom, and keep us in possession of our rights, that we may be enabled to pay tribute to the crown of Sweden. Indeed, before the abolition of the *birkart*, which were our native judges, we could not have married thus without danger to us both, but now there is none at all."

My dear father, you must easily imagine that I could not help embracing with all tenderness so dear and so lovely a woman. In fine, I am married to her. I have lived very happily hitherto, and am now grown more happy, for she is big with child, and likely, before my letter comes to your hands, to make you a grandfather of a pretty boy. You will perhaps wonder that I name the sex of the child before it comes into the world, but we have a way in Lapland of finding that out, which, though some judicious people call superstitious, I am really persuaded of by experience, and therefore I indulged my dear wife's curiosity when she signified to me she had a mind to make the usual trial whether the child she was going to be delivered of would be a boy or a girl.

You must understand, my dear father, the people here judge of the sex of the child by the moon, unto which they compare a big-bellied woman. If they see a star appear just above the moon, it is a sign it will be a boy, but, if the star be just below the moon, they conjecture her to be big with a girl. This observation and remark of Laplanders have, I know,

## PROGNOSTICATIONS

been accounted by some, and those wise and judicious men too, to be ridiculously superstitious, but I have been led into an easy belief of this mystery by a mistress that is superior to wisdom itself, constant, and therefore probably infallible, experience. I therefore indulged my wife in this her request, and went with her to the ceremony. The star appeared above the moon, which prognosticates a boy, which I wish may, and I scarce doubt will, prove true, and when she is brought to bed I will send you word of it. It is remarkable, likewise, that a star was seen just before the moon, which we also count a very good omen, for it is a custom likewise here in Lapland to consult the moon as an oracle about the health and vigour of the child. If a star be seen just before the moon we count it a sign of a lusty and well-grown child, without blemish, if a star comes just after, we reckon it a token that the child will have some defect or deformity, or die soon after it is born.

Having thus told you the manners of the country I live in at present, as much at large as the space of a letter will permit, and related to you my own happy circumstances, and the kindly promises of the heavens that are ushering in the birth of my child, I would not have you think that I addict myself to the superstitions of the country, which are very many and groundless, and arising partly from the remainder of Pagan worship, which is still cultivated among some of the more obstinate inhabitants. I have, on the contrary, since I married her, endeavoured to repay my wife's temporal blessings to me



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with those that are endless, instructed her in all the points of religion, and made her perfectly a Christian, and she, by her devotion and prayers for me, makes me such amends for it that I hope in us two St. Paul's saying will be verified, viz, that the woman shall be sanctified in her husband, and the husband shall be sanctified in his wife.

However, I must take notice in this place, with all due deference to Christianity, that though I am obliged to applaud the prudence and piety of Charles the Ninth of Sweden, who, constituting Swedish governors over this country, abrogated their practice of superstitions and art-magic upon pain of death, yet that king carried the point too far, and intermingled with these arts the pretensions to the gift of a second sight, which you know how frequent it is with us in Scotland, and which, I assure you, my wife (though she durst not publicly own it for fear of incurring the penalty of those Swedish laws) does, as it were, inherit (for all her ancestors before her have had it from time immemorial) to a greater degree than ever I knew any of our countrywomen or countrymen

One day this last week she distracted me between the extremes of joy and sorrow. She told me I should see you shortly, and that my coming son would grow to be one of the most remarkable men in England and Scotland for his power of foresight, but that I should speedily lose her, and meet with difficulties in my own country in the same manner as my father (meaning you, sir) had done before me, and on the same account, viz., of civil broils and intestine wars in Scotland

## A REMARKABLE CHILD

These unfortunate parts of her relation I would not conceal from you, because the veracity of her notions should appear, if they are true, though you may be sure I much wish they all may prove false to the very last, excepting that wherein she tells me my son will be greatly remarkable, and that I shall shortly see my dear father, which I daily long for, and will endeavour to do, as soon as possible. Pray remember me to all friends, being, honoured sir, your most dutiful and loving son,

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

### *The Second Letter.*

I am now the happiest man alive, the prosperous part of my wife's predictions, which I mentioned to you in my last, is come in some measure to pass. The child she has brought me is a boy, and as fine a one as ever I beheld, if fondness for my own makes me not blind; and sure it cannot be fondness, because other plain circumstances joined at his birth to prove it more than an ordinary remarkable one. He was born with a caul upon his head, which we count one of the luckiest signs that can be in nature, he had likewise three teeth ready cut through the gums, and we reckon that an undeniable testimony and promise given to the world by Nature that she intends such a person for her extraordinary favourite, and that he is born for great things, which I daily beg of Heaven may come to pass.

Since I have known for some months what it is to be a father, it adds a considerable weight to those

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affections which I had for my wife. I thought that my tenderness for her was at the height of perfection before ; which shows how little we know of those parts of nature that we have yet never tried, and of which we have not yet been allotted our share to act upon the stage of life. I find that I did love her then as well as a husband could love a wife, that is, a wife without a child ; but the love to a wife that has a child is a feeling wonderful and inexpressibly different. A child is the seal and pledge of love. Meditating upon this has likewise doubled my affection for you. I loved you before as a son, and because as such I felt your tenderness, but my love is much increased now, because I know the tenderness which you felt for me as a father. With these pleasing images of thought I often keep you nearer company at this vast distance than when I lived irregularly under your eye. These reflections render a solitary life dear to me, and though I have no manner of acquaintance with her relations, who hate me, as I am told, not indeed with almost any of the inhabitants but my own domestics and those I am forced to deal with, yet I have as much, methinks, as I wish for, unless I could come over to Shetland, and live with you, which I the more ardently desire, because I think I and my wife could be true comforts to you in your advanced years, now I know what living truly is. I am daily persuading my wife to go with me, but she denies me with kind expressions, and says she owes too much to the place (however less pleasant in itself than other climates) where she had the happiness of first joining hands

## HOPE AND GRIEF

with me in wedlock, ever to part from it. But I must explain how I ask, and how she refuses. I resolved never directly and downrightly to ask her, because I know she can refuse me nothing, and that would be bearing hard upon the goodness of her will, but my way of persuading her consists in endeavouring to make her in love with the place by agreeable descriptions of it, and likewise of the humane temper of the people, so that I shortly shall induce her to signify to me that it is her own will to come with me, and then I shall seem rather to consent to her will than to have moved it over to my own. These hopes I have of seeing my dear father shortly, and I know such news would make this letter which I therefore send more acceptable to him, to whom I will be a most dutiful and affectionate son till death

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

*P S* — If I cannot bring my wife to change this country for another, I have brought her to that pitch of devotion that whenever Providence, which notwithstanding her predictions, I hope will be long yet, shall call her to change this world for another, it will be happy with her there. She joins with me in begging your blessing to me, herself, and our little Duncan, whom we christened so out of a respect to the name you bear

### *The Third Letter.*

MY DEAR FATHER, — I am lost in grief. I had just brought my wife (her that was my wife, for I have none now, I have lost all joy) in the mind of coming

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over to be a comfort to you. But now grief will let me say no more than that I am coming to beg comfort from you, and by this I prepare you to receive, when he comes, a son in tears and mourning.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

*P. S.* — I have a babe, not much above two years old, must bear the hardships of travelling over the ice, and all through Muscovy, for no ships can stir here for many months, and I cannot bear to live in this inhospitable place, where she died that only could make it easy to me, one moment beyond the first opportunity I have of leaving it. She is in heaven, that should make me easy, but I cannot, I am not so good a Christian as she was — I am lost and ruined.

## CHAPTER TWO

AFTER THE DEATH OF MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL'S MOTHER IN LAPLAND, HIS FATHER ARCHIBALD RETURNED WITH HIS SON TO SCOTLAND HIS SECOND MARRIAGE, AND HOW HIS SON WAS TAUGHT TO WRITE AND READ.

**M**R. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, having buried his Lapland lady, returned to Scotland, and brought over with him his son, Mr. Duncan Campbell. By that time he had been a year in his own country he married a second wife, a lady whom I had known very well for some years, and then I first saw the boy, but as they went into the western islands, I saw them not again in three years. She being, quite contrary to the cruel way much in use among stepmothers, very fond of the boy, was accustomed to say she did and would always think him her own son. The child came to be about four years of age (as she has related to me the story since), and not able to speak one word, nor to hear any noise, the father of him used to be mightily oppressed with grief, and complain heavily to his new wife, who was no less perplexed that a boy so pretty, the son of so particular a woman, whom he had made his wife, by strange accidents and adventures, and a child coming into the world with so many

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amazing circumstances attending his birth, should lose those precious senses by which alone the social commerce of mankind is upheld and maintained, and that he should be deprived of all advantages of education which could raise him to the character of being the great man that so many concurring incidents at his nativity promised and betokened he would be

One day a learned divine, who was of the university of Glasgow, but had visited Oxford, and been acquainted with the chief men of science there, happening to be in conversation with the mother-in-law of this child, she related to him her son's misfortunes, with so many marks of sorrow, that she moved the good old gentleman's compassion, and excited in him a desire to give her what relief and consolation he could, in this unhappy case. His particular inclination to do her good offices made him recollect that at the time he was at Oxford he had been in company with one Dr Wallis, a man famous for learning, who had told him that he had taught a man (born deaf and dumb) to write and to read, and even to utter some words articulately with his mouth, and that he told him he was then going to commit to print the method he made use of in so instructing that person, that others in the like unfortunate condition might receive the same benefits and advantages from other masters which his deaf and dumb pupil had received from him. A dumb man recovering his speech, or a blind man gaining his sight, or a deaf one getting his hearing, could not be more overjoyed than Mrs Campbell was at these unexpected tidings, and she wept for

## INSTINCTIVE REJOICING

gladness when he told it. The good gentleman animated and encouraged her with the kindest promises, and to keep alive her hopes assured her he would send to one of the chief booksellers in London, to inquire after the book, who would certainly procure it him, if it was to be got, and that afterwards he would peruse it diligently, make himself master of Dr Wallis's method, and though he had many great works upon his hands at that time, he would steal from his other studies leisure enough to complete so charitable an object as teaching the dumb and deaf to read and to write, and give her son, who was by nature deprived of them, the advantages of speech, as far as art would permit that natural defect to be supplied by her powerful interposition.

When the mother came home, the child, who could hear no knocking, and therefore it must be by a strange and inexplicable instinct in nature, was the first that ran to the door, and falling in a great fit of laughter (a thing it was not much used to before, having on the contrary rather a melancholy cast of complexion), it clung round its mother's knees, incessantly embracing and kissing them, as if just at that time it had an insight into what the mother had been doing for it, and into its own approaching relief from its misery

When the mother came with the child in her hand to the father to tell him the welcome news, the child burst afresh into a great fit of laughter, which continued for an unusual space of time; and the scene of such reciprocal affection and joy between a wife and her own husband, on so signal an occasion, is a



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thing easier to be felt by parents of a good disposition, imagining themselves under the same circumstance, with regard to a child they loved with fondness, than to be expressed or described by the pen of any writer. But it is certain, whenever they spoke of this affair, as anybody who knows the impatience of parents for the welfare of an only child may guess they must be often discoursing it over, and wishing the time was come, the boy, who used seldom so much as to smile at other times, and who could never hear the greatest noise that could be made, would constantly look wishfully in their faces and laugh immoderately, which is a plain indication that there was then a wonderful instinct in nature, as I said before, which made him foretaste his good fortune, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the dawning, as it were, of the second-sight were then pregnant within him.

To confirm this, the happy hour of his deliverance being come, and the doctor having procured Mr Wallis's book, came with great joy, and desired to see his pupil. Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when the child happened to come into the room, and running towards the doctor, fell on his knees, kissed his hand eagerly, and laughed as before, which to me is a demonstration that he had an insight into the good which the doctor intended him.

It is certain that several learned men, who have written concerning the second-sight, have demonstrated by incontestable proofs and undeniable arguments, that children, nay, even horses and cows, see the second-sight, as well as men and women ad-

## PRECOCITY

vanced in years. But of this I shall discourse at large in its proper place, having allotted a whole future chapter for that same subject of second-sightedness

In about half a year, the doctor taught his little dumb pupil, first to know his letters, then to name anything whatsoever, to leave off some savage motions which he had taken of his own accord before, to signify his mind by, and to impart his thoughts by his fingers and his pen, in a manner as intelligible, and almost as swift through the eyes, as that is of conveying our ideas to one another by our voices, through the conduits and port-holes of the ears. But in little more than two years, he could write and read as well as anybody. Because a great many people cannot conceive this, and others pretend it is not to be done in nature, I will a little discourse upon Dr. Wallis's foundation, and show, in a manner obvious to the most ignorant, how this hitherto mysterious help may be easily administered to the deaf and the dumb, which shall be the subject of the ensuing chapter

But I cannot conclude this without telling the handsome saying with which this child, when not quite six years old, as soon as he thought he could express himself well, paid his first acknowledgment to his master, and which promised how great his future genius was to be, when so witty a child ripened into man. The words he wrote to him were these, only altered into English from the Scotch —

“SIR, — It is no little work you have accomplished. My thanks are too poor amends, the

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world, sir, shall give you thanks , for as I could not have expressed myself without your teaching me, so those that can talk, though they have eyes, cannot see the things which I can see, and shall tell them , so that in doing me this, you have done a general service to mankind.”

## CHAPTER THREE

### THE METHOD OF TEACHING DEAF AND DUMB PERSONS TO WRITE, READ, AND UNDERSTAND A LANGUAGE.

**I**T is, I must confess, in some measure amazing to me, that men of any moderate share of learning should not naturally conceive of themselves a plain reason for this art, and know how to account for the practicability of it, the moment they hear the proposition advanced, the reasons for it are so obvious to the very first consideration we can make about it. It will be likewise as amazing to me, that the most ignorant should not conceive it, after so plain a reason is given them for it as I am now going to set down.

To begin How are children at first taught a language that can hear? Are they not taught by sounds? And what are those sounds but tokens and signs to the ear, importing and signifying such and such a thing? If, then, there can be signs made to the eye, agreed by the party teaching the child, that they signify such and such a thing, will not the eye of the child convey them to the mind, as well as the ear? They are, indeed, different marks to different senses, but both the one and the other do equally signify the same things or notions, according to the will of the teacher, and consequently must have an

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equal effect with the person who is to be instructed ; for though the manners of signifying are different, the things signified are the same

For example · If, after having invented an alphabet upon the fingers, a master always keeps company with a deaf child, and teaches it to call for whatsoever it wants, by such motions of the fingers which, if put down by letters, according to each invented motion of each finger, would form in writing a word of a thing, which it wanted , might not he by these regular motions teach its eye the same notions of things as sounds do to the ears of children that hear? The manner of teaching the alphabet by fingers is plainly set down in the following table.<sup>1</sup>

When the deaf child has learned by these motions a good stock of words, as children that hear first learn by sounds, we may methinks call not improperly the fingers of such a dumb infant its mouth, and the eye of such a deaf child its ear. When he has learned thus far, he must be taught to write the alphabet, according as it was adapted to the motions of his fingers. As for instance, the five vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*, by pointing to the top of the five fingers , and the other letters, *b, c, d, &c* , by such other place or posture of a finger, as in the above-mentioned table is set forth or otherwise, as shall be agreed upon. When this is done, the marks *B, R, E, A, D* (and so of all other words), corresponding with such fingers, conveys through his eyes unto his head the same notion, viz , the things signified, as the sounds we

<sup>1</sup> The table illustrating the positions of the fingers has not been reproduced in this edition

## DEAF-MUTES MAY BE TAUGHT

give those same letters, making the word "Bread," do into our heads through the ears.

This once done, he may be easily taught to understand the parts of speech, as the verb, the noun, pronoun, &c., and so by rules of grammar and syntax to compound ideas, and connect his words into a language. The method of which, since it is plainly set forth in Dr. Wallis's letter to Mr. Beverley, I shall set it down by way of extract, that people in the same circumstances with the person we treat of, and of the like genus, may not have their talents lost for want of the like assistance.

When once a deaf person has learned so far as to understand the common discourse of others, and to express his mind tolerably well in writing, I see no room to doubt, but that (provided nature has endowed him with a proper strength of genius, as other men that hear) he may become capable, upon further improvement, of such further knowledge as is attainable by reading. For I must here join with the learned Dr. Wallis, in asserting (as the present case before us) that no reason can be assigned why such a deaf person may not attain the understanding of a language as perfectly as those that hear, and with the same learned author I take upon me to lay down this proposition as certain, that allowing the deaf person the like time and exercise as to other men is requisite in order to attain the perfection of a language, and the elegance of it, he may understand as well, and write as good language as other men, and abating only what doth depend upon sound, as tones, cadences, and such punctilios, no

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whit inferior to what he may attain to, if he had his hearing as others have.

### AN EXTRACT FROM DR. WALLIS, CONCERNING THE METHOD OF TEACHING THE DEAF AND DUMB TO READ.

It is most natural, as children learn the names of things, to furnish him, by degrees, with a nomenclature, containing a competent number of names of things common and obvious to the eye, that you may show the thing answering to such a name, and these digested under convenient titles, and placed under them in such convenient order, in several columns, or other orderly situation in the paper, as by their position best to express to the eye their relation or respect to one another as contraries, or correlatives, one against the other, subordinates or appurtenances under their principle, which may serve as a kind of local memory

Thus, in one paper, under the title "Mankind," may be placed, not confusedly, but in decent order, man, woman, child (boy, girl)

In another paper, under the title "Body," may be written, in like convenient order, head (hair, skin, ear), face, forehead, eye (eyelid, eyebrow), cheek, nose (nostril), mouth (lip, chin), neck, throat, back, breast, side (right side, left side), belly, shoulders, arm (elbow, wrist, hand), back (palm), finger (thumb, knuckle, nail), thigh, knee, leg (shin, calf, ankle), foot (heel, sole), toe.

And when he hath learned the import of words in each paper, let him write them in like manner in dis-

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tinct leaves or pages of a book prepared for that purpose, to confirm his memory, and to have recourse to it upon occasion

In a third paper you may give him the "Inward Parts," as skull (brain), throat (windpipe, gullet), stomach, guts, heart, lungs, liver, spleen, kidney, bladder (urine), vein (blood), bone (marrow), flesh, fat, &c.

In another paper, under the title "Beast," may be placed horse (stone-horse, gelding, mare, colt), bull (ox), cow, calf Sheep, ram (wether), ewe (lamb), hog, boar, sow, pig, dog (mastiff, hound, greyhound, spaniel), bitch (whelp, puppy), hare, rabbit, cat, mouse, rat, &c

Under the title "Bird" or "Fowl" put cock, capon, hen, chick, goose (gander), gosling, duck (drake), swan, crow, kite, lark, &c.

Under the title "Fish" put pike, eel, plaice, salmon, lobster, crab, oyster, craw-fish, &c

You may then put "Plants" or "Vegetables" under several heads, or subdivisions of the same head, as tree (root, body, bark, bough, leaf, fruit), oak, ash, apple-tree, pear-tree, vine, &c "Fruit," apple, pear, plum, cherry, grape, nut, orange, lemon, flower, rose, tulip, gilliflower, herb (weed), grass, corn, wheat, barley, rye, pea, bean.

And the like of "Inanimates," as heaven, sun, moon, star, element, earth, water, air, fire, and under the title "Earth," clay, sand, gravel, stone, metal, gold, silver, brass, copper, iron (steel), lead, tin, pewter, glass. Under the title "Water" put sea, pond, river, stream. Under that of "Air" put light,



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dark, mist, fog, cloud, wind, rain, hail, snow, thunder, lightning, rainbow. Under that of "Fire," coal, flame, smoke, soot, ashes

Under the title "Clothes" put woollen (cloth, stuff), linen (Holland, lawn, lockarum), silk (satin, velvet), hat, cap, band, doublet, breeches, coat, cloak, stocking, shoe, boot, shirt, petticoat, gown, &c

Under the title "House," put wall, roof, door, window, casement, room.

Under "Room" put shop, hall, parlour, dining-room, chamber, study, closet, kitchen, cellar, stable, &c.

And under each of these, as distinct heads, the furniture or utensils belonging thereunto, with divisions and subdivisions, as there is occasion, which I forbear to mention, that I be not too prolix

And in like manner, from time to time, may be added more collections, or clauses of names or words, conveniently digested under distinct heads, and suitable distributions, to be written in distinct leaves or pages of his book, in such order as may seem convenient

When he is furnished with a competent number of names, though not so many as I have mentioned, it will be seasonable to teach him, under the titles singular and plural, the formation of plurals from singulars, by adding *s* or *es*, as hand, hands, face, faces, fish, fishes, &c, with some few irregulars, as man, men, woman, women, foot, feet, tooth, teeth, mouse, mice, louse, lice, ox, oxen, &c

Which, except the irregulars, will serve for possessives, to be after taught him, which are formed by

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their primitives by like addition of *s* or *es*, except some few irregulars, as my, mine, thy, thine, oui, ours, your, yours, his, her, hers, their, theirs, &c

And in all those and other like cases it will be proper first to show him the particulars and then the general title.

Then teach him in another page or paper the particulars, a, an, the, this, that, these, those

And the pronouns, I, me, my, mine, thou, thee, thy, thine, we, us, oui, ours, ye, you, your, yours, he, him, his, she, her, hers, it, its, they, them, their, theirs, who, whom, whose

Then, under the titles "Substantive, adjective," teach him to connect these, as my hand, your head, his foot, his feet, her arm, arms, our hats, then shoes, John's coat, William's band, &c

And in order to furnish him with more adjectives, under the title "Colours," you may place black, white, grey, green, blue, yellow, red, &c, and having showed the particulars, let him know that these are called colours

The like for taste and smell, as sweet, bitter, sour, stink, and for hearing, sound, noise, word

Then for touch or feeling, hot, warm, cold, cool, wet, moist, dry, hard, soft, tough, brittle, heavy, light, &c

From whence you may furnish him with more examples of adjectives with substantives, as white bread, brown bread, green grass, soft cheese, hard cheese, black hat, my black hat, &c.

And then inverting the order, substantive, adjective, with the verb copulative between, as, silver

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is white, gold is yellow, lead is heavy, wood is light, snow is white, ink is black, flesh is soft, bone is hard, I am sick, I am not well, &c., which will begin to give him some notion of syntax.

In like manner, when substantive and substantive are so connected, as, gold is a metal, a rose is a flower, they are men, they are women, horses are beasts, geese are fowls, larks are birds, &c

Then, as those before relate to quality, you may give him some other words relating to quantity, as long, short, broad, narrow, thick, thin, high, tall, low, deep, shallow, great, big, small (little), much, little, many, few, full, empty, whole, part, piece, all, some, none, strong, weak, quick, slow, equal, unequal, bigger, less

Then words of figure, as straight, crooked, plain, bowed, concave, hollow, convex, round, square, three-square, sphere, globe, bowl, cube, dic, upright, sloping, leaning forward, leaning backward, like, unlike.

Of gesture, as stand, lie, sit, kneel, sleep.

Of motion, as move, stir, rest, walk, go, come, run, leap, ride, fall, rise, swim, sink, drawn, slide, creep, crawl, fly, pull, draw, thrust, throw, bring, fetch, carry

Then words relating to time, place, number, weight, measure, money, &c. are in convenient time to be showed him distinctly, for which the teacher, according to his discretion, may take a convenient season

As likewise the time of the day, the days of the week, the days of the month, the months of the year, and other things relating to the almanack, which

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he will quickly be capable to understand, if once methodically shown him.

As likewise the names and situation of places and countries which are convenient for him to know, which may be orderly written in his book, and showed him in the map of London, England, Europe, the world, &c.

But these may be done at leisure, as likewise the practice of arithmetic, and other like pieces of learning

In the meantime, after the concord of substantive and adjective, he is to be showed, by convenient examples, that of the nominative and verb, as, for instance, I go, you see, he sits, they stand, the fire burns, the sun shines, the wind blows, the rain falls, the water runs, and the like, with the titles in the top nominative verb

After this (under the titles nominative verb, accusative), give him examples of verbs transitive, as, I see you, you see me, the fire burns the wood, the boy makes the fire, the cook roasts the meat, the butler lays the cloth, we eat our dinner

Or even with a double accusative, as, you teach me writing or to write, John teacheth me to dance, Thomas tells me a tale, &c.

After this, you may teach him the flexion or conjugation of the verb, or what is equivalent thereunto, for in our English tongue each verb hath but two tenses, the present and the preter, two participles, the active and the passive all the rest is performed by auxiliaries, which auxiliaries have no more tenses than the other verbs.

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Those auxiliaries are, do, did, will, would, shall, should, may, might, can, could, must, ought to, have, had, am, be, was. And if by examples you can insinuate the signification of these few words, you have taught him the whole flexion of the verb.

And here it will be convenient, once for all, to write him out a full paradigm of some one verb, suppose to see, through all those auxiliaries.

The verb itself hath but these four words to be learned, see, saw, seeing, seen, save that after thou, in the second person singular, in both tenses, we add est, and in the third person singular, in the present tense, eth or es, or instead thereof, st, th, s, and so in all verbs

Then to the auxiliaries, do, did, will, would, shall, should, may, might, can, could, must, ought to, we join the indefinite see And after have, had, am, be, was, the passive particle seen, and so for all other verbs

But the auxiliary, am or be, is somewhat irregular in a double form

Am, art, is, plural are, was, wast, was, plural were Be, beest, be, plural were, were, wert, were, plural were,

Be, am, was, being, been,

Which, attended with the other auxiliaries, make us the whole passive voice.

All verbs, without exceptions, in the active participle, are formed by adding ing, as see, seeing; teach, teaching, &c

The preter tense and the participle are formed regularly, by adding ed, but are often subject to con-

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tractions and other irregularities, sometime the same in both, sometime different, and therefore it is convenient here to give a table of verbs, especially the most usual, for those three cases, which may at once teach their signification and formation, as boil, boiled, roast, roasted, baked, &c, teach, taught, bring, brought, bought, &c, see, saw, seen, give, gave, given, take, took, taken, forsake, forsook, forsaken, write, wrote, written, &c, with many more fit to be learned

The verbs being thus despatched, he is then to learn the prepositions, wherein lies the whole regimen of the noun. For diversity of cases we have none, the force of which is to be insinuated by convenient examples, suited to their different significations, as for instance, *of*, a piece *of* bread, a pint *of* wine, the colour *of* a pot, the colour *of* gold, a ring *of* gold, a cup *of* silver, the mayor *of* London, the longest *of* all, &c

And in like manner, *for*, *off*, *on*, *upon*, *too*, *unto*, *till*, *until*, *from*, *at*, *in*, *within*, *out*, *without*, *into*, *out of*, *about*, *over*, *under*, *above*, *below*, *between*, *among*, *before*, *behind*, *after*, *for*, *by*, *with*, *through*, *against*, *concerning*, and by this time he will be pretty well enabled to understand a single sentence

In the last place, he is in like manner to be taught the conjunctions, which serve to connect not words only but sentences, as *and*, *also*, *likewise*, *either*, *or*, *whether*, *neither*, *nor*, *if*, *then*, *why*, *wherefore*, *because*, *therefore*, *but*, *though*, *yet*, &c, and these illustrated by convenient examples in each case, as,

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*Because* I am cold, *therefore* I go to the fire, *that* I may be warm, *for* it is cold weather ;

*If* it were fair, *then* it would be good walking, but however, *though* it rain, *yet* I must go, *because* I promised , with other like instances

And by this time his book, if well furnished with plenty of words, and those well digested under several heads, and in good order, and well recruited from time to time as new words occur, will serve him in the nature of a dictionary and grammar

And in case the deaf person be otherwise of a good natural capacity, and the teacher of a good sagacity, by this method, proceeding gradually step by step, you may, with diligence and due application of teacher and learner, in a year's time, or thereabouts, perceive a greater progress than you would expect, and a good foundation laid for further instruction in matters of religion and other knowledge which may be taught by books

It will be convenient all along to have pen, ink, and paper, ready at hand, to write down in a word what you signify to him by signs, and cause him to write, or show how to write, what he signifies by signs, which way of signifying their mind by signs deaf persons are often very good at , and we must endeavour to learn their language, if I may so call it, in order to teach them ours, by showing what words answer to their signs

It will be convenient, also, as you go along, after some convenient progress made, to express, in as plain language as may be, the import of some of the tables ; as, for instance,

## ALEXANDER POPHAM

The head is the highest part of the body, the feet the lowest part, the face is the forepart of the head, the forehead is over the eyes, the cheeks are under the eyes, the nose is between the cheeks, the mouth is under the nose and above the chin, &c.

And such plain discourse, put into writing, and particularly explained, will teach him by degrees to understand plain sentences, and like advantages a sagacious teacher may take, as occasion offers itself from time to time

This extract is mostly taken out of the ingenious Dr Wallis, and lying hid in that little book, which is but rarely inquired after and too scarcely known, died in a manner with that great man. And as he designed it for the general use of mankind that laboured under the misfortune of losing those two valuable talents of hearing and speaking, I thought it might not be amiss (in the life of so particular a dumb person as I am writing) to give them this small but particular fragment of grammar and syntax

It is exactly adjusted to the English tongue, because such are the persons with whom the Doctor had to deal, and such the persons whose benefit alone I consult in this treatise.

One of the chief persons who was taught by Dr. Wallis was Mr. Alexander Popham, brother-in-law (if I am not mistaken) to the present Earl of Oxford, and he was a very great proficient in this way; and though he was born deaf and dumb, understood the language so well as to give, under his hand, many rare indications of a masterly genius.



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The uncle of his present Sardinian Majesty, as I have been credibly informed, had the want of the same organs, and yet was a perfect statesman, and wrote in five or six different languages elegantly well

Bishop Burnet, in his book of travels, tells us a wonderful story, almost incredible, but tells it as a passage that deserves our belief. It is concerning a young lady at Genoa, who was not only deaf and dumb, but blind, too, it seems, into the bargain, and this lady, he assures us as a truth, could, by putting her hand on her sister's mouth, know everything she said

But to return back to England. We have many rare instances of our own countrymen, the principal of whom I shall mention, as their names occur to my memory. Sir John Gawdy, Sir Thomas Knotcliff, Sir [Edward] Gostwick, Sir Henry Lydall, and Mr Richard Lyns of Oxford, were all of this number, and yet eminent men in their several capacities, for understanding many authors, and expressing themselves in writing with wonderful facility.

In Hatton Garden, there now lives a miracle of wit and good nature, I mean the daughter of Mr Loggin, who, though born deaf and dumb (and she has a brother who has the same impediments), yet writes her mind down upon any subject with such acuteness as would amaze learned men themselves, and put many students that have passed for wits to a blush, to see themselves so far surpassed by a woman amidst that deficiency of the common organs. If anybody speaks a word distinctly, this lady will, by observing narrowly the motion of the speaker's lips, pronounce the word afterwards very intelligibly.

## ENCOURAGING EXAMPLES

As there are a great many families in England and Ireland that have several, and some even have five or six dumb persons belonging to them, and as a great many more believe it impossible for persons born deaf and dumb to write and read, and have thence taken occasion to say and assert that Mr Campbell could certainly speak, I could never think it a digression in the history of this man's life to set down the grammar by which he himself was taught, and which he has taught others (two of which scholars of his are boys of this town), partly to confute the slander made against him, and partly for the help of others dumb and deaf, whose parents may by these examples be encouraged to get them taught.

## CHAPTER FOUR

YOUNG DUNCAN CAMPBELL RETURNS WITH HIS MOTHER  
TO EDINBURGH. THE EARL OF ARGYLL'S OVER-  
THROW. THE RUIN OF MR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,  
AND HIS DEATH. YOUNG DUNCAN'S PRACTICE IN  
PREDICTION AT EDINBURGH, WHILE YET A BOY.

OUR young boy, now between six and seven years of age, half a Highlander and half a Laplander, delighted in wearing a little bonnet and plaid, thinking it looked very manly in his countrymen, and his father, as soon as he was out of his hanging sleeves, and left off his boy's vest, indulged him with that kind of dress, which is truly antique and heroic. In this early part of his nonage he was brought to Edinburgh by his mother-in-law, where I myself grew afresh acquainted with her, his father being then but lately dead, just after the civil commotion, and off and on, I have known him ever since, and conversed with him very frequently during that space of time, which is now about three or four and thirty years, so that whatever I say concerning him in the future pages I shall relate to the reader from my own certain knowledge, which, as I resolved to continue anonymous, may not have so much weight and authority as if I had prefixed my name to the account. Be that as it will,

## MONMOUTH AND ARGYLL

there are hundreds of living witnesses that will justify each action I relate, and his own future actions while he lives will procure belief and credit to the precedent ones, which I am going to record, so that if many do remain infidels to my relations, and will not allow them exact (the fate of many as credible and more important historians than myself), I can, however, venture to flatter myself that greater will be the number of those who will have a faith in my writings than of those who will reject my accounts as incredible.

Having just spoke of the decease of Mr. Archibald Campbell, the father of our young Duncan Campbell, it will not be amiss here to observe how true the predictions of his Lapland mother were, which arose from second sight, according to the notices given by the child's father, to his grandfather, in his letter from Lapland, even before it was born, which shows that the infant held this second-sighted power, or occult faculty of divination, even by inheritance.

In the year 1685, the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Argyll sailed out of the ports of Holland without any obstruction, the Earl of Argyll in May, with three ships for Scotland, and Monmouth in June with the same number for England.

The earl setting out first was also the first at landing. Argyll having attempted to land in the north of Scotland, and being disappointed by the vigilance of the Bishop of the Orcades, landed in the west, and encamped at Dunstaffnage Castle, in the province of Lorne, which had belonged to him. He omitted nothing that might draw over to him all the malcontents in the kingdom, whom

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he thought more numerous than they afterwards appeared to be. He dispersed about his declarations, wherein, after protesting that he had taken up arms only in defence of religion and the laws, against an unjust usurer (so he styled James the Second), he invited all good Protestants, and such Scotch as would assert the liberty to join him against a prince, he said, who was got into the throne to ruin the Reformation, and to bring in Popery and arbitrary power. Next he sent letters to those he thought his friends, among whom was Mr Archibald Campbell, who, according to the vast deference paid by the Scots to their chief, joined him, though in his heart of quite a different principle, to call them to his assistance. He detached two of his sons to make inroads in the neighbourhood, and compel some by threats, others by mighty promises, to join him. All his contrivances could not raise him above three thousand men, with whom he encamped in the Isle of Bute, where he was soon, in a manner, besieged by the Earl of Dumbarton with the king's forces, and several other bodies, commanded by the Duke of Gordon, the Marquis of Athole, the Earl of Arran, and other great men, who came from all parts to quench the fire before it grew to a head.

The Earl of Argyll being obliged to quit a post he could not make good, went over into a part of the country of his own name, where having hastily fortified a castle called Ellangieig, he put into it the arms and ammunition taken out of his ships, which lay at anchor under the cannon of a fort he erected near

## FLIGHT OF ARGYLL

that place. There his rout began, for going out from the castle with his forces to make an incursion, one of his parties was defeated by the Marquis of Athole, who slew four hundred of his men, and Captain Hamilton, who attacked his ships with some of the king's and took them without any resistance.

The Earl of Dumbarton advancing towards him, at the same time, by long marches, while he endeavoured to secure himself by rivers, surprised him passing the Clyde, in the village of Killern, as he was marching towards Lennox. Dumbarton coming upon them at night, would have stayed till the next day to attack the rebels, but they gave him not so much time, for they passed the river in the night, in such confusion, that being overcome with fear, they dispersed as soon as over. Argyll could scarcely rally so many as would make him a small guard, which was soon scattered again, Dumbarton having passed the river, and divided his forces to pursue those that fled. Argyll had taken guides to conduct him to Galloway, but they mistaking their way, and leading him into a bog, most of those that still followed him quitted their horses, every man shifting for himself.

Argyll himself was making back alone towards the Clyde, when two resolute servants, belonging to an officer in the king's army, meeting him, though they knew him not, bid him surrender. He fired at and missed them, but they took better aim, and wounded him with a pistol ball. Then the earl, drawing his two pistols out of the holsters, quitted his horse, that was quite tired, and took the river. A country fellow,

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who came with those two that had first assaulted him, pursued him with a pistol in his hand. The earl would have fired one of his, but the flint failing, he was dangerously wounded in the head by the peasant. He discovered himself, as he fell senseless, crying out, "Unfortunate Argyll." This nobleman, how far soever he may be thought misled in principle, was certainly in his person a very brave and a very gallant hero. They made haste to draw him out and bring him to himself, after which, being delivered up to the officers, the erring, unfortunate great man was conducted to Edinburgh and there beheaded.

Many gentlemen that followed the fortunes of this great man, though not in his death, they shared in all the other calamities attending his overthrow. They most of them fled into the remotest isles and the obscurest corners of all Scotland, contented with the saving of their lives, they grew exiles and banished men of their own making, and abdicated their estates before they were known to be forfeited, because, for fear of being informed against by the common fellows they commanded, they durst not appear to lay their claims. Of this number was Mr Archibald Campbell, and this new disaster wounded him deeply into the very heart, after so many late misadventures, and sent him untimely to the grave. He perfectly pined away and wasted, he was six months dying inch by inch, and the difference between his last breath and his way of breathing during all that time, was only that he expired with a greater sigh than he ordinarily fetched every time when he drew his breath.

## SECOND-SIGHT

Everything the Lapland lady had predicted so long before being thus come to pass, we may the less admire at the wonders performed by her son, when we consider this faculty of divination to be so derived to him from her, and grown, as it were, hereditary.

Our young prophet, who had taught most of his little companions to converse with him by finger, was the head at every little pastime and game they played at. Marbles (which he used to call children's playing at bowls) yielded him mighty diversion, and he was so dexterous an artist at shooting that little alabaster globe from between the end of his forefinger and the knuckle of his thumb, that he seldom missed hitting plumb (as the boys call it) the marble he aimed at, though at the distance of two or three yards. The boys always when they played coveted to have him on their side, and by hearing that he foretold other things, used to consult him when they made their little matches (which were things of great importance in their thoughts), who should get the victory. He used commonly to leave these trifles undecided, but if ever he gave his opinion in these trivial affairs, the persons fared well by their consultation, for his judgment about them was like a petty oracle, and the end always answered his prediction. But I would have my reader imagine, that though our Duncan Campbell was himself but a boy, he was not consulted only by boys, his penetration and insight into things of a high nature got air, and being attested by credible witnesses, won him the esteem of persons of mature years and discretion.



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If a beautiful young virgin languished for a husband, or a widow's mind was in labour to have a second venture of infants by another spouse, if a housekeeper had lost anything belonging to her master, still little Duncan Campbell was at hand. He was the oracle to be applied to, and the little chalked circle, where he was diverting himself with his playfellows, near the cross at Edinburgh, was frequented with as much solicitation, and as much credit, as the Tripod of Apollo was at Delphos in ancient times.

It was highly entertaining to see a young blooming beauty come and slyly pick up the boy from his company, carry him home with as much eagerness as she would her gallant, because she knew she could get the name of her gallant out of him before he went, and bribe him with a sugar-plum to write down the name of a young Scotch peer in a green ribbon that her mouth watered after.

How often, after he has been wallowing in the dust, have I myself seen nice squeamish widows help him up in their gilded chariots, and give him a pleasant ride with them, that he might tell them they should not long be alone! Little Duncan Campbell had as much business upon his hands as the parsons of all the parishes in Edinburgh. He commonly was consulted, and named the couples before the minister joined them, thus he grew a rare customer to the toy-shop, from whence he most usually received fees and rewards for his advices. If Lady Betty Such-a-one was foretold that she should certainly have Beau Such-a-one in marriage, then little Duncan was sure

## DUNCAN'S PREDICTIONS

to have a hobby-horse from the toy-shop, as a reward for the promised fop. If such a widow, that was ugly but very rich, was to be pushed hard for, as she pretended (though in reality easily won), little Duncan, upon ensuring her such a captain, or such a lieutenant-colonel, was sure to be presented from the same child's warehouse with a very handsome drum and a silvered trumpet.

If a sempstress had an itching desire for a parson, she would, upon the first assurance of him, give this little Apollo a pasteboard temple or church, finely painted, and a ring of bells into the bargain, from the same toy-office.

If a housekeeper lost any plate, the thief was certain to be caught, provided she took little master into the store-room, and asked him the question, after she had given him his bellyful of sweetmeats.

Neither were the women only his consulters: the grave merchants, who were anxious for many ventures at sea, applied to the boy for his opinion of their security, and they looked upon his opinion to be as safe as the insurance office for ships. If he but told them, though the ship was just set sail, and a tempest rose just after on the ocean, that it would have a successful voyage, gain the port designed, and return home safe laden with the exchange of traffic and merchandise, they dismissed all their fears, banished all their cares, set their hearts at ease, and safe in his opinion enjoyed a calm of mind amidst a storm of weather.

I myself knew one Count Cog, an eminent gamester, who was a person so far from being of a credu-

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lous disposition, that he was an unbeliever in several points of religion, and the next door to an infidel. Yet as much as he was a stranger to faith, he was mastered and overpowered so far in his incredulity by the strange events which he had seen come frequently to pass, from the predictions of this child, that he had commonly daily access to this boy, to learn his more adverse and more prosperous hours of gaming. At first, indeed, he would try, when the child foretold him his ill fortune, whether it would prove true, and, relying upon the mere hazard and turn of the dice, he had always (as he observed) a run of ill luck on those forbidden days, as he never failed of good if he chose the fortunate hours directed by the boy. One time, above all the rest, just before he was departing from Edinburgh, and when the season of gaming was almost over, most persons of wealth and distinction withdrawing for pleasure to their seats in the country, he came to young Duncan Campbell to consult, and was extremely solicitous to know how happily or unluckily he should end that term (as we may call it) of the gamester's weighty business, viz, play, there being a long vacation likely to ensue, when the gaming-table would be empty, and the box and dice lie idle and cease to rattle. The boy encouraged him so well with his predictions on this occasion, that Count Cog went to the toy-shop, brought him from thence a very fine ivory tectotum (as children call it), a pretty set of painted and gilded innepins and a bowl, and a large bag of marbles and alloys. And what do you think the gamester got by this little present and the predic-

## COUNT COG A WINNER

tion of the boy? Why, without telling the least tittle of falsehood, within the space of the last week's play, the gains of Count Cog really amounted to no less than twenty thousand pounds sterling, neat money

Having mentioned these persons of so many different professions by borrowed names, and perhaps in a manner seemingly ludicrous, I would not have my reader from hence take occasion of looking upon my account as fabulous. If I was not to make use of borrowed names, but to tell the real characters and names of the persons, I should do injury to those old friends of his who first gave credit to our young seer, while I am endeavouring to gain him the credit and esteem of new ones, in whose way it has not yet happened to consult him. For many persons are very willing to ask such questions as the foregoing ones, but few or none willing to have the public told they ask them, though they succeeded in their wish, and were amply satisfied in their curiosity. I have represented them, perhaps, in a ludicrous manner, because, though they are mysterious actions, they are still the actions of a boy, and as the rewards he received for his advices did really and truly consist of such toys as I have mentioned, so could they not be treated of in a more serious manner, without the author's incurring a magisterial air of pedantry, and showing a mind, as it were, of being mighty grave and sententious about trifles. There are, however, some things of greater weight and importance done by him in a more advanced stage of life, which will be delivered to the public

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with that exactitude and gravity which becomes them, and in some of those relations the names of some persons that are concerned shall be printed, because it will not at all be injurious to them. or because I have their leave, and they are still living to testify what I shall relate

In the meantime, as the greatest part of his non-age was spent in predicting almost innumerable things, which are all, however, reduced to the general heads above-mentioned, I will not tire the reader with any particulars, but instead of doing that, before I come to show his power of divination in the more active parts of his life, and when, after removing from Edinburgh to London, he at last made it his public profession, I shall account how such divinations may be made, and divert the reader with many rare examples (taken from several faithful and undoubted historians) of persons who have done the like before him, some in one way, and some in another, though in these he seems to be peculiar, and to be (if I may be allowed the expression) a species by himself, alone in the talent of prediction, that he has collected within his own individual capacity all the methods which others severally used, and with which they were differently and singly gifted in their several ways of foreseeing and foretelling.

This art of prediction is not attainable any other-wise than by these three ways First, it is done by the company of familiar spirits and genii, which are of two sorts, some good and some bad, who tell the gifted person the things of which he informs other

## DIVINATION THREEFOLD

people Secondly, it is performed by the second-sight, which is very various, and differs in most of the possessors, it being but a very little in some, very extensive and constant in others, beginning with some in their infancy, and leaving them before they come to years, happening to others in a middle age, to others again in an old age that never had it before, and lasting only for a term of years, and now and then for a very short period of time, and in some intermitting, like fits, as it were, of vision, that leave them for a time, and then return to be as strong in them as ever, and it being in a manner hereditary to some families, whose children have it from their infancy, without intermission, to a great old age, and even to the time of their death, which they often foretold, before it came to pass, to a day, nay even to an hour Thirdly, it is attained by the diligent study of the lawful part of the art of magic.

Before I give the reader an account (as I shall do in three distinct discourses), first, concerning the intercourse which familiar spirits, viz, the good and bad geni, have had and continue to have, to a great degree, with some select parts of mankind, secondly, concerning the wonderful and almost miraculous power of a second-sight, with which many, beyond all controversy, have been extraordinarily but visibly gifted, and thirdly, concerning the pitch of perfection to which the magic science has been carried and promoted by some adepts in that mysterious art, I will premise a few particulars about the geni which attended our little Duncan Campbell, and about the second-sight which he had when yet

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a child, and when we may much more easily believe that the wonders he performed and wrote of must have been rather brought about by the intervention of such geni and the mediation of such a sight than that he could have invented such fables concerning them, and compassed such predictions as seemed to want their assistance by the mere dint of a child's capacity

One day, I remember, when he was about nine years of age, going early to the house where he and his mother lived, and it being before his mother was stirring, I went into little Duncan Campbell's room, to divert myself with him. I found him sitting up in his bed, with his eyes broad open, but as motionless as if he had been asleep, or even (if it had not been for a lively beautiful colour which the pretty fair silver-haired boy always had in his cheeks) as if he had been quite dead, he did not seem so much as to breathe, the eyelids of him were so fixed and immovable, that the eyelashes did not so much as once shake, which the least motion imaginable must agitate, not to say that he was like a person in an ecstasy, he was at least in what we commonly call a brown study to the highest degree, and for the largest space of time I ever knew. I, who had been frequently informed by people who have been present at the operations of second-sighted persons, that, at the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring till the object vanishes, I, I say, sat myself softly down on his bedside, and with a quiet amazement observed him, avoiding diligently any motion that might give him the least

## DUNCAN ENTRANCED

disturbance, or cause in him any avocation or distraction of mind from the business he was so intent upon. I remarked that he held his head sideways, with his mouth wide open and in a listening posture, and that after so lively a manner, as, at first general thought, made me forget his deafness, and plainly imagine he heard something, till the second thought of reflection brought into my mind the misfortune that shut up all passage for any sound through his ears. After a steadfast gaze, which lasted about seven minutes, he smiled, and stretched his arms, as one recovering from a fit of indolence, and rubbed his eyes, then turning towards me, he made the sign of a salute, and hinted to me, upon his fingers, his desire for pen, ink, and paper, which I reached him from a little desk that stood at his bed's foot.

Placing the paper upon his knees, he wrote me the following lines, which, together with my answers, I preserve by me, for their rarity, to this very day, and which I have transcribed word for word, as they form a little series of dialogue.

Duncan Campbell — "I am sorry I cannot stay with you, but I shall see my pretty youth and my lamb by-and-by in the fields, near a little coppice, or grove, where I go often to play with them, and I would not lose their company for the whole world, for they and I are mighty familiar together, and the boy tells me everything, that gets me my reputation among the ladies and nobility, and you must keep it secret."

My question — "I will be sure to keep it secret. But how do you know you are to meet them there to-day? Did the little boy appoint you?"



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Duncan Campbell — “Yes, he did, and signified that he had several things to predict to me concerning people that he foreknew would come to me the week following to ask me questions ”

My question — “ But what was you staring at when I came in ? ”

Duncan Campbell — “ Why, at that little boy, that goes along with the lamb I speak of, and it was then he made me the appointment ”

My question — “ How does he do it ? Does he write ? ”

Duncan Campbell — “ No, he writes sometimes, but oftener he speaks with his fingers, and mighty swift, no man can do it so quick, or write half so soon, he has a little bell in his hand, like that which my mother makes me a sign to shake when she wants the servants, with that he tickles my brain most strangely, and gives me an incredible delight in feeling in the inside of my head, he usually wakes me with it in the morning, when he comes to make me an appointment I fancy 't is what you call hearing, which makes me mighty desirous I could hear in your way, 't is sweeter to the feeling, methinks, than anything is to the taste, it is just as if my head was tickled to death, as my nurse used to tickle my sides, but it is a different feeling, for it makes things like little strings tremble in my temples, and behind my ears Now I remember, I will tell you what 't is like, that makes me believe it is like your hearing, and that strange thing, which you that can speak call sound, or noise, because, when I was at church with my mother, who told me the bells could be heard ringing a mile

## A BOY AND A LAMB

off, as I was kneeling on the bench, and leaning over the top of the pew, and gnawing the board, every time the man pulled the rope, I thought all my head beat, as if it would come to pieces, but yet it pleased me, methought, rather than pained me, and I would be always gnawing the board when the man pulled the rope, and I told my mother the reason. The feeling of that was something like the little bell, but only that made my head throb, as if it would break, and this tickles me, and makes, as it were, little stings on the back of my ears dance and tremble like anything, is not that like your way of hearing? If it be, it is a sweet thing to hear, it is more pleasant than to see the finest colours in the world, it is something like being tickled in the nose with a feather till one sneezes, or like the feeling after one strikes the leg when it has been numb, or asleep, only with this difference, that those two ways give a pain and the other a pleasure. I remember, too, when I had a great cold, for about two months, I had a feeling something like it, but that was blunt, dull, confused, and troublesome. Is not this like what you call hearing?"

My question — "It is the finest kind of hearing, my dear, it is what we call music. But what sort of a boy is that that meets you? and what sort of a lamb?"

Duncan Campbell — "Oh! though they are like other boys and lambs which you see, they are a thousand times prettier and finer. You never saw such a boy nor such a lamb in your lifetime."

My question — "How big is he? As big as you are? And what sort of a boy is he?"

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Duncan Campbell—"He is a little pretty boy, about as tall as my knee, his face is as white as snow, and so are his little hands; his cheeks are as red as a cherry, and so are his lips, and, when he breathes, it makes the air more perfumed than my mother's sweet bags that she puts among the linen, he has got a crown of roses, cowslips, and other flowers, upon his head, such as the maids gather in May, his hair is like fine silver threads, and shine like the beams of the sun, he wears a loose veil down to his feet, that is as blue as the sky in a clear day, and embroidered with spangles that look like the brightest stars in the night, he carries a silver bell in one hand, and a book and pencil in the other, and he and the little lamb will dance and leap about me in a ring as high as my head. The lamb has got a little silver collar, with nine little bells upon it, and every little piece of wool upon its back, that is as white as milk, is tied up all round it in puffs like a little miss's hair, with ribbons of all colours, and round its head, too, are little roses and violets stuck very thick in the wool that grows upon its forehead, and behind and between its ears, in the shape of a diadem. They first meet me dancing thus, and after they have danced some time, the little boy writes down wonderful things in his book, which I write down in mine, then they dance again, till he rings his bell, and then they are gone all of a sudden, I know not where, but I feel the tickling in the inside of my head, caused by the bell, less and less, till I don't feel it at all, and then I go home, read over my lesson in my book, and when I have it by heart, I burn the written leaves, according as the

## THE AUTHOR PROTESTS

little boy bids me, or he would let me have no more. But I hear the little bell again, the little boy is angry with me, he pulled me twice by the ear, and I would not displease him for anything; so I must get up and go immediately to the joy and delight of my life ”

I told him he might, if he would promise me to tell me further another time, he said he would if I would keep it secret. I told him I would, and so we parted, though just before he went, he said he smelt some venison, and he was sure they would shortly have some for dinner, and nothing was so sure as that my man had my orders to bring a side of venison to me the next day to Mrs Campbell's, for I had been hunting, and came thither from the death of a deer that morning, and intended, as usual, to make a stay there for two or three days.

There are, I know, many men of severe principles, and who are more strict, grave, and formal in their manner of thinking than they are wise, who will be apt to judge of these relations as things merely fabulous and chimerical, and, not contented with being disbelievers themselves, will labour to insinuate into others this pernicious notion, that it is a sign of infirmity and weakness of the head to yield them credit. But though I could easily argue these Sir Gravities down — though a sentence or two would do their business, put them beyond the power of replying, and strike them dumb — yet do I not think it worth my while, their greatest and most wanted objection to these Eudemons and Kakodemons being, **that it arises all from the work of fancy, in persons**

## MR DUNCAN CAMPBELL

of a melancholic blood. If we consider the nature of this child's dialogue with me, will it not be more whimsically strange and miraculous to say that a child of nine years old had only a fancy of such things as these, of which it had never heard anybody give an account, and that it could, by the mere strength of imagination, predict such things as really after came to pass, than it is (when it does so strangely predict things) to believe the child does it in the manner itself owns it does, which is by the intervention of a good demon, or happy genius. Departing, therefore, from these singular wise men's opinions, who will believe nothing excellent can happen to others which it has not been their lot to enjoy a share of, I shall take my farewell hastily of them, without losing my own time or theirs, in the words of the ingenious and learned Monsieur Le Clerc — "*Acerbos homines non moror, indignos quippe, qui hæc studia tractent, aut quorum judicii ulla ratio habeatur.*"

I shall rather see how these things have lain open to the eyes of, and been explained by the ancient sages, I will relate who among them were happy in their geni, and who among the moderns, whose examples may be authorities for our belief, I will set down, as clearly as I can, what perception men have had of geni, or spirits, by the sense of seeing, what by the sense of hearing, what by the sense of feeling, touching, or tasting, and, in fine, what perception others have had of these geni by all the senses, what by dreams and what by magic, a thing rarely to be met with at once in any single man, and which

## LOOKING BACKWARD

seems particular to the child, who was the subject of our last little historical account. When I have brought examples, and the opinions of wise philosophers, and the evidence of undeniable witnesses, which one would think sufficient to evince persons of the commerce men have with spirits, if they were not past all sense of conviction, I shall, not so much to corroborate what I say as to shame some wiseacres, who would by their frail reason scan all things, and pretend to solve the mysteries ascribed to spirits as facts merely natural, and who would banish from the thoughts of men all belief of spirits whatsoever, — I shall, I say, in order to put to shame these wiseacres, if they have any shame left, produce the opinions of the fathers, as divines, show the doctrines of spirits in general to be consistent with Christianity, that they are delivered in the Scripture and by Christian tradition, in which, if they will not acquiesce, I shall leave them to the labyrinth of their own wild opinions, which in the end will so perplex their judgments of things, that they will be never able to extricate themselves, and these different heads will be the subject of the chapter ensuing, and will, or I am greatly mistaken, form both an instructive, edifying, and entertaining discourse, for a reader really and truly intelligent, and that has a good taste and relish for sublime things.

## CHAPTER FIVE

AN ARGUMENT PROVING THE PERCEPTION WHICH MEN HAVE, AND HAVE HAD, BY ALL THE SENSES, AS SEEING, HEARING, ETC., OF DEMONS, GENII, OR FAMILIAR SPIRITS.

IT is said in the ninth book of the *Morals* of Aristotle, it is better to come at the probable knowledge of some things above us in the heavens, than to be capable of giving many demonstrations relating to things here below. This is no doubt an admirable proposition, and speaks the lofty aims of that sublime mind from whence it proceeded. Among all the disquisitions in this kind, none seem to me more excellent than those which treat concerning the genii that attend upon men, and guide them in the actions of life. A genius or demon of the good kind, is a sort of mediate being, between human and divine, which gives the mind of man a pleasant conjunction with the angelic and celestial faculties, and brings down to earth a faint participation of the joys of heaven. That there have been such fortunate attendants upon wise men we have many rare instances; they have been ascribed to Socrates, Aristotle, Plotinus, Porphyrius, Jamblicus, Chicus, Scaliger, and Cardan. The most celebrated of all these ancients was Socrates; and

## THE DEMON OF SOCRATES

as for his having a genius, or demon, we have the testimonies of Plato, Xenophon, and Antisthenes, his contemporaries, confirmed by Laertius, Plutarch, Maximus, Tyrius, Dion, Chrysostomus, Cicero, Apuleius, Ficinus, and others, many of the moderns, besides Tertullian, Origen, Clemens Alexandrinus, Austin, and others, and Socrates himself, in "Plato's Theage," says, "By some divine lot I have a certain demon, which has followed me from my childhood as an oracle," and in the same place intimates that the way he gained his instruction was by hearing the demon's voice. Nothing is certainly so easy as for men to be able to contradiet things, though never so well attested with such an air of truth, as to make the truth of the history doubted by others as well as themselves, where no demonstrative proof can be brought to convince them. This has been the easy task of those who object against the demon of Socrates, but when no demonstrative proof is to be had on either side, does not wisdom incline us to lead to the most probable? Let us then consider whether the evidences are not more credible, and witnesses of such a thing are not persons of more authority than these men are, who vouchsafe to give no reason but their own incredulity for maintaining the contrary, and whether those therefore, by the right rule of judging, ought not much sooner than these, to gain over our assent to their assertions.

We will, however, laying aside the histories of those ancient times, the sense whereof, by various readings and interpretations being put upon the words, is rendered obscure and almost unintelligible,



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descend to more modern relations, the facts whereof shall be placed beyond doubt, by reason of the evidences we will bring to attest them, and shall consequently prove the perception men have of spirits, or geni, by every sense.

### SECTION I.

We will first begin as to the perception of spirits by the sight

Mr Glanvil, in his collections of relations for proving apparitions, spirits, &c, tells us of an Irishman that had like to have been carried away by spirits, and of the ghost of a man who had been seven years dead, that brought a medicine to his bedside

The relation is thus

A gentleman in Ireland, near to the Earl of Orrery's, sending his butler one afternoon to buy cards, as he passed a field, to his wonder, he espied a company of people sitting round a table, with a deal of good cheer before them, in the midst of the field, and he going up towards them they all arose and saluted him, and desired him to sit down with them, but one of them whispered these words into his ear — "Do nothing this company invites you to" Hereupon he refused to sit down at the table, and immediately table and all that belonged to it were gone, and the company were now dancing and playing upon musical instruments, and the butler being desired to join himself with them, but he refusing this also, they all fall to work, and he not being to be prevailed with, to accompany them in working, any more than in feasting or dancing, they

## A BUTLER KIDNAPPED

all disappeared, and the butler is now alone, but instead of going forwards, home he returns, as fast as he could drive, in a great consternation, and was no sooner entered his master's door but he fell down, and lay some time senseless, but coming again to himself, he related to his master what had passed

The night following there comes one of his company to his bedside and tells him, that if he offered to stir out of doors the next day he would be carried away Hereupon he kept within, but towards the evening, having occasion to make water, he adventured to put one foot over the threshold, several standing by, which he had no sooner done, but they espied a rope cast about his middle, and the poor man was hurried away with great swiftness, they following him as fast as they could, but could not overtake him At length they espied a horseman coming towards him, and made signs to him to stop the man whom he saw coming near him, and both ends of the rope, but nobody drawing, when they met, he laid hold of one end of the rope, and immediately had a smart blow given him over his arm with the other end, but by this means the man was stopped, and the horseman brought him back with him

The Earl of Orreiry, hearing of these strange passages, sent to the master to desire him to send this man to his house, which he accordingly did, and the morning following, or quickly after, he told the earl that his spectre had been with him again, and assured him that that day he should most certainly be carried away, and that no endeavours should avail

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to the saving of him. Upon this he was kept in a large room, with a considerable number of persons to guard him, among whom was the famous stroker, Mr Greatrix, who was a neighbour. There were, besides other persons of quality, two bishops in the house at the same time, who were consulted concerning the making use of a medicine the spectre, or ghost prescribed, of which mention will be made anon, but they determined on the negative.

Till part of the afternoon was spent, all was quiet, but at length he was perceived to rise from the ground, whereupon Mr Greatrix, and another lusty man, clapt their arms over his shoulders, one of them before him, the other behind him, and weighed him down with all their strength, but he was forcibly taken up from them, and they were too weak to keep their hold, and for a considerable time he was carried into the air, to and fro over their heads, several of the company still running under him to prevent his receiving hurt, if he should fall, at length he fell, and was caught before he came to the ground, and he had by that means no hurt.

All being quiet till bed-time, my lord ordered two of his servants to lie with him, and the next morning he told his lordship that his spectre was again with him, and brought a wooden dish, with grey liquor in it, and bid him drink it off. At the first sight of the spectre, he said that he endeavoured to awake his bed-fellows, but it told him that that endeavour should be in vain, and that he had no cause to fear him, he being his friend, and that he had at first given him the good advice in the field, which had he not fol-

## A MEDICAL GHOST

owed, he had been before now perfectly in the power of the company he saw there; he added, that he concluded it was impossible but that he should have been carried away the day before, there being so strong a combination against him, but now he could assure him, there would be more attempts of that nature, but he being troubled with two sorts of sad fits, he had brought that liquor to cure him of them, and bid him drink it. He peremptorily refusing, the spectre was angry, and upbraided him with great disingenuity, but told him, however, he had a kindness for him, and that if he would take plantain juice, he should be well of one sort of fits, but he should carry the other to his grave. The poor man having by this somewhat recovered himself, asked the spectre whether by the juice of plantain he meant that of the leaves or roots, it replied, the roots.

Then it asked him whether he did not know him. He answered, No. It replied, I am such a one. The man answered, he had been long dead. "I have been dead," said the spectre, or ghost, "seven years, and you know that I lived a loose life, and ever since I have been hurried up and down in a restless condition with the company you saw, and shall be to the day of judgment." Then he proceeded to tell him, that had he acknowledged God in his ways, he had not suffered such severe things by their means, and further said, "You never prayed to God that day, before you met with this company in the fields."

This relation was sent to Dr Henry More by Mr. E Fowler, who said Mr. Greatrix told it several persons. The Lord Orrery also owned the truth of

## MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL

it; and Mr Greatrix told it to Dr Henry More himself, who particularly inquired of Mr. Greatrix about the man's being carried up into the air, above men's heads in the room, and he did expressly affirm that he was an eye-witness thereof

A vision which happened to the ingenious and learned Dr Donne may not improperly be here inserted Mr Isaac Walton, writing the life of the said doctor, tells us, that the doctor and his wife were living with Sir Robert Drury, who gave them a free entertainment at his house in Drury Lane It happened that the Lord Haye was by King James sent in an embassy to the French king, Henry IV., whom Sir Robert resolved to accompany, and engaged Dr Donne to go with them, whose wife was then with child at Sir Robert's house Two days after their arrival at Paris, Dr Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert and he and some other friends had dined together To this place Sir Robert returned within half-an-hour, and as he left so he found Dr Donne, alone, but in such an ecstasy, and so altered in his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him, insomuch that he earnestly desired Dr Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence, to which Dr Donne was not able to make a present answer, but after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you, I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms, this I have seen since I saw you" To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you,

## DR. DONNE'S VISION

and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake " To which Dr. Donne's reply was, "I cannot be surer that I am now alive than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure, at her second appearing, she stopped and looked at me in the face, and vanished " Rest and sleep had not altered Dr. Donne's opinion on the next day, for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true, who immediately sent a servant to Drury House, with a charge to hasten back and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive, and if alive, what condition she was in as to her health. The twelfth day, the messenger returned with this account, that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in bed, and that after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child, and upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Dr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by in his chamber. Mr. Walton adds this as a relation which will beget some wonder, and well it may, for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased, and though it is most certain that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon the table at a fit distance, will, like an echo to a trumpet, warble a faint audible harmony, in answer to the same tune, yet many will not believe that there is any such thing as a sympathy with souls, &c.

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### SECTION II.

I shall next relate some little histories, to show what perception men have had of spirits by the sense of hearing, for, as Wierus says, spirits appear sometimes invisibly, so that only a sound, voice, or noise is perceived by men, viz, a stroke, knocking, whistling, sneezing, groaning, lamenting, or clapping of the hands, to make men attent to inquire or answer

In Luther's "*Colloquia Mensalia*," &c, set forth in Latin at Frankfort, anno 1557, it being a different collection from that of Aurifaber, which is translated from High Dutch into English, we have the following relation —

"It happened in Prussia, that as a certain boy was born, there presently came to him a genius, or what you please to call it (for I leave it to men's judgments), who had so faithful a care of the infant, that there was no need either of mother or servant, and, as he grew up, he had a like care of him. He went to school with him, but so that he could never be seen, either by himself, or any others, in all his life. Afterwards, he travelled into Italy, he accompanied him, and whensoever any evil was like to happen to him, either on the road or in the inn, he was perceived to foretell it by some touch or stroke, he drew off his boots as a servant, if he turned his journey another way, he continued with him, having the same care of him in foretelling evil. At length he was made a canon, and as, on a time, he was sitting and feasting with his friends, in much jollity, a vehement stroke was struck on a sudden on the

## CASE OF CAPTAIN BELL

table, so that they were all terrified. Presently the canon said to his friends, 'Be not afraid, some great evil hangs over my head.' The next day he fell into a great fever, and the fit continued on him for three whole days, till he died miserably."

Captain Henry Bell, in his narrative prefixed to Luther's "Table," printed in English, anno 1652, having acquainted us how the German copy printed of it had been discovered underground, where it had lain fifty-two years, that edition having been suppressed by an edict of the Emperor Rudolphus II., so that it was death to keep a copy thereof, and having told us that Casparus Van Spar, a German gentleman, with whom he was familiarly acquainted while he negotiated affairs in Germany for King James I., was the person who discovered it, anno 1626, and transmitted it to England to him, and earnestly desired him to translate the said book into English, says, he accordingly set upon the translation of it many times, but was always hindered from proceeding in it by some intervening business. About six weeks after he had received the copy, being in bed with his wife one night, between twelve and one o'clock, she being asleep, but himself awake, there appeared to him an ancient man, standing at his bedside arrayed all in white, having a long and broad white beard hanging down to his girdle, who, taking him by his right ear, said thus to him, "Sirrah! will you not take time to translate that book, which is sent to you out of Germany? I will shortly provide for you both place and time to do it." And then he vanished. Hereupon, being much affrighted,



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he fell into an extreme sweat, so that his wife, awaking and finding him all over wet, she asked him what he ailed ? He told her what he had seen and heard, but he never regarded visions or dreams, and so the same fell out of his mind. But a fortnight after, being on a Sunday, at his lodgings in King Street, Westminster, at dinner with his wife, two messengers were sent from the whole council board, with a warrant to carry him to the Gate-house, Westminster, there to be kept till further order from the lords of the council, upon which warrant he was kept there ten whole years, close prisoner, where he spent five years of it in translating the said book, having good cause to be mindful of the old man's saying, "I will shortly provide for you both place and time to translate it."

Though the perception of spirits chiefly affects the hearing and seeing faculties, yet are not the other senses without some participation of these genial objects, whether good or evil, for, as St. Austin says, the evil work of the devil creeps through all the passages of the senses, he presents himself in figures, applies himself to colours, adheres to sounds, introduces odours, infuses himself in savours, and fills all the passages of intelligence, sometimes cruelly tormenting with grief and fear, sometimes sportingly diverting man, or taunting with mocks. And on the other hand, as the learned Walter Hilton, a great master of contemplative life, in his "Scale of Perfection," sets forth, that appearances or representations to the corporeal senses may be both good and evil.

## A GHOSTLY WARNING

But before I conclude upon this head, to give still more weight and authority to the perception we have had of these genn, both by the senses of hearing and seeing, I will relate two very remarkable fragments of history of this kind, told us by persons who demand our credit, and done within the memory of our grandfathers and fathers

The first is concerning that Duke of Buckingham who was stabbed by Felton, August the 23rd, 1628

Mr Lilly, the astrologer, in his book entitled "Monarchy and no Monarchy in England," printed in quarto, 1651, having mentioned the Duke of Buckingham, writes as follows — "Since I am upon the death of the Duke of Buckingham, I shall relate a true story of his being admonished often of the death he should die in this manner

"An aged gentleman, one Parker, as I now remember, having formerly belonged unto the duke, or of great acquaintance with the duke's father, and now retired, had a demon appeared several times to him in the shape of Sir George Villiers, the duke's father. This demon walked many times in Parker's bed-chamber, without any action or terror, noise, hurt, or speech, but, at last, one night broke out in these words: 'Mr Parker, I know you loved me formerly, and my son George at this time very well. I would have you go from me (you know me very well to be his father, old Sir George Villiers of Leicestershire), and acquaint him with these and these particulars, &c., and that he above all refrain the counsel and company of such and such (whom he then nominated), or else he will come to destruc-

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tion, and that suddenly.' Parker, though a very discreet man, partly imagined himself in a dream all this time and being unwilling to proceed upon no better grounds, forbore addressing himself to the duke, for he conceived, if he should acquaint the duke with the words of his father, and the manner of his appearance to him (such apparitions being not usual), he should be laughed at, and thought to dote, in regard he was aged. Some few nights passed without further trouble to the old man, but, not very many nights after, old Sir George Villiers appeared again, walked quick and furiously in the room, seemed angry with Parker, and at last said, 'Mr Parker, I thought you had been my friend so much, and loved my son George so well, that you would have acquainted him with what I desired, but I know you have not done it, by all the friendship that ever was betwixt you and me, and the great respect you bear my son, I desire you to deliver what I formerly commanded you to my son.' The old man, seeing himself thus solicited, promised the demon he would, but first argued it thus, that the duke was not easy to be spoken withal, and that he would account him a vain man to come with such a message from the dead, nor did he conceive the duke would give any credit to him to which the demon thus answered 'If he will not believe you have this discourse from me, tell him of such a secret (and named it) which he knows none in the world ever knew but myself and him.' Mr Parker being now well satisfied that he was not asleep, and that the apparition was not a vain delusion, took a fit

## WARNING DISREGARDED

opportunity, and seriously acquainted the duke with his father's words, and the manner of his apparition. The duke laughed heartily at the relation, which put old Parker to a stand, but at last he assumed courage, and told the duke that he acquainted his father's ghost with what he found now to be true, viz, scorn and derision 'But, my lord,' says he, 'your father bid me acquaint you by this token, and he said it was such as none in the world but your two selves did yet know' Hereat the duke was amazed and much astonished, but took no warning or notice thereof, keeping the same company still, advising with such counsellors, and performing such actions as his father by Parker countermanded Shortly after, old Sir George Villiers, in a very quiet but sorrowful posture, appears again to Parker, and said, 'Mr Parker, I know you delivered my words to George my son, I thank you for so doing, but he slighted them, and now I only request this more at your hands, that once again you repair to my son, and tell him that if he will not amend and follow the counsel I have given him, this knife or dagger (and with that he pulled a knife or dagger from under his gown) shall end him, and do you, Mr Parker, set your house in order, for you shall die at such a time.' Mr Parker once more engaged, though very unwillingly, to acquaint the duke with the last message, and so did, but the duke told him to trouble him no further with such messages and dreams, and told him he perceived he was now an old man and doted, and within a month after, meeting Mr Parker on Lambeth Bridge, said, 'Now, Mr. Parker, what

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say you of your dream?" who only returned, 'Sir, I wish it may never have success,' &c ; but, within six weeks after, he was stabbed with a knife, according to his father's admonition beforehand, and Mr. Parker died soon after he had seen the dream or vision performed."

This relation is inserted also in the great Lord Clarendon's History, and in Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle. The Lord Clarendon, in his history, vol. i. l. 1, having given some relations, says that, amongst others, there was one (meaning this of Parker) which was upon a better foundation of credit than usually such discourses are founded upon, and he tells us that Parker was an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of a good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty years or more. This man had in his youth been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the duke, lived, and had been much cherished and obliged in that season of his age by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw. About six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham the apparition was seen, after the third appearance he made a journey to London, where the court then was, he was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of the requests, who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. He informed the duke with the reputation and honesty of the man, and Sir Ralph Freeman carried the man the next morning, by five of the clock, to Lambeth, according to the duke's appointment, and there presented him

## AN AUTHENTIC RELATION

to the duke, who received him courteously at his landing, and walked in conference near an hour with him, and Sir Ralph's and the duke's servants at such a distance that they heard not a word, but Sir Ralph always fixed his eyes on the duke, who sometimes spoke with great commotion and disorder, and the man told Sir Ralph in their return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars that were to gain him credit, the duke's colour changed, and he swore he could come to that knowledge only by the devil, for that those particulars were known only to himself and to one person more, who he was sure would never speak of them. So far the Lord Clarendon

I will now subjoin an authentic relation which Mr. Beaumont tells us at the end of his book of *genii* or familiar spirits, printed in the year 1705, he had just before received from the mouth of the then Bishop of Gloucester himself. It is as follows, word for word —

“Sir Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in childbith, and when she died, her sister, the Lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child, and she was by her very well educated till she was marriageable, and a match was concluded for her with Sir Wilham Perkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday night, she, thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her, and she asked why she left a candle burning in her chamber? The maid said she left none, and there was none but what she

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brought with her at that time Then she said it was the fire, but that the maid told her was quite out, and said she believed it was only a dream, whereupon she said it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep, but about two of the clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, and that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day she should be with her, whereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out again till nine, and then brought out with her a letter sealed to her father, brought it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, told her what had happened, and desired that, as soon as she was dead, it might be sent to him But the lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately, but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of her body, notwithstanding the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly, and when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers, and when prayers were ended she took her guitar and psalm-book and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was then there, admired at it, and near the stroke of twelve she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong

## THE POINT OF VERACITY

breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles at his house in Warwickshire, but he was so afflicted with the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried, but when he came, he caused her to be taken up, and to be buried by her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter. This was about the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-two or sixty-three, and this relation the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Gloucester had from Sir Charles Lee himself, and Mr Beaumont printed it in his book above-mentioned, from the bishop's own mouth.

The relations which I have given above are not like the trifling accounts too often given of these things, and therefore causing grave ones to be ridiculed in common with them. They are of that nature that, whoever attempts to ridicule them, will, instead of turning them into jest, become the object of ridicule himself.

The first story, which has in it such amazing circumstances, and such uncommon and dreadful incidents concerning the butler in Ireland, is (as the reader sees) attested by no less a personage than an Earl of Orrery, two bishops, and many other noblemen and gentlemen, being present and eye-witnesses of what the earl said. What greater testimony would the most incredulous have? They say such things are told for interest, what interest could an earl and many noblemen have in promoting such



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an imposture? The incredulous say likewise, great and learned men delight sometimes in putting frauds upon the world, and after laugh at their credulity, would a number of noble laymen choose two prelates to carry on such a fraud? And would two pious bishops probably combine with several, and some servants there present, in spreading such a deceit? It is past believing, and it demands the strictest of moral faith that can be given, to the most unquestioned history that the pen of man ever wrote.

The second story is founded, first, upon the experience of one of the most ingenious men of that age, Dr Donne, and then upon the proof made by his friend, Sir Robert Drury, who could at first scarce believe it, and shall we doubt the credit of men whose company (for their credit be it spoken) a British ambassador was proud of gaining?

The third story is told by Luther himself, who began the great work of the Reformation

The fourth is told by one that was a king's public minister, and told from his own trial of the matter, where he could have no interest in the telling it

The fifth is related by those great historians the Lord Clarendon and Sir Richard Baker, as a truth relied upon by themselves, and fit to be credited by their readers

The sixth and last was related to Mr. Beaumont by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, who received the account from Sir Charles Lee himself, to whose granddaughter the matter happened

Men who will not believe such things as these, so well attested to us, and given us by such authorities,

## FANTASTICAL INCREDULITY

because they did not see them themselves, nor anything of the like nature, ought not only to deny the demon of Socrates, but that there was such a man as Socrates himself, they should not dispute the geni of Cæsar, Cicero, Brutus, Mark Antony, but avow that there were never any such men existing upon earth, and overthrow all credible history whatsoever. Meanwhile all men, but those who run such lengths in their fantastical incredulity, will, from the facts above-mentioned, rest satisfied that there are such things as evil and good geni, and that men have sometimes a commerce with them by all their senses, particularly those of seeing and hearing, and will not therefore be startled at the strange fragments of histories which I am going to relate of our young Duncan Campbell, and look upon some wonderful adventures which he performed by the intervention of his familiar demon or genius, as falsehoods, only because they are uncommon and surprising, more especially since they were not done in a corner, but by an open way of profession of a predictor of things, in the face of the metropolis of London, where he settled young, as will appear in the progress of his life. However, some people, notwithstanding all this, may allege that though a man may have a genius appear to him so as to convey into his mind, through his senses, the knowledge of things that are to come to pass, yet this happens but on very eminent and extraordinary occasions. The murder, for example, of a prime minister, and the favourite of a monarch, in such a manner as it was performed on the great Buckingham by Felton, was a thing so uncommon

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that it might perhaps deserve, by the permission of heaven, an uncommon prediction. The others likewise are instances eminent in their way, particularly that of the Lady Everard's niece, for that young lady being then marriageable, and a treaty for that end being on foot with Sir William Perkins, the divine Providence foreseeing that such a state might call away her thoughts, hitherto bent on Him and spiritual affairs, and fix them on the trifles of this world, might perhaps permit her to be called by a holy mother to a state of happiness she before her enjoyed, lest her daughter's mind should change, and she go into the ways of a sinner. But if these super-eminent, these scarce and rare examples, may be admitted of man's holding a conversation with the spiritualised beings of another world, it will, however, be far below the dignity of human reason, methinks, to make such large concessions to people who pretend to converse that wonderful way, as to allow them the credit of being able to do it upon every slight occasion, and every indifferent occurrence of human life.

I cannot help acknowledging that a man of wisdom may, at first thought, make such an objection, but reflection will presently retract it, and the same good sense that taught him to make an objection so well upon the first thought, will teach him, upon second thoughts, to acquiesce in the answer.

Infants may have, no doubt, the benefit of such an attending genius, as well as people more advanced in years; as may be seen in one of the instances, which is a very famous one, relating to the boy born in

## PREDICTIONS OF DEATH

Prussia, who was attended by one constantly from the time of his birth to his death. Besides, it is a mistake in the understanding to imagine that death, which is the determination and end of life, is of more consequence to be known than the manner of regulating that life, for in reality, according to the right way of considering, death, or the determination of a man's life, derives its importance from the steps which he took in the due regulation of it, and therefore every the least step proper to be taken for the due regulation of life, is of more consequence to be known than the death of a person, though this at first sight carries the face of significance, and the other nothing better than the look of a trifle. Marriage, for example, is a step in life of the utmost importance, whether we consider that estate with regard to this or the next world. Death is but the finishing of one person, but marriage may be the introducing of many into the world with happiness. it is therefore a thing of more importance to be known beforehand, and consequently more worthy of the communication of a genius to the man with whom he conversed. Possidonus tells us that a certain Rhodian dying, nominated six of his equals, and said who should die first, who next, and so on, and the event answered the prediction, why then (though some people are apt to make a jest of it) may not a man, by the intervention of his good genius, tell a woman that is to have six husbands who she shall have first, who next, and so on, and the event answer the prediction? If men of learning may acquire such knowledge as to attain to extraordinary

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things by their ordinary faculties, why may not ordinary things be taught others in this extraordinary way ? For will anybody say that it is easier for a man to accommodate himself to the knowledge of a demon or genius than for a demon or genius to accommodate himself to the knowledge of a man ? Certain it is, indeed, that if this good genius (that induces a man with a prophetic kind of science) be anything resembling a good angel, the primary end of his being permitted to direct mankind, must consist in things relating more to their welfare hereafter ; yet I know not why they may not sometimes inspire or openly direct them in human knowledge and in things relating to human life, so they are of a good tendency, more especially since a good inspiration may be a counterbalance to the bad knowledge which some have been inspired with by evil spirits. I would not be thought to go too far in a point of this nature, and have therefore (though perhaps I could say much more if I followed entirely my own private opinion, and would venture to introduce it here, in order to communicate it to others, and make it a public one) said no more on this head than what divines generally teach.

But the most unexceptionable mistress that teaches these things to be in Nature is experience. If we had very many people gifted this way, the extraordinary thing would have become ordinary, and therefore I cannot help wondering that it should be so ordinary a thing for wise men themselves to wonder too much at things because they are extraordinary, and suspect them as frauds because they are uncommon.

## LEGERDEMAIN

There has scarce been any period of time in which some person of this prophetic class has not existed, and has not been consulted by the greatest of men, and their predictions found at the long run to come true. Ignorant men always rise to their belief of them by experience, and the most learned men submit their great opinions to experience, but your men of middling talents, who make up their want of reason with bustling obstinacy and noisy contradiction, have been and still continue to be their own opposers, and without discovering the reason for what they say, they content themselves with having the laugh on their sides, and barely affirming without proving that it is a kind of ideal juggle, and intellectual legerdemain, by which these modern predictors impose things upon the eye and reason, as the corporeal eye is imposed upon by sleight of hand, but it is a strange thing that men of such quick reason cannot give us a sample of the frauds. Thus I remember to have read, I cannot tell where, a story of some courtiers, who, when a great artist of legerdemain was to act before the king, pretended to be so quick-sighted, that nothing he did should escape their discovery, were left by his nimble fingers in the dark, and forced at last, with blushes, to own they had no better eyes than other people. In a word, if people will be led by suspicions and remote possibilities of fraud and contrivance of such men, all historical truth shall be ended, when it consists not with a man's private humour or prejudice to admit it. Now, therefore, to prove by experience and undeniable testimonies, that these kind of genu

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will submit to little offices in order to bring men to greater good, I will give the reader three or four curious passages that will set the reasonable reader at ease and prepare him for reading the passages of Mr. Campbell's life with pleasure, and as a fine history of wonderful facts, that though they seem to surpass belief yet ought to have his credit

What in nature can be more trivial than for a spirit to employ himself in knocking on a morning at the wainscot by the bed's head of a man who got drunk over night, according to the way that such things are ordinarily explained? And yet I shall give you such a relation of this, that not even the most devout and precise Presbyterian will offer to call in question, for Mr Baxter, in his historical discourse of apparitions, writes thus —

“There is now in London an understanding, sober, pious man, oft one of my hearers, who has an elder brother, a gentleman of considerable rank, who, having formerly seemed pious, of late years does often fall into the sin of drunkenness. He often lodges long together here in his brother's house, and whensoever he is drunk and has slept himself sober, something knocks at his bed's head, as if one knocked on a wainscot, when they remove his bed it follows him, besides other loud noises, on other parts where he is, that all the house hears, they have often watched him, and kept his hands lest he should do it himself. His brother has often told it me, and brought his wife, a discreet woman, to attest it, who avers, moreover, that as she watched him, she has seen his shoes under the bed taken up, and nothing visible to

## BAXTER'S TESTIMONY

touch them. They brought the man himself to me, and when we asked him how he dare sin again after such a warning, he had no excuse, but being persons of quality, for some special reason of worldly interest I must not name him.

"Two things are remarkable in this instance," says Mr. Baxter, "first, what a powerful thing temptation and fleshly concupiscence is, and what an hardened heart sin brings men to, if one rose from the dead to warn such sinners, it would not of itself persuade them"

"Secondly," says Mr. Baxter, "it poses me to think what kind of spirit this is, that has such a care of this man's soul, which makes me hope he will recover. Do good spirits dwell so near us, or are they sent on such messages? or is it his guardian angel? or is it the soul of some dead friend that suffers, and yet retaining love to him, as Dives to his brethren, would have him saved? God yet keeps such things from us in the dark"

So far we have the authority of the renowned and famous Mr. Baxter, who makes this knocking of the spirit at the bed's head (though what we commonly call frivolous) an important errand

Another relation of this kind was sent to Mr. John Beaumont (whom I myself personally know), and which he has inserted in his account of gnomes, or familiar spirits, in a letter by an ingenious and learned clergyman of Wiltshire, who had given him the relation likewise before by word of mouth. It is as follows —

"Near eighty years since, in the parish of Wilcot



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(which is by the Devizes), in the vicar's house, there was heard for a considerable time the sound of a bell constantly tolling every night, the occasion was this. A debauched person who lived in the parish came one night very late and demanded the keys of the church of the vicar, that he might ring a peal, which the vicar refused to let him have, alleging the unseasonableness of the time, and that he should, by granting his desires, give a disturbance to Sir George Wroughton and his family, whose house adjoined to the churchyard. Upon this refusal the fellow went away in a rage, threatening to be revenged of the vicar, and going some time after to the Devizes, met with one Cantle or Cantlow, a person noted in those days for a wizard, and he tells him how the vicar had served him, and begs his help to be even with him. The reply Cantlow made him was this. 'Does he not love ringing? He shall have enough of it.' And from that time a bell began to toll in his house, and continued so to do till Cantlow's death, who confessed at Fisherton Gaol in Sarum (where he was confined by King James during his life), that he caused that sound, and that it should be heard in that place during life. The thing was so notorious that persons came from all parts to hear it, and King James sent a gentleman from London on purpose to give him satisfaction concerning the truth of the report." Mr Beaumont had likewise this story, as he tells, from the mouth of Sir George Wroughton's own son, with this remarkable circumstance, that if any in the house put their heads out of the window they could not hear the sound, but heard

## A PROPHEPIC SPIRIT

it immediately again as soon as they stood in the room

The reader here sees that good and bad geni exercise themselves upon very little functions, knocking at beds'-heads and ringing of bells. For proof of this we have the testimonies of two divines, of a man of quality and probity, and the same satisfaction that a learned king had, who sent to inquire into the matter, and after this there can be, I think, no room for doubt.

But to carry the point still nearer home, inasmuch as I know some will leave no stone unturned to make the extraordinary actions which the person whose life I write has performed appear impostures, and inasmuch as for this end they may say that though many people may have been gifted in this extraordinary manner, yet not so as to make a profession of it, and therefore from thence they take their suspicions, I shall in this place, to remove every nicest scruple they can have touching this affair, give the reader one instance of this kind likewise before I proceed with my history.

There lived not many years since a very aged gentlewoman, in London, in Water Lane, by Fleet Street, whose name was Pight, who was endowed with a prophetic spirit. And the ingenious Mr Beaumont, whom I personally knew, and who had a familiar genius himself, gives the world this account of her. "She was very well known," says he, "to many persons of my acquaintance now living in London. Among others, a gentleman, whose candour I can no way suspect, has told me that he often re-

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sorted to her, as to an oracle ; and that as soon as he came into her presence, she would usually tell him that she knew what he was coming for, for that she had seen his spirit for some time before And without his saying anything to her, she would commonly tell him what the business was which he came to consult her about, and what the event of it would be, which he always found to fall out as she said , and many other persons now living can testify the like experience of her as to themselves ”

Before I conclude this chapter, I am willing to give the public one further little history of the like kind with the foregoing ones, with this only difference, that if it be valued according to the worth the world has always attributed to the very ingenious person whom it concerns, it will be far the most famous of them all, and therefore fittest to finish this chapter, and to crown this part of the work, in which we are showing that persons have had a perception of genii or spirits, not visible at the same time to others

The famous Torquatus Tasso, prince of the Italian poets, and scarce inferior to the immortal Virgil himself, and who seems to enjoy the intermingled gifts of the most accurate judgment of this Latin poet, and the more fertile and copious invention and fancy of the Greek one, Homer, strongly asserted his own experience in this kind His life was written and published in French, anno 1692, by D. C. D. D. V., who, in his preface, tells us, that in what he writ, he has followed chiefly the history given us in Italian by John Baptista Manso, a Neapolitan gentleman, who had been a very intimate friend to Tasso. In his life,

## TORQUATUS TASSO

among other things, he acquaints us that Tasso was naturally of that melancholic temperament which has always made the greatest men, and that this temperament being aggravated by many hardships he had undergone, it made him sometimes beside himself, and that those melancholy vapours being despatched, he came again to himself, like those that return from fits of the falling sickness, his spirit being as free as before. That near his latter end he retired from the city of Naples to his friend Manso, at Bisaccia, a small town in the kingdom of Naples, where Manso had a considerable estate, and passed an autumn there in the diversions of the season

And here the French author gives us an account of Tasso's sensible perception of a genius as follows — As after these amusements he usually retired to his chamber to entertain himself there with his friend Manso, the latter had the opportunity to inquire into one of the most singular effects of Tasso's melancholy (of this heroic melancholy, as I may call it), which raised and brightened his spirit, so far it was from depressing or rendering it obscure, and which among the ancients would have reasonably caused them to have ascribed a familiar demon to him, as to Socrates. They were often in a warm debate concerning this spirit, with which Tasso pretended to have so free a communication. "I am too much your friend," said Manso to him one day, "not to let you know what the world thinks of you concerning this thing, and what I think of it myself. Is it possible that, being enlightened as you are, you should be fallen into so great a weakness as to think you have a familiar

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spirit ? and will you give your enemies that *advantage* to be able to prove, by your own acknowledgment, what they have already published to the world ? You know they say you did not publish your ‘*Dialogue of the Messenger*’ as a fiction , but you would have men believe that the spirit which you make to speak there was a real and true spirit , hence men have drawn this injurious consequence, that your studies have embroiled your imagination, so that there is made in it a confused mixture of the fictions of the poets, the inventions of the philosophers, and the doctrine of religion ”

“I am not ignorant,” answered Tasso, “of all that is spread abroad in the world on the account of my ‘*Dialogue*’ I have taken care divers times to disabuse my friends, both by letter and word of mouth I prevented even the malignity of my enemies, as you know, at the time I published my ‘*Dialogue*’ Men could not be ignorant that I composed it for the young Prince of Mantua, to whom I would explain, after an agreeable manner, the principal mysteries of the Platonic philosophy It was at Mantua itself, after my second flight from Ferrara, that I formed the idea of it, and I committed it to paper a little after my unfortunate return I addressed it to this prince, and all men might have read in the epistle dedicatory the protestation I there make that this ‘*Dialogue*’ being written according to the doctrine of the Platonics, which is not always conformable to revealed truths, men must not confound what I expose there as a philosopher with what I believe as a Christian. This distinction is by so much the more

## DEMON OR SPIRIT?

reasonable, that at that time nothing extraordinary had happened to me, and I spake not of any apparition. This can be attested by all those with whom I lodged, or whom I frequented in this voyage, and therefore there is no reason for confounding the fiction of my 'Dialogue' with what has happened to me since"—"I am persuaded of all you say to me," replied Manso, "but truly I cannot be of what you believe at present concerning yourself. Will you imagine that you are in commerce with a spirit? And I ask you of what order is that spirit? Shall we place him in the number of the rebels, whom their pride precipitated into the abyss? or of the intelligences, who continued firm in faith and submission to their Creator? For there is no mean to take in the true religion, and we must not fall into the extravagances of the gnomes and sylphs of the Cabalists.

"Now, the spirit in question cannot be a demon. You own that, instead of inspiring you with anything contrary to piety and religion, he often fortifies in you the maxims of Christianity, he strengthens your faith by profound reasonings, and has the same respect with you for sacred names and things. Neither can you say that it is an angel, for though you have always led a regular life, and far from all dissoluteness, though for some years past you have applied yourself, after a particular manner, to the duties of a true Christian, you will agree with me that these sorts of favours are not common, that a man must have attained to a high degree of sanctity, and not be far from the pureness of celestial spirits, to merit a familiar

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converse and bear a harmony with them. Believe me, there is nothing in all these discourses which you imagine you have with this spirit. You know better than any man those symptoms which the black humours wherewith you are tormented causes in you. Your vapours are the source of your visions, and yourself would not judge otherwise of another person to whom a like thing should happen, and you will come to this in your own respect also, if you will make a mature reflection, and apply yourself to blot out, by an effort of reason, these imaginations which the violence of your evil effect causes in you" — "You may have reason," replied Tasso, "to think so of the things that pass in me, but as to myself, who have a sensible perception of them, I am forced to reason after another manner. If it were true that the spirit did not show himself to me but in the violent assault of my vapours, if he offered to my imagination but wandering and confused species, without connection or due sequel, if he used to me frivolous reasonings which ended in nothing, or if, having begun some solid reasoning, he broke it off on a sudden and left me in darkness, I should believe with you that all things that pass are but mere dreams and phantoms, but it is quite otherwise this spirit is a spirit of truth and reason, and of a truth so distinct, of a reason so sublime, that he raises me often to knowledges that are above all my reasonings, though they appear to me no less clear, that he teaches me things which, in my most profound meditations, never came into my spirit, and which I never heard of any man, nor read in any book. This spirit, therefore, is some-

## OCULAR EVIDENCE

what of real, of whatsoever order he be I hear and see him, nevertheless for its being impossible for me to comprehend and define him." Manso did not yield to these facts which Tasso would have passed for proofs. He pressed him with new questions, which were not without answers "Since you will not believe me on my word," said Tasso to him another day, after having well disputed, "I must convince you by your own eyes that these things are not pure imaginations." And the next day, conversing together in the same chamber, Manso perceived that on a sudden he fixed his eyes towards the window, and that he stood as it were immovable, he called to him and jogged him many times, but instead of answering him — "See there the spirit," says Tasso at last, "that has been pleased to come and visit me, and to entertain himself with me, look on him, and you will acknowledge the truth of what I say "

Manso, somewhat surprised, cast his eyes towards the place he showed him, and perceived nothing but the rays of the sun passing through the glass, nor did he see anything in all the chamber, though he cast his eyes round it with curiosity, and he desired him to show him the spirit, which he looked for in vain, while he heard Tasso speak with much vehemency He declares in a letter which he wrote concerning this to the Admiral of Naples, that he really heard no other voice but Tasso's own, but they were sometimes questions made by him to the pretended spirit, sometimes answers that he made to the pretended questions of the spirit, and which were couched in



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such admirable terms, so efficacious concerning subjects so elevated and so extraordinary, that he was ravished with admiration, and dared not to interrupt him. He hearkened therefore attentively, and being quite beside himself at this mysterious conversation, which ended at last by a recess of the spirit, as he found by the last words of Tasso, after which Tasso, turning himself to him, "Well," said he, "are your doubts at last dissipated?" — "On the contrary," answered Manso, "I am more embroiled than ever. I have truly heard wonderful things, but you have not showed me what you promised me" — "You have seen and heard," resumed Tasso, "perhaps more than ——" He stopped here, and Manso, who could not recover himself of his surprise, and had his head filled with the ideas of this extraordinary entertainment, found himself not in a condition to press him farther. Meanwhile he engaged himself not to speak a word to any man of these things he had heard, with a design to make them public, though he should have liberty granted him. They had many other conversations concerning this matter, after which Manso owned he was brought to that pass that he knew not what to think or say, only that if it were a weakness in his friend to believe these visions, he much feared it would prove contagious to him, and that he should become at last as credulous as himself.

Dr Beaumont, who is still living, and with whom I have had formerly some acquaintance myself, has set down among the others this relation at large concerning Tasso, and gives this reason for it. —

## A SHORT EULOGIUM

“Because,” says the doctor, “I think it contains a sufficient answer to what many learned friends have said to myself on the like occasion.”

Perhaps it may not be ungrateful to the reader if I subjoin here the short eulogium written on Tasso by the famous Thuanus, which is as follows —

“Torquatus Tasso died about the forty-fifth year of his age, a man of a wonderful and prodigious wit, who was seized with an incurable fury in his youth, when he lived at the court of Ferrara, and nevertheless, in lucid intervals, he wrote many things, both in verse and prose with so much judgment, elegance, and extreme correctness of style, that he turned at length that pity which many men had conceived for him, into an amazement, while by that fury which in others makes their minds outrageous, or dulls them after it was over, his understanding became as it were more purified, more ready in inventing things, more acute in aptly disposing them after they were invented, and more copious in adorning them with choice words and weight of sentences, and that which a man of the soundest sense would scarce excogitate at his leisure, with the greatest labour and care imaginable, he, after a violent agitation of the mind set beside itself, naturally performed with a wonderful felicity, so that he did not seem struck with an alienation of mind, but with a divine fury. He that knows not these things, which all men know that have been in Italy, and concerning which himself sometimes complains, though modestly, in his writings, let him read his divine works, and he must necessarily conclude either that I speak of an-

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other man than Tasso, or that these things were written by another man than Tasso."

After having given my readers so many memorable accounts concerning the perception men have had in all ages, and still continue to have, of genii or familiar spirits, by all the senses, as seeing, hearing, &c., which accounts have been attested by men of the greatest learning and quality, if any of them still remain dissatisfied I am contented, and desire them for their punishment to lay down the book before they arrive at the more pleasant parts of it, which are yet to come, and not to read one tittle farther. These unbelieving gentlemen shall then be at liberty, according as their different spirits dictate, to ridicule me in the same manner as many more learned and greater men than I have been satirised before my time by persons of a like infidel temper, who would fain pass incredulity upon the world as wisdom, and they may, with all the freedom in nature, bestow upon me those merry appellations which I very well know such extraordinary free-thinkers imagine to belong of right to any author that either believes himself, or would possess the world with an opinion and belief that there is such a thing as the holding commerce and conversation, in this habitable world, with genii and familiar spirits. I shall only first tell them all I have to say to terminate the dispute between them and me

Those who, to give themselves the air and appearance of men of solid wisdom and gravity, load other men, who believe in spirits, with the titles of being men of folly, levity, or melancholy, are desired to

## AUTHORITIES MENTIONED

learn, that the same folly (as they are pleased to term it) of opinion is to be found in the greatest men of learning that ever existed in the universe Let them, in order to be convinced of this, read Apuleius's book, "*De Deo Socrat.*," Censorinus's book, "*De Die Nat.*," c 3, Porphyrius, in his book "*De Abstinencia*," Agrippa, in his treatise "*De Occult. Phil.*," l 3, c. 22, and also c 21, Natalis Comes in his "*Myth*," l 4, c 3, Maraviglia, in his "*Pseudomantia*," Dissertation 9 and 11, and Animadversion 10, Plato, in his "*Timæus*" and "*Cratylus*," Ammianus Marcellinus's "*History*," book 21, Hieronimus Cardanus, in his book "*De Vitâ Propriâ*," c 47, the great Kriecher, in his "*Œdipus Ægyptiacus*," vol 3, p 474, Pausanias, in "*Chac Poster*," that immortal orator, Cicero, lib 1, "*De Divinatione*," lib 2, "*De Naturâ Deorum*," the "*Histoire Prodigueuse*," written by Père Arnault, and a book entitled "*Lux e Tenebris*," which is a collection of modern visions and prophecies in Germany, by several persons, translated into Latin by Jo Amos. Comenius, printed at Amsterdam, 1655 And if they will be at the pains of having due recourse to these quotations, they will find, that all these men, whose learning is unquestionable, and most of whom have been in firm and undisputed possession of fame for many centuries, have all unanimously agreed in this opinion (how foolish soever they may think it), that there ever was and ever would be a communication held between some select men and genii or familiar spirits I must therefore desire their pardon if I rejoice to see them

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remain wise by themselves, and that I continue to be esteemed by them a fool among so much good company.

Others, out of a mere contempt of religion, or cowardly, for fear of being thought pusillanimous by men, turn bravoes to Heaven, and laugh at every notion of spirits as imbibed from the nurse or imposed upon us by priests, and may top these lines upon us with an elegant and a convincing magisterial sneer, though the divine Socrates was of our opinion, and even experienced it to be true, having a genius himself.

The priests but finish what the nurse began  
And thus the child imposes on the man

These bring into my mind a saying of Sir Roger l'Estrange on Seneca, which I must apply to Socrates I join in opinion with a Christian heathen, while they remain heathen Christians

The third sort, out of a pretended veneration to religion and divinity, may call me superstitious and chimerical To them I answer, I will continue chimerical and superstitious with St Austin, who gives the same opinion in his "Civitate Dei" with Ludovicus Vives, let them be solider and more religious divines than St Austin in disowning it. Thus I bid these austere critics heartily farewell, but let my better-natured readers go on and find a new example of this conversation, being held with the genii by our Duncan Campbell.

## CHAPTER SIX

A NARRATIVE OF MR CAMPBELL'S COMING TO LONDON  
AND TAKING UPON HIM THE PROFESSION OF A PRE-  
DICTOR, TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF MANY  
STRANGE THINGS THAT CAME TO PASS JUST AS HE  
FORETOLD.

**T**O proceed on regularly with the life of young Duncan Campbell, I must let the reader know that he continued thus conversing with his little genius, as is set forth above in the dialogue he had with me, and predicting many things of the like nature, as I have described, till the year 1694, when he was just fourteen years of age, and then he left Scotland

But before I come to speak of the manner of his departure from thence, his half-native country, inasmuch as his father was of that country, and he had his education there (what education he could have, being deaf and dumb), I must let the reader know that in the year 1692, my very good friend Mrs Campbell, his mother-in-law, died, and left him there at Edinburgh, an orphan of twelve years of age. He was, I may venture to say, the most beautiful boy of that age I ever knew, and the sensible reader, who considers a child of good birth, with the misfortunes of being deaf and dumb, left fatherless and mother-

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less in the wide world, at twelve years old, without any competency for his maintenance and support, without any relations, in a manner, that knew him or assisted him, all the little fortune his father had having been lost in the civil commotions in Scotland, as I have related above, need not hear me describe the compassion I and many more had for him, because such a reader must certainly feel in his own bosom the same lively acts of pity and commiseration, at the hearing of such a mishap, as I had at the seeing it, or at least as I have now revived afresh within me at the relating it

However, it came so to pass, that a person of the name of Campbell, and who was a distant relation of the boy, though he himself was but in indifferent circumstances, was resolved to see him provided for one way or another, in a manner somewhat suitable to his condition, and till that time to take the best care of him himself that he was able.

Several ladies of quality, who had known his perfections, coveted to make the boy one of their domestics, as a page, or a playfellow to their children, for though he could not speak, he had such a vivacity in all his actions, such a sprightliness of behaviour, and such a merriment accompanying all his gestures, that he afforded more entertainment than the prettiest and wittiest little prattlers at those years are wont to do. Mr. Campbell had certainly accepted of some of these fortunate offers for his little cousin, which were many of them likely to prove very advantageous, if it had not been put in his head by some friends, particularly myself, that if he had a mind

## ARRIVAL IN LONDON

to dispose of the boy in that manner, the best way he could take would be to present him to the late Earl of Argyll, who for his name's sake, and his father's sake, as well as the qualifications and endowments of the boy, would more naturally (according to all probability) take a greater pleasure and delight in him, and consequently provide better for him, and with a more lasting care, than any other person of quality that had a sudden liking to him, which might change, and took him as a stranger out of a bare curiosity. Mr Campbell was by these reasons overruled in the disposal of his little dumb prophetic cousin, as he called him, and resolved that an offer should be made of him to the present illustrious Duke of Argyll's most noble father. But it so unfortunately happened, that the earl making very much a longer stay at London than was expected, Mr Campbell, the uncle, sent our young Duncan Campbell, his nephew, handsomely accoutred, and with a handsome sum of money in his pocket, by sea, with Captain Meek, of Kirkcaldy, to London, with letters of recommendation to the earl's favour, and just a few days before young Duncan arrived in London the earl was set out on his journey to his seat in Scotland.

I had now left him for near three years, not having seen him since about a year after his mother's death, and then coming to London, I had, by mere accident, an appointment to meet some Scotch gentlemen at the Buffalo, in Charing Cross. There happened at that time to be a great concourse of Scotch nobility there at an entertainment, and one



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of the ladies and gentlemen passing by and seeing one of my friends, desired him to come in, and told him both he and his companions should be very welcome to partake of the diversion. The lady told him they had got a lovely youth, a Scotch miracle, among them, that would give us exquisite delight, and write down to us all the occurrences of our future lives, and tell us our names upon our first appearance. The moment I heard of it, Duncan Campbell came into my head, but as it is a thing not rare to be met with in Scotland for second-sighted persons to tell such things, and as the Earl of Argyll was in the north, I thought little Duncan had been under his protection and with him, and did not dream of meeting with him there, and accordingly told my friend, before I went in, that I believed I knew a lad in Scotland would exceed this in foresight, let him be as dexterous in his art as he would.

As soon as I entered the room I was surprised to find myself encompassed and surrounded by a circle of the most beautiful females that ever my eyes beheld. In the centre of this angelic tribe was seated a heavenly youth, with the most winning comeliness of aspect that ever pleased the sight of any beholder of either sex, his face was divinely fair, and tinged only with such a sprightly blush, as a painter would use to colour the picture of health with, and the complexion was varnished over by a blooming, like that of flourishing fruit, which had not yet felt the first nippings of an unkind and an uncivil air, with this beauty was joined such a smiling draught of all

## CENTRE OF ATTRACTION

the features, as is the result of pleasantry and good humour. His eyes were large, full of lustre, majestic, well-set, and the soul shone so in them, as told the spectators plainly how great was the inward vivacity of his genius. The hair of his head was thick, and reclined far below his shoulders, it was of a fine silver colour, and hung down in ringlets like the curling tendrils of a copious vine. He was by the women entertained, according to the claim which so many perfections, joining in a youth just ripening into manhood, might lay to the benevolent dispositions of the tender sex. One was holding the basin of water, another washing a hand, a third, with a towel, drying his face, which another fair had greedily snatched the pleasure of washing before, while a fourth was disposing into order his silver hairs with an ivory comb, in a hand as white, and which a monarch might have been proud to have had so employed in adjusting the crown upon his head, a fifth was setting into order his cravat, a sixth stole a kiss, and blushed at the innocent pleasure, and mistook her own thoughts as if she kissed the angel and not the man, and they all rather seemed to adore than to love him, as if they had taken him not for a person that enjoyed the frequent gift of the second-sight, but as if he had been some little prophet peculiarly inspired, and while they all thus admired and wondered, they all consulted him as an oracle. The surprise of seeing a young man so happy amidst the general concurring favours of the fair, made me for awhile lost in a kind of delightful amazement, and the consideration of what bliss he

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was possessed, made me scarce believe my own eyes when they told me it was Duncan Campbell, who I had left an unhappy orphan at Edinburgh. But so it was, though he was much altered in stature, being now shot up pretty fast in his growth since I had seen him, and having gained a kind of a fixed comportment, such as we may daily observe in those who are taking leave of their minority and stepping into a stage of maturer life.

The first remarkable thing I knew him do in London, being in this splendid company, where there were so many undoubted witnesses of quality too that had ocular proof of his predictions at that public tavern I choose to record it here in the first place according to its due order. It was in the year 1698.

Among this angelical class of beauties were Dr. W[c]lw[oo]d's lady and daughter. Upon earth there was not sure a more beautiful creature than the daughter was, she was the leading light of all the sparkling tribe, and Otway's character suits her exactly, for she was among ten thousand eminently fair. One would imagine prosperous and lucky fortune was written upon her face, and that nothing unhappy could be read in so fair a book; and it was, therefore, the unanimous consent of all, that, by way of good omen to the rest, his predictions should begin to be opened luckily that day, and that therefore he should first of all be consulted about her.

Accordingly the mother, to be satisfied of his talent before she proceeded to any other questions,

## A RELUCTANT PROPHET

asked him in writing if he knew the young lady, her name, and who she was. After a little ruminating and pondering upon the matter, and taking an exact view of the beauty, he wrote down her name, told Mrs W[e]lw[oo]d she was her daughter, and that her father was a doctor. Convinced, by his so readily telling the name and quality of persons he had never seen in his lifetime, that fame had not given a false character of his capacity, she proceeded in her questions as to her future fortune. He gazed afresh at her very eagerly for some time, and his countenance during that time of viewing her seemed to be ruffled with abundance of disturbance and perplexity. We all imagined that the youth was a little touched at the heart himself with what he saw, and that instead of telling hers, he had met in her bright eyes, with his own destiny, the destiny of being forever made a slave and a captive to so many powerful and almost irresistible charms.

At length, after having a long debate within himself, which we thought proceeded from the strugglings of love and passion, he, fetching a great sigh, which still convinced us more, took the pen and wrote to Mrs W[e]lw[oo]d, that he begged to be excused, and that his pen might remain as dumb and silent as his tongue on that affair. By this answer we concluded, one and all, that our former conjectures were true, and we joined in pressing him the more earnestly to deliver his real and sincere opinion concerning the accidents upon which the future fortunes of her life were to turn and depend. He showed many mighty reluctances in the doing it; and I

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have often since considered him in the same anguish as the late great Dr Radcliffe, who was endeavouring by study to save a certain fair one, whom he loved with a vehemence of temper, and who was (as his reason told him) got far away beyond the reach of the art of physie to recover. At last, he wrote in plain terms that his backwardness and unwillingness to tell it arose from his wishes that her fortune would be better than his certain foreknowledge of it told him it would be, and begged that we would rest satisfied with that general answer, since it was in so particular a case where he himself was a well-wisher, in vain, to the lady about whom he was consulted. The young lady herself thinking that, if she knew any disasters that were to befall her, she might, by knowing the nature of them beforehand and the time when they were likely to happen, be able, by timely prudence and forecast, to avert those evils, with many beseechings urged him to reveal the fatal secret. After many struggles to avoid it, and as many instances made to him both by mother and daughter for the discovery of his prescience on that point, he complied with very great difficulty, and, blotting the paper with tears that trickled fast from his eyes, he gave her the lamentable scroll containing the words that follow, viz — “I wish it had not fallen to my lot to tell this lady, whom everybody that but once looks at her must admire, though they must not have leave to love, that she is not much longer to be possessor of that lovely face, which gains her such a number of adorers. The small-pox will too soon turn a ravisher, and rife all those sweets and charms

## A DIRE PREDICTION

that might be able to vanquish a king and to subdue a conqueror of mighty battles. Her reign is doomed, alas ! to be as short as it is now great and universal. I believe she has internal beauties of the mind not the least inferior to those external excellences of the body, and she might perhaps, by the power of her mind alone, be absolute queen of the affections of men, if the small-pox threatened not too surely to be her further enemy, and, not contented to destroy the face, was not perversely bent to destroy the whole woman. But I want words to express my sorrow. I would not tell it if you did not extort the baneful secret from my bosom. This fair creature, whose beauty would make one wish her immortal, will, by the cruel means of the small-pox, give us too sudden a proof of her mortality. But neither the mother nor herself ought too much to repine at this, seeing it appears to be the decree of Providence, which is always to be interpreted as meant for our good, and seeing it may be the means of translating her the sooner only to her kindred angels, whose beauty she so much resembles here on earth, and to be among the lowest class of whom is better than being the greatest beauty of the world here below, and wearing an imperial crown. While I comfort you I cannot help the force of nature, which makes me grieve myself, and I only give you, because you compel me to it, so particular and so exact an answer to so particular and so exacting a question."

The mother, who took the paper, was prudent enough to conceal from the daughter what he said, but nature would force its way, and bubbled from

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her eyes, and the daughter perceiving that, pressed hard to see it, and wept at the consideration that hard fate (though she knew not particularly what way) was to befall her. Never surely was anything so beautiful in tears, and I obtained of the mother to see the writing. At last, in general terms, to free her from suspense of mind, it was told her that some trouble should happen to her that would diminish her beauty. She had courage enough to hear that misfortune with disdain, and crying, "If that be all, I am armed, I don't place much pride in that, which I know age must shortly after destroy, if trouble did not do it before," and she dried up her tears, and (if what Mr. Bruyere says be true, viz, that the last thing a celebrated woman thinks of when she dies is the loss of her beauty) she showed an admirable pattern of female philosophy in bearing such a cruel prediction with such unspeakable magnanimity as exceeded even the patience of stern stoicism, considering she was a woman, to whom beauty is more dear than life.

If any evil that is impending over people's heads could be evaded by foreknowledge, or eluded by art, she had the fairest opportunity of having this prediction annulled (which would have been more to the satisfaction of the predictor than knowing it verified) than ever any woman had. Her mother was specifically told that the fatal distemper should be the small-pox. Her father was, and is still, a very eminent physician, and distempers of that kind especially are much more easily prevented by care than cured by art, and by art more easily set aside when there is a

## PREDICTION FULFILLED

timely warning given to a physician to prepare the body against the danger of the poison, than when the distemper has once caught hold of a body at unawares, when it is unpurged of any gross humours that may accompany it. But neither the foreknowledge and caution of the mother, nor the skill and wisdom of the great physician her father, were sufficient to ward off the approaching harm that was written in the books of fate. Not many suns had finished their yearly courses before she was forced to submit to the inevitable stroke of death, after the infectious and malicious malady had first ravaged her beauty, rioted in all her sweets, and made an odious deformed spectacle of the charmer of mankind. The death of the daughter worked hard upon the mother's bowels, and dragged her speedily after her with a broken heart to the grave.

This lady, whose fortune so great and so distinguished an assembly had chosen to hear as a happy forerunner and lucky omen of all their own, which were to be asked afterwards in their turns, proving, so contrary to their expectations, already unfortunate in the prediction, and having been in tears about the matter, disheartened all the rest of the beauties from consulting him further that day. The person who kept the tavern, by name Mrs Irwin, alleged that as some people were very fortunate and others unfortunate upon the same day, so one lady might be before told a mishap one minute, and another lady all the prosperity in nature the very next minute following, and therefore that what the unfortunate lady had heard was not to be taken as



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ominous, or as what could malignantly influence the day, neither ought it to be the least hindrance to any who had the curiosity of being let into the secrets of time beforehand. However, whether the ladies were convinced or no, if she prevailed over their belief in that point she could not prevail over their humour, which (though they might not believe the former prediction ominous to themselves) was naturally awed for fear of the like, peradventure, for a time, and so it was agreed, *nemine contradicente*, as a witty lady wrote it down, that no more petitions should for that day be presented by any of that company to his dumb, yet oracular, majesty. Mrs. Irwin, however, would have her way, said she did not presume to such honour as to call herself of that company, and that therefore she might consult him without breaking through the votes of the assembly. Many endeavoured to dissuade her, but as she was passionately fond of knowing future events, and had a mighty itch to be very inquisitive with the oracle, about what might happen, not only to herself but her posterity, it was agreed that he should have the liberty of satisfying her curiosity, since she presumed her fortune was sure to be so good, and was so forward and eager for the knowledge of it. But, alas, such is too often the fantastical impulse of nature unluckily depraved, that it carries often into wishes of knowing what when known we would be glad to unknow again, and then our memory will not let us be untaught.

Mrs Irwin was at that time in a pretty commodious way of business, everything in plenty round about her,

## A PROUD MOTHER

and lived more like a person of distinction, that kept such a cellar of wine, open house, and a free table, than like one who kept a tavern. She brought in her three pretty children, that were then almost babies, the youngest having not long been out of the nurse's arms, or trusted to the use of its own legs. These children she loved as a mother should love children, they were the delight of her eyes all day, and the dream of her imagination all night. All the passions of her soul were confined to them, she was never pleased but when they were so, and always angry if they were crossed, her whole pride was centred in them, and they were clothed and were attended more like the infants of a princess than of a vintner's relict. The fortune of these was what she had near at heart, and of which she was so eager of being apprised. Her impatience was proportionate to the love she had for them, and which made her wish to foreknow all the happiness that was like to attend them. She sat cheerfully down, presented one to him, and smiling, wrote the question in general terms, viz, "Is this boy to be happy or unhappy?" A melancholy look once more spread itself all over the face of the predictor, when he read the two inquisitive words, and he seemed mightily to regret being asked a question to which he was, by his talent of foreseeing, compelled to give so unwelcome an answer. The colour of the poor woman flushed and vanished alternately, and very quick, and she looked not quite like the picture of despair, but a disconsolate woman, with little hopes on one hand, and great doubts and dismal fears on the other. She confessed she read great evil in the troubles of his

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face, thanked him for his good nature, told him that they all knew, that though he could foretell, he could not alter the acts and decretals of fate, and therefore desired him to tell her the worst, for that the misfortunes, were they never so great, would be less dreadful to her than remaining in the state of fear and suspension. He at last wrote down to her that great and unexpected and even unavoidable accidents would involve the whole family in new calamities, that the son she asked him about would have the bitterest task of hardship to go through withal, while he lived, and that to finish all more unhappily, he would be basely and maliciously brought to an untimely end, by some mortal enemy or other ; but that she should not trouble herself so much on that head, she would never see it, for it would happen some years after she was departed from the world. This melancholy account closed up the book of predictions for that day, and put a sad stop to all the projected mirth and curiosity. Now I must tell the reader how and when the event answered the prediction, and in a few words, it was thus : poor Mrs. Irwin, by strange accidents, decayed in the world, and dying poor, her sons were forced to be put apprentices to small trades ; and the son whom the above-mentioned prediction concerned was, for stealing one cheese from a man in the Haymarket, severely prosecuted at the Old Bailey, and on Wednesday, the twenty-third of December, 1713, hanged at Tyburn, with several other criminals.

The two foregoing passages are of so tragical a nature that it is time I should relieve the minds of

## TWO FAIR WOMEN

my readers with some histories of ladies who consulted him with more success and advantage, to whom his predictions were very entertaining, when they came to pass in their favour, the relation whereof will consequently be agreeable to all readers who have within them a mixture of happy curiosity and good-nature.

Two ladies, who were the most remarkable beauties in London, and the most courted, turned at the same time their thoughts to matrimony, and being satiated, I may say wearied, with the pleasure of having continually after them a great number and variety of adorers, resolved each, about the same time, to make a choice of their several men, to whom they thought they could give most happiness, and from whom they might receive most. Their names (for they are both persons of distinction) shall be Christallina and Urbana. Christallina was a virgin, and Urbana a young widow. Christallina engrossed the eyes, the hearts, and the sighs of the whole court, and wherever she appeared put any court lady out of her place that had one before in the heart of any youth, and was the celebrated toast among the beau monde. Urbana's beauty made as terrible a havoc in the city; all the citizens' daughters that had many admirers, and were in fair hopes of having husbands when they pleased themselves, as soon as Urbana had lost her old husband, found that they every day lost their lovers, and it was a great fear among the prettiest maids that they should remain maids still, as long as Urbana remained a widow. She was the monopoliser of city affection, and made many girls that had large stocks of suitors bankrupts in the

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trade of courtship, and broke some of their hearts when her charms broke off their amours. Well, but the day was near at hand when both the belles of the court and the city damsels were to be freed from the ravages which these two tyrants, triumphant in beauty, and insolent in charms, made among the harvest of love. Each had seen her proper man, to whom the enjoyment of her person was to be dedicated for life. But it being an affair of so lasting importance, each had a mind to be let into the knowledge of the consequences of such a choice, as far as possible, before they stepped into the irrevocable state of matrimony. Both of them happened to take it into their heads that the best way to be entirely satisfied in their curiosity was to have recourse to the great predictor of future occurrences, Mr Duncan Campbell, whose fame was at that time spread pretty largely about the town. Christallina and Urbana were not acquainted with each other, only by the report which fame had made of beauty. They came to Mr. Campbell's on the same day, and both with the same resolution of keeping themselves concealed, and under masks, that none of the company of consulters who happened to be there might know who they were. It happened that on that very day, just when they came, Mr. Campbell's rooms were more than ordinarily crowded with curious clients of the fair sex, so that he was obliged to desire these two ladies, who expressed so much precaution against and fear of having their persons discovered, to be contented with only one room between them, and with much ado they complied with the request, and

## AN EFFECTIVE SNEEZE

condescended to sit together incog Distant compliments of gesture passed between them, the dress and comportment of each making them appear to be persons of figure and breeding, and after three or four modish curtsies, down they sat, without so much as once opening their lips, or intending so to do. The silence between them was very formal and profound for near half-an-hour, and nothing was heard but the snapping of fans, which they both did very tunably, and with great harmony, and played, as it were, in concert.

At last one of the civil well-bred mutes happening to sneeze, the other very gracefully bowed, and before she was well aware out popped the words, "Bless you, madam." The fair sneezer returned the bow with an "I thank you, madam." They found they did not know one another's voices, and they began to talk very merrily together, with pretty great confidence, and they taking a mutual liking from conversation, so much familiarity grew thereupon instantly between them, that they began not only to unmask, but to unbosom themselves to one another, and confess alternately all their secrets. Christallina owned who she was, and told Urbana the beau and courtier that had her heart Urbana as frankly declared that she was a widow, that she would not become the lady's rival, that she had pitched upon a second husband, an alderman of the city. Just by that time they had had their chat out, and wished one another the pleasure of a successful prediction, it came to Cristallina's turn to visit the dumb gentleman, and receive from his pen oracular answers to

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all the questions she had to propose. Well, he accordingly satisfied her in every point she asked him about ; but while she was about this, one of Mr. Campbell's family going with Urbana to divert her a little, the widow railed at the virgin as a fool, to imagine that she should ever make a conquest of the brightest spark about the court, and then let fly some random bolts of malice to wound her reputation for chastity. Now it became the widow's turn to go and consult, and the same person of Mr. Campbell's family in the meantime entertained Christallina. The maid was not behindhand with the widow ; she railed against the widow, represented her as sometimes a coquette, sometimes a lady of pleasure, sometimes a jilt, and lifted up her hands in wonder and amazement that Urbana should imagine so rich a man as an alderman such-a-one should fall to her lot. Thus Urbana swore and protested that Christallina could never arrive at the honour of being the wife to the courtly Secretarius, let Mr. Campbell flatter her as he would ; and Christallina vowed that Campbell must be a downright wizard if he foretold that such a one as Urbana would get Alderman Stiffump for a husband, provided a thing so improbable should come to pass.

However, it seems Duncan had told them their own names and the names of their suitors, and told them further, how soon they were both to be married, and that, too, directly to their hearts' content, as they said rejoicingly to themselves, and made their mutual gratulations.

They went away each satisfied that she should

## MUTUAL DETRACTION

have her own lover, but Christallina laughed at Mr. Campbell for assigning the alderman to Urbana, and Urbana laughed at him for promising the courtier to the arms of Christallina.

This is a pretty good figure of the tempers of two reigning toasts with regard to one another.

First, their curiosity made them, from resolving to be concealed, discover one another wilfully, from utter strangers grow as familiar as old friends in a moment, swear one another to secrecy, and exchange the sentiments of their hearts together, and from being friends become envious of each other's enjoying a similitude of happiness, the compliments made on either side face to face were, upon the turning of the back, turned into reflections, detraction, and ridicule, each was a self-lover and admirer of her own beauty and merit, and a despiser of the other's.

However, Duncan Campbell proved at last to be in the right. Urbana was wrong in her opinion of Christallina's want of power over Secretarius, and Christallina was as much out in her opinion that Urbana would miss in her aim of obtaining Stiff-rump; for they both proved in the right of what they thought with regard to their own dear single persons, and were made happy according to their expectations, just at the time foretold by Mr. Campbell.

Christallina's ill wishes did not hinder Urbana from being mistress of Alderman Stiff-rump's person and stock, nor did Urbana's hinder Christallina from showing herself a shining bride at the ring in Secretarius's gilded chariot, drawn by six prancers of



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the proud Belgian kind, with her half-dozen of liveries, with favours in their hats, waiting her return at the gate of Hyde Park. Both loved and both envied, but both allowed of Mr. Campbell's foreknowledge.

Having told you two very sorrowful passages, and one tolerably successful and entertaining, I shall now relate to you another of my own knowledge, that is mixed up with the grievous and the pleasant, and chequered, as it were, with the shade and the sunshine of fortune.

Though there are vicissitudes in every stage of life under the sun, and not one ever ran continually on with the same series of prosperity, yet those conditions which are the most liable to the signal alterations of fortune, are the conditions of merchants, for professed gamblers I reckon in a manner as men of no condition of life at all, but what comes under the statute of vagabonds.

It was, indeed, as the reader would guess, a worthy and a wealthy merchant, who was to run through these different circumstances of being. He came and visited our Mr. Campbell in the year 1707, he found him amidst a crowd of consulters, and being very eager and solicitous to know his own fortune just at that critical juncture of time, he begged of him (if possible) to adjourn his other clients to the day following, and sacrifice that one wholly to his use, which, as it was probably more important than all the others together, so he wrote down that he would render the time spent about it more advantageous to Mr. Campbell, and by way of previous encouragement, threw him down ten guineas as a retaining fee.

## AN IMPORTANT CASE

Mr. Campbell, who held money in very little esteem, and valued it so much too little that he has often had my reprehensions on that head, paused a little, and after looking earnestly in the gentleman's face, and reading there, as I suppose, in that little space of time in general, according to the power of the second-sight, that what concerned him was highly momentous, wrote him this answer, that he would comply with his request, adjourn his other clients to the day following, and set apart all the remnant of that, till night, for inspecting the future occurrences of which he had a mind to be made a master

There is certainly a very keen appetite in curiosity. It cannot stay for satisfaction, it is pressing for its necessary repast, and is without all patience. Hunger and thirst are not appetites more vehement and more hard and difficult to be repressed than that of curiosity, nothing but the present now is able to allay it. A more expressive picture of this I never beheld than in the faces of some, and the murmurs and complaints of others in that little inquisitive company, when the unwelcome note was given about signifying an adjournment for only twenty-four hours.

The colour of a young woman there came and went a hundred times (if possible) in the space of two minutes; she blushed like a red rose this moment, and in the switch of an eyelash she was all over as pale as a white one. The suitor, whose name her heart had gone pit-a-pat for the space of an hour to be informed of from the pen of a seer, was now de-

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ferred a whole day longer, she was once or twice within an ace of swooning away, but he comforted her in particular by telling her (though he said it only by way of jest) that the day following would be a more lucky day to consult about husbands than the present that she came on. The answer was a kind of cordial to her hopes, and brought her a little better to herself

Two others, I remember, sisters and old maids, that it seems were misers, women ordinarily dressed, and in blue aprons, and yet by relation worth no less than two thousand pounds each, were in a peck of troubles about his going and leaving them unsatisfied. They came upon an inquiry after goods that were stolen, and they complained that by next morning at that time, the thief might be got far enough off, and creep into so remote a corner, that he would put it beyond the power of the devil, and the art of conjuration, to find him out, and bring him back again. The disturbance and anxiety that was to be seen in their countenances was just like that which is to be beheld in the face of a great losing gamester, when his all, his last great stake, lies upon the table, and is just sweeping off by another winning hand into his own hat.

The next was a widow, who bounced because, as she pretended, he would not tell her what was best to do with her sons, and what profession it would be most happy for them to be put to; but in reality all the cause of the widow's fuming and fretting was, not that she wanted to provide for her sons, but for herself; she wanted a second husband, and was not

## A WIDOW EXPECTANT

half so solicitous about being put in a way of educating those children she had already, as of knowing when she should be in a likelihood of getting more. This was certainly in her thoughts, or else she would never have flounced about in her weeds, from one end of the room to the other, and all the while of her passion smile by fits upon the merchant, and leer upon a young pretty Irish fellow that was there. The young Irishman made use of a little eye-language, she grew appeased, went away in quite a good humour, scuttled too airily downstairs for a woman in her clothes, and the reason was certainly that she knew the matter before, which we took notice of presently after, the Irishman went precipitately after her downstairs without taking his leave.

But neither were the two misers for their gold, the virgin for a first husband, nor the widow for a second, half so eager, as another married woman there, was for the death of her spouse. She had put the question in so expecting a manner for a lucky answer, and with so much keen desire appearing plainly in her looks, that no big-bellied woman was ever more eager for devouring fruit, no young hasty bridegroom, just married to a beauty, more impatient for night and enjoyment, than she was to know (what she thought a more happy moment), the moment of her husband's last agonising gasp. As her expectation was the greatest, so was her disappointment too, and consequently her disorder, upon his going and leaving her unresolved. She was frantic, raging, and implacable; she was in such a fury at the

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delay of putting off her answer to the day following, that in her fury she acted as if she would have given herself an answer, which of the two should die first, by choking herself upon the spot, with the indignation that swelled in her stomach and rose into her throat on that occasion. It may look like a romance to say it, but indeed they were forced to cut her lace, and then she threw out of the room with great passion, but yet had so much of the enraged wife left (beyond the enraged woman) as to return instantly upstairs, and signify very calmly, she would be certain to be there next day, and beseeched earnestly that she might not meet with a second disappointment.

All this hurry and bustle created a stay a little too tedious for the merchant, who began to be impatient himself, especially when word was brought up that a fresh company was come in but Mr. Campbell was denied to them, and to put a stop to any more interruptions, the merchant and the dumb gentleman agreed to slip into a coach, drive to a tavern in the city, and settle matters of futurity over a bottle of French claret.

The first thing done at the tavern was Mr Campbell's saluting him upon a piece of paper by his name, and drinking his health. The next paper held a discourse of condolence for a disaster that was passed long since, namely, a great and considerable loss that happened to his family in the dreadful conflagration of the city of London. In the third little dialogue which they had together, he told the merchant that losses and advantages were general topics, which a person, unskilled in that art, might venture to assign

## SUSPENSE OF MIND

to any man of his profession, it being next to impossible that persons who traffic should not sometimes gain and sometimes lose. — “But,” said Mr. Campbell, “I will sketch out particularly and specify to you some future misfortunes, with which you will unavoidably meet, ’tis in your stars, it is in destiny, that you should have some trials, and therefore, when you are forewarned, take a prudent care to be forearmed with patience, and by longanimity, and meekly and resignedly enduring your lot, render it more easy, since impatience can’t avert it, and will only render it more burthensome and heavy.” He gave these words to the merchant, who pressed for his opinion that moment. “By your leave,” resuming the pen, said the dumb gentleman in writing, “we will have this bottle out first and tap a fresh one, that you may be warmed with courage enough to receive the first speculative onset of ill fortune that I shall predict to you, with a good grace, and that may perhaps enable you to meet it, when it comes to reduce itself into action, with a manful purpose and all becoming resolution.” The merchant agreed to the proposal, and put on an air of the careless and indifferent as well as he could, to signify that he had no need to raise up an artificial courage from the auxiliary forces of the grape. But nature, when hard pressed, will break through all disguises, and not only notwithstanding the air of pleasantry he gave himself, which appeared forced and constrained, but in spite of two or three sparkling and enlivening bumpers, a cloud of care would ever and anon gather and shoot heavily across his brow,

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though he laboured all he could to dispel it as quickly, and to keep fair weather in his countenance.

Well, they had cracked the first bottle and the second succeeded upon the table, and they called to blow a pipe together. This pipe Mr. Campbell found had a very ill effect, it is certainly a pensive kind of instrument, and fills a mind anything so disposed with disturbing thoughts, black fumes, and melancholy vapours, as certainly as it doth the mouth with smoke. It plainly took away even the little sparks of vivacity which the wine had given before, so he wrote for a truce of firing those sort of noxious guns any longer, and they laid down their arms by consent, and drank off the second bottle. A third immediately supplied its place, and at the first glass of the opening of the bottle Mr. Campbell began to open to him his future case in the following words — “Sir, you have now some ventures at sea from such and such a place, to such a value. Do not be discomforted at the news which you certainly will have within three months (but ’t will be false at last), that they are, by three different tempests, made the prey of the great ocean, and enrich the bottom of the sea, the palace of Neptune. A worse storm than all these attends you at home, a wife who is and will be more the tempest of the house wherein she lives. The high and lofty winds of her vanity will blow down the pillars of your house and family, the high tide of her extravagance will roll on like a resistless torrent, and leave you at low water, and the ebb of all your fortunes. This is the highest and the most cutting disaster that is to befall you; your real ship-

## A GLOOMY OUTLOOK

wreck is not foreign but domestic, your bosom friend is to be your greatest foe, and even your powerful undoer for a time, mark what I say, and take courage; it shall be but for a time provided you take courage; it will, upon that condition, be only a short and wholesome taste of adversity given to you, that you may relish returning prosperity with virtue, and with a greater return of thanks to Him that dispenses it at pleasure to mankind. Remember, courage and resignation is what I advise you to, use it, as becomes you, in your adversity, and believe that as I foretold that adversity, so I can foretell a prosperity will again be the consequence of those virtues, and the more you feel the one ought not to cast you down, but raise your hopes the more, that he who foretold you that so exactly could likewise foretell you the other." The merchant was by this put into a great suspense of mind, but somewhat easier, by the second prediction being annexed so kindly to the first fatal one. They crowned the night with a flask of Burgundy, and then parting, each went to their respective homes.

The reader may perchance wonder how I, who make no mention of my being there (as in truth I was not at the tavern), should be able to relate this as of my own knowledge; but if he pleases to have patience to the end of the story, he will have entire satisfaction in that point.

About half a year after the merchant came again, told him that his prediction was too far verified, to his very dear cost, and that he was now utterly undone and beyond any visible means of a future



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recovery, and doubting lest the other fortunate part of the prediction was only told him by way of encouragement (for groundless doubts and fears always attend a mind implunged in melancholy), besought him very earnestly to tell him candidly and sincerely if there was no real prospect of good, and rid him at once of the uneasiness of such a suspension of thought; "but pray do," said he, with all the vehemence of repeated expostulation, "satisfy me if there are any further hopes on this side the grave?"

To this Duncan Campbell made a short but a very significant reply in writing "May the heavens preserve you from a threatening danger of life Take care only of yourself, great and mighty care, and if you outlive Friday next, you will yet be great and more fortunate than ever you was in all the height of your former most flourishing space of life" He coloured inordinately when Duncan Campbell said Friday, and conjured him to tell him as particularly as he could what he meant by Friday. He told him he could not particularise any further, but that great danger threatened him that day, and that without extraordinary precaution it would prove fatal to him, even to death. He shook his head, and went away in a very sorrowful plight. Friday passed, Saturday came, and on that very Saturday morning came likewise the joyful tidings that what ventures of his were given over for lost at sea were all come safe into the harbour. He came the moment he received those despatches from his agent to Mr. Duncan Campbell's apartment, embraced him tenderly, and saluted him with much gladness of heart, before a

## A FAMOUS ORACLE

great room full of ladies, where I happened to be present at the time ; crying out in a loud voice, before he knew what he said, that Mr. Campbell had saved his life ; that Friday was his birthday, and he had intended with a pistol to shoot himself that very day. The ladies thought him mad, and he, recovered from his ecstasy, said no more, but sat down till Mr Campbell dismissed all his clients, and then we three went to the tavern together, where he told me the whole little history or narrative just as is above related

The fame which Mr. Duncan Campbell got by the foregoing and several other predictions of the like kind, was become very large and extensive, and had spread itself into the remotest corners of this metropolis. The squares rung with it, it was whispered from one house to another through the more magnificent streets, where persons of quality and distinction reside, it caught every house in the city, like the news of stock from Exchange Alley, it run noisily through the lanes and little thoroughfares where the poor inhabit ; it was the chat of the tea-table, and the babble of the streets, and the whole town, from the top to the bottom, was full of it. Whenever any reputation rises to a degree like this, let it be for what art or accomplishment, or on what account soever it will, malice, envy, and detraction are sure to be the immediate pursuers of it with full mouth and to hunt it down, if possible, with full cry. Even the great Nostradamus, though favoured by kings and queens (which always without any other reason creates enemies), was not more pursued by envy and detraction for his

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predictions in Paris and throughout France, than our Duncan Campbell was in London, and even throughout England. Various, different, and many were the objections raised to blot his character and extenuate his fame, that, when one was confuted, another might not be wanting to supply its place, and so to maintain a course and series of backbiting according to the known maxim — “Throw dirt, and if it does not stick, throw dirt continually, and some will stick.”

Neither is there any wonder, for a man, that has got applauders of all sorts and conditions, must expect condemners and detractors of all sorts and conditions likewise. If a lady of high degree, for example, should say, smiling (though really thinking absolutely what she says), for fear of being thought over-credulous, “Well, I vow some things Mr Campbell does are surprising, after all, they would be apt to incline one to a belief that he is a wonder of a man, for one would imagine the things he does impossible,” why, then, a prude, with an assumed supercilious air and a scornful “tithes,” would, in order to seem more wise than she was, reply, “Lard, madam, it is more a wonder to me that you can be imposed upon so. I vow to Gad, madam, I would as soon consult an almanac-maker, and pin my faith upon what he pricks down; or believe, like my creed, in the cross which I make upon the hand of a gipsy. Lard, madam, I assure your la’ship he knows no more than I do of you. I assure you so, and therefore believe me. He has it all by hearsay.” If the lady that believed it should reply, that if he had notice of

## MALICE AND FOLLY

every stranger by hearsay, he must be a greater man than she suspected, and must keep more spies in pay than a prime minister, the prude's answer would be with a loud laugh, and giggling out these words, "Lard, madam, I assure you nothing can be more easy, and so take it for granted." Because she was inclined to say so, and had the act of wisdom on her side, forsooth, that she appeared hard of belief (which some call hard to be put upon), and the other lady credulous (which some, though believing upon good grounds, are called) and so thought foolish, the prude's answer would be thought sufficient and convincing.

Thus malice and folly, by dint of noise and impudence, and strong though empty assertions, often run down modesty and good sense. Among the common people it is the same, but only done in a different manner. For example, an ordinary person that had consulted might say (as he walked along), "There goes the dumb gentleman, who writes down any name of a stranger at first sight," up steps a blunt fellow, that takes stubbornness for sense, and says, "That is a confounded lie, he is a cheat and an impostor, and you are one of his accomplices. He'll tell me my name, I suppose, if you tell it him first. He is no more dumb than I am; he can speak and hear as well as us, I have been with those that say they have heard him. I wish I and two or three more had him in our stable, and I warrant you with our cart-whips we would lick some words out of his chops, as dumb as you call him. I tell you 't is all a lie and all a bite." If the other desires to be convinced for himself by

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his own experience, the rougher rogue, who perhaps has stronger sinews than the other, answers, "If you lie any further I will knock you down," and so he is the vulgar wit, and the mouth of the rabble-out, and thus the detraction spreads below with very good success, as it does above in another kind.

As there are two comical adventures in his life which directly suit and correspond with the foregoing reflections, this seems the most proper place to insert them in. The first consists of a kind of mob-way of usage he met with from a fellow, who got to be an officer in the army, but by the following behaviour will be found unworthy of the name and the commission.

In the year 1701 a lady of good quality came and addressed herself to him much after the following manner. She told him she had choice of lovers, but preferred one above the rest, but desired to know his name, and if she made him her choice what would be the subsequent fate of such a matrimony. Mr. Duncan Campbell very readily gave her down in writing this plain and honest reply — That of all her suitors she was most inclined to a captain, a distinguished officer and a great beau (naming his name), and one that had a great many outward engaging charms sufficient to blind the eyes of any lady that was not thoroughly acquainted with his manner of living. He therefore assured her (and thought himself bound, being conjured so to do, having received his fee, though there was danger in such plain and open predictions) that he was a villain and a rogue in his heart, a profligate gamester, and that if she took

## TREACHERY AND REVENGE

him to her bed she would only embrace her own ruin. The lady's woman, who was present, being in fee with the captain, resolving to give intelligence for fear the officer, her so good friend, should be disappointed in the siege, slyly shuffled the papers into her pocket, and made a present of them to the military spark. Fired with indignation at the contents, he vowed revenge, and in order to compass it conspires with his female spy about the means. In fine, for fear of losing the lady though he quarrelled with Duncan Campbell, a method was to be found out how to secure her by the very act of revenge. At last it was resolved to discover to her that he had found out what she had been told by Mr. Campbell, but the way how he had been informed was to remain a secret. He did do so, and ended his discovery with these words — "I desire, madam, that if I prove him an impostor you would not believe 'a word he says." The lady agreed to so fair a proposal. Then the captain swore that he himself would never eat a piece of bread more till he had made Mr. Campbell eat his words, nay, he insisted upon it that he would bring him to his tongue, and make him own by word of mouth that what he had written before was false and calumnious. To which the lady answered again, that if he performed what he said she would be convinced. This brave military man, however, not relying upon his own single valour and prowess to bring about so miraculous a thing as the making a person that was dumb to speak, he took with him for this end three lusty assistants to combine with him in the assassination. The ambuscade was settled

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to be at the Five Bells tavern in Wych Street in the Strand. After the ambush was settled with so much false courage, the business of decoying Mr. Campbell into it was not practicable any other way than by sending out false colours. The lady's woman, who was by her own interest tied fast to the interest of the beau, was to play the trick of Dalilah, and betray this deaf and dumb Samson (as he will appear to be a kind of one in the sequel of the story) into the hands of these Philistines. She smooths her face over with a complimenting lie from her mistress to Mr Campbell, and acted her part of deceit so well that he promised to follow her to the Five Bells with all haste, and so she scuttled back to prepare the captain, and to tell him how lucky she was in mischief, and how she drew him out by smiles into perdition. The short of the story is, when they got him in among them they endeavoured to assassinate him, but they missed of their aim, yet it is certain they left him in a very terrible and bloody condition, and the captain went away in as bad a plight as the person was left in whom he assaulted so cowardly with numbers, and to such disadvantage. I was sent for to him upon this disaster, and the story was delivered to me thus by one of the drawers of the tavern when I inquired into it — They began to banter him, and speaking to him as if he heard, asked him if he knew his own fortune, they told him it was to be beaten to death. This was an odd way of addressing a deaf and dumb man. They added they would make him speak before they had done. The boy seeing he made no reply, but only smiled, thought what passed

## A MURDEROUS ATTACK

between them was a jest with an old acquaintance, and withdrew about his business. The door being fastened, however, before they began the honourable attack, they vouchsafed to write down their intent in the words above mentioned, which they had uttered before, to make sure that he should understand their meaning, and what this odd way of correction was for. All the while, the maid who had brought him into it, was peeping through a hole, and watching the event, as appears afterwards. Mr. Campbell wrote them the following answer, viz., that he hoped for fair play, that he understood bear-garden as well as they, but if a gentleman was amongst them he would expect gentlemanly usage.

The rejoinder they made to this consisted, it seems, not of words, but of action. The officer, in conjunction with another ruffian, one of the strongest of the three he had brought, commenced the assault. As good luck would have it, he warded off their first blows, it seems, with tolerable success, and a wine quart pot standing upon the table, Duncan took to his arms, and at two or three quick blows, well managed, and close laid in upon the assailants, felled them both to the ground. Here it was that the maid discovered her knowledge of it and privy to the plot to the whole house; for she no sooner sees the famous leader, the valiant captain, lie sprawling on the floor with bleeding temples, but she shrieked out with all the voice she could exert, "Murder, murder, murder!" Alarmed at this outcry, the master and all the attendants of the tavern scampered upstairs, burst into the room, and found



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Duncan Campbell struggling with the other two, and the quart pot still fast clenched in his hand, which they were endeavouring to wrench from him. The drawers rescued him out of their hands, and inquired into the matter. The maid in a fright confessed the whole thing. The officer and his associate rubbed their eyes as recovering from a stunning sleep, reeled as they went to rise, paid the reckoning, and slunk pitifully away, or, as the rake's term for it is, — they brushed off, and for all their odds had the worst of the lay. I, who had some authority with Mr. Campbell, by reason of my years and the strict acquaintance I had with his mother, when I came and found him in that pickle, and had the whole relation told me by the people of the house, though I could not forbear pitying him within my own mind, took upon me to reprehend him, and told him that these hardships would by Providence be daily permitted to fall upon him (for he met with them twenty times) while he continued in that irregular way of living and spending his time, that might be so precious to himself and many others, in drunkenness and debauchery, and I think the lessons I wrote down to him upon that head, though a little severe just at that juncture, were, notwithstanding, well timed, and did, as I guessed they would, make a more solid impression on him than at any other. In all these scuffles (whether it is that being deaf and dumb an affront works deeper upon a man, and so renders him far more fierce and resolute) it must be said that, though nature has been very kind in making him very strong, robust, and

## A LADY OF DISTINCTION

active withal, yet he has bore some shocks one would imagine beyond the strength of a man, having sometimes got the better of five or six ruffians in rencounters of the like kind

The next banter he met with was in a gentler way from an unbelieving lady, and yet she came off with very ill success, and the banter turned all upon herself in the end

A lady of distinction, whose name shall therefore be concealed in this place, came with two or three of her special friends, who took her for the most merry, innocent, spotless virgin upon earth, and whose modesty was never suspected in the least by her relations or servants that were nearest about her, after having rallied Mr Campbell with several frivolous questions, doubting his capacity, and vexing and teasing him with gay impertinences beyond all patience, was by him told that he did not take fees in his profession to be made a jest of like a common fortune-teller, but to do real good to those who consulted him, as far as he was able by his predictions, that he was treated with more respect by persons of a higher condition, though her own was very good, and so offered her guinea back again with a bow and a smile. She had a little more generosity of spirit than not to be a little nettled at the proffer she had caused by so coarse an usage. She affected appearing grave a little, and told him she would be serious for the future, and asked him to set down her name, which she had neglected before, to ask other questions that were nothing to the purpose. He promised to write it down, but pausing a little longer than ordinary about it, she

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returned to her former way of uncivil merriment and ungallant raillery. She repeated to him, in three or four little scraps of paper, one after another, as fast as she could write them, the same words, viz., that he could not tell her name, nor whether she was maid, wife, or widow, and laughed as if she would split her sides, triumphing to the rest of her companions over his ignorance and her own wit, as if she had posed him and put him to an entire stand. But see what this overweening opinion of security ended in the man of the second-sight was not to be so easily baffled. Vexed at being so disturbed, and coming out of his brown study, he reaches the paper and begins to write. Now it was the lady's turn to suffer, she had deserved hearty punishment, and it came into her hands with the note to a degree of severity (as you will perceive by the contents of it just now). She read it, and swooning away, dropped from her chair. The whole room being in a bustle, I that was in the outward chamber ran in. While Mr. Campbell was sprinkling water in her face, a lady snatched up the note to read it, at which he seemed mightily displeased. I therefore, who understood his signs, recovered it out of her hands by stratagem, and ran to burn it, which I did so quick that I was not discovered in the curiosity, which I must own I satisfied myself in by reading it first, a curiosity raised too high by so particular an adventure, to be overcome in so little a time of thought, as I was to keep it in my hands, and so I came by the knowledge of it myself without being informed by Mr. Campbell. This shows how a sudden curiosity, when there is not

## A QUICK CONVERSION

time given to think and correct it, may overcome a man as well as a woman ; for I was never over curious in my life, and though I was pleased with the oddness of the adventure, I often blushed to myself since for the unmanly weakness of not being able to step with a note from one room to another, to the fireside, without peeping into the contents of it. The contents of it were these — “ Madam, since you provoke me, your name is — You are no widow, you are no wife, and yet you are no maid , you have a child at nurse at such a place, by such a gentleman. and you were brought to bed in Leicestershire ” The lady, convinced by this answer of his strange and mystical power. and pleased with his civility in endeavouring to conceal from others the secret, after so many repeated provocations, though she showed great disorder for that day, became one of his constant attenders some time after, and would not take any step in her affairs without his advice, which, she often has said since, she found very much to her advantage. She was as serious in her dealings with him afterwards, and improved by being so, as she was gay and turbulent with him before, and smarted for it. In fine, she was a thorough convert, and a votary of his , and the only jest she used afterwards to make concerning him was a civil witticism to his wife, to whom she was wont, every now and then, smiling, to address herself after this manner — “ Your husband, madam, is a devil, but he is a very handsome and a very civil one ”

Not long after this came another lady with a like intent to impose upon him; and was resolved, as she

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owned, to have laughed him to scorn if she had succeeded in her attempt. She had very dexterously dressed herself in her woman's habit, and her woman in her own, her footman squired the new-made lady in a very gentlemanly dress, hired, for the purpose of a disguise, from Monmouth Street. The strange and unknown masqueraders entered Mr. Campbell's room with much art. The fellow was by nature of a clean make and had a good look, and from following a genteel master when he was young, copied his gait a little, and had some appearance of a mien, and a tolerable good air about him. But this being the first time of his being so fine, and he a little vain in his temper, he over-acted his part. He strutted too much, he was as fond of his ruffles, his watch, his sword, his cane, and his snuff-box, as a boy of being newly breeched, and viewed them all too often to be thought the possessor of any such things long. The affectation of the chambermaid was insufferable, she had the toss of the head, the jut of the bum, the sidelong leer of the eye, the imperious look upon her lady, now degraded into her woman, that she was intolerable, and a person without the gift of the second-sight would have guessed her to have been a pragmatical upstart, though it is very probable that during that time she fancied herself really better than her mistress. The mistress acted her part of maid the best, for it is easier for genteel modesty to act a low part than for affected vanity to act a high one. She kept her distance like a servant, but would, to disguise things the better, be every now and then pert, according to their way, and give occasion to be chid.

## TRANSFORMATIONS

But there is an air of gentility inborn and inbred to some people, and even when they aim to be awkward, a certain grace will attend all their minutest actions and gestures, and command love, respect, and veneration. I must therefore own that there was not need of a man's being a conjurer to guess who ought to be the lady and who the maid, but to know absolutely who was the lady and who was the maid did require that skill. For how many such real ladies have we that are made so from such upstarts, and how many genteel waiting-women of great descent, that are born with a grace about them, and are bred to good manners. Mr. Campbell's art made him positive in the case, he took the patches from the face of the maid and placed them on the mistress's, he pulled off her hood and scarf and gave it to the lady, and taking from the lady her riding-hood, gave it the maid in exchange, for ladies at that time of day were not entered into that fashion of eloaking themselves. Then he wrote down that he should go out, and ought to send his maid in to undress them quite, and give the mistress her own clothes and the maid hers, and with a smile wrote down both their names and commended her contrivance, but after that it was remarked by the lady that he paid her less respect than she expected, and more to her footman, who was in gentleman's habit, whom he took by his side, and told a great many fine things, whereas he would tell the lady nothing further. The lady, nettled at this, wrote to him that she had vanity enough to believe that she might be distinguished from her maid in any dress, but that he had shown

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his want of skill in not knowing who that gentleman was. Mr. Campbell told her her mistake in sharp terms, and begging her pardon, assured her he knew several chambermaids as genteel and as well-born as her, and many mistresses more awkward and worse born than her maid, that he did not go, therefore, by the rule of guess and judging what ought to be, but by the rule of certainty, and the knowledge of what actually was. She, however, unsatisfied with that answer, perplexed him mightily to know who the man was. He answered, he would be a great man. The lady laughed scornfully, and said she wanted to know who he was, not what he would be. He answered again, he was her footman, but that she would have a worse. She grew wain, and desired to be informed why, since he knew the fellow's condition, he respected her so little and him so much, and accused him of want of practising manneers if he had not want of knowledge. He answered, "Madam, since you will be asking questions too far, this footman will advance himself to the degree of a gentleman, and have a woman of distinction to his wife, while you will degrade yourself by a marriage to be the wife of a footman. His ambition is laudable, your condescension mean, therefore I give him the preference; I have given you fair warning and wholesome advice, you may avoid your lot by prudence, but his will certainly be what I tell you."

This coming afterwards to pass exactly as was predicted, and his disappointing so many that had a mind to impose upon him, has rendered him pretty free from such wily contrivances since, though now

## LOOKING FORWARD

and then they have happened, but still to the mortification and disappointment of the contrivers. But as we have not pretended to say, with regard to these things, that he has his genius always at his elbow or his back, to whisper in his ear the names of persons, and such little constant events as these, so, that we may not be deemed to give a fabulous account of his life and adventures, we think ourselves bound to give the reader an insight into the particular power and capacity which he has for bringing about these particular performances, especially that of writing down names of strangers at first sight, which I do not doubt will be done to the satisfaction of all persons who shall read the succeeding chapter concerning the gift of the second-sight.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### CONCERNING THE SECOND-SIGHT.

**M**R. MARTIN lately published a book, entitled "A Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, called by the ancient geographers, Hebrides" It contains many curious particulars relating to the natural and civil history of those islands, with a map of them, and in his preface he tells us, that perhaps it is peculiar to those isles that they have never been described till now by any man that was a native of the country, or had travelled them as himself has done, and in the conclusion of the said preface he tells us he has given here such an account of the second-sight as the nature of the thing will bear, which has always been reckoned sufficient among the unbiassed part of mankind, but for those that will not be satisfied they ought to oblige us with a new scheme by which we may judge of matters of fact. The chief particulars he has given us concerning the second-sight are here set down, by way of abstract or epitome, that they may not be too tedious to the reader.

1. In the second-sight the vision makes such a lively impression on the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else but the vision as long as

## DIVERSE OPINIONS

it continues , and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was presented to them.

2. At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring till the object vanish, as has often been observed by the author and others present.

3 There is one in Skye, an acquaintance of whom observed, that when he sees a vision the inner part of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

4 The faculty of the second-sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some imagine, for he knows several parents that are endowed with it, but not their children, and so on the contrary. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact , and after a strict inquiry he could never learn from any among them that this faculty was communicable any way whatsoever

Note, that this account is differing from the account that is given by Mr. Aubrey, a gentleman of the Royal Society ; and I think Mr. Martin's reason here against the descent of this faculty from parents to children is not generally conclusive. For, though he may know parents endowed with it, and not children, and so *vice versâ*, yet there may be parents who are endowed with it, being qualified, as Mr. Aubrey has said (*viz.*, both being second-sighted, or even one to an extraordinary degree), whose children may have it by descent. And as to this faculty

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being any other way communicable, since the accounts differ, I must leave it to a further examination.

5. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears, and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object is by observation, for several persons of judgment without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. As an object appears in the day or night it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

6 If an object be seen early in the morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day, if in the evening, perhaps that night, if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night. It's later always in accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

7 When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death, the time is judged according to the height of it about the person, for if it be not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer, and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand in a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown the author, when the persons of whom the observations were made enjoyed perfect health.

## SEEING AFAR

There was one instance lately of a prediction of this kind, by a seer that was a novice, concerning the death of one of the author's acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence. The author being one of the number, did not in the least regard it till the death of the person, about the time foretold, confirmed to him the certainty of the prediction. The aforesaid novice is now a skilful seer, as appears from many late instances. He lives in the parish of St. Mary's, the most northern in Skye

8 If a woman be seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they are married to others or unmarried at the time of the apparition. If two or three women are seen at once standing near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision, of which there are several late instances of the author's acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after, and though he be not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he not only tells his name, but gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c, that upon his arrival he answers the character given of him in all respects. If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in good or bad humour. The author has been seen thus, by seers of both sexes, at some hundreds of miles' distance. Some that saw him in this manner had never seen him personally, and

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it happened according to their visions, without any previous design of his to go to those places, his coming there being purely accidental, and in the nineteenth page of his book, he tells us that Mr. Daniel Morrison, a minister, told him, that upon his landing in the island Rona, the natives received him very affectionately, and addressed themselves to him with this salutation — “God save you, pilgrim ! You are heartily welcome here, for we have had repeated apparitions of your person amongst us,” viz., after the manner of the second-sight.

9. 'Tis ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees, in places void of all three, and this in process of time used to be accomplished, of which he gives an instance in the Island of Skye.

10. To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons, of which there are several fresh instances.

To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after.

When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

Some find themselves, as it were, in a crowd of people having a corpse which they carry along with them ; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared, if there are any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names and also of the

## DOMESTIC ANIMALS

bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse

All those that have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once, though they are together at the time, but if one who has this faculty designedly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first

11 There is the way of foretelling death by a cry that they call *Taisk*, which some call a *Wrath* in the lowland They hear a loud cry without doors, exactly resembling the voice of some particular person, whose death is foretold by it, of which he gives a late instance, which happened in the village *Rigg*, in *Skye Isle*

12 Things are also foretold by smelling sometimes, as follows — Fish or flesh is frequently smelt in the fire, when at the same time neither of the two are in the house, or, in any probability, likely to be had in it for some weeks or months This smell several persons have who are endued with the second-sight, and it is always accomplished soon after

13. Children, horses, and cows, have the second-sight, as well as men and women advanced in years.

That children see it, it is plain from their crying aloud at the very instant that a corpse or any other vision appears to an ordinary seer, of which he gives an instance in a child when himself was present.

That horses likewise see it's very plain, from their violent and sudden starting when the rider or seer in company with them sees a vision of any kind by night

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or day. It is observable of a horse that he will not go forward that way till he be led about at some distance from the common road, and then he is in a sweat. He gives an instance of this in a horse in the Isle of Skye.

That cows have the second-sight appears from this, that if a woman milking a cow happens to see a vision by the second-sight, the cow runs away in a great fright at the same time, and will not be pacified for some time after.

In reference to this, Paracelsus, tom 9, l "De arte presagâ," writes thus, "Horses also have their auguries, who perceive by their sight and smell wandering spirits, witches, and spectres and the like things, and dogs both see and hear the same"

Here in the next place the author answers objections that have lately been made against the reality of the second-sight

First, it's objected that these seers are visionary and melancholy people, who fancy they see things that do not appear to them or anybody else.

He answers, the people of these isles, and particularly the seers, are very temperate, and their diet is simple and moderate in quantity and quality, so that their brains are not, in all probability, disordered by undigested fumes of meat or drink. Both sexes are free from hysteric fits, convulsions, and several other distempers of that sort. There are no madmen among them, nor any instance of self-murder. It's observed among them that a man drunk never has a vision of the second-sight, and he that is a visionary would discover himself in other things as well

## OBJECTIONS ANSWERED

as in that , nor are such as have the second-sight judged to be visionaries by any of their friends or acquaintance.

Secondly, it is objected that there are none among the learned able to oblige the world with a satisfactory account of these visions , therefore they are not to be believed

He answers, if everything of which the learned are not able to give a satisfactory account shall be condemned as false and impossible, we shall find many other things, generally believed, which must be rejected as such.

Thirdly, it's objected that the seers are impostors, and the people who believe them are credulous, and easy to be imposed upon

He answers, the seers are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design , nor could he ever learn that any of them made the least gain of it , neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty , besides, the people of the isles are not so credulous as to believe an impossibility before the thing foretold be accomplished . but when it actually comes to pass, afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it without offering violence to their senses and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second-sight should combine together and offer violence to their understandings and senses to force themselves to believe a lie from age to age? There are several persons among them whose birth and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an imposture,



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merely to gratify an illiterate and contemptible sort of persons. Nor can a reasonable man believe that children, horses, and cows could be engaged in a combination to persuade the world of the reality of a second-sight.

Every vision that is seen comes exactly to pass, according to the rules of observation, though novices and heedless persons do not always judge by those rules, concerning which he gives instances.

There are visions seen by several persons in whose days they are not accomplished, and this is one of the reasons why some things have been seen that are said never to have come to pass, and there are also several visions seen which are not understood till they are accomplished.

The second-sight is not a late discovery seen by one or two in a corner or a remote isle, but it is seen by many persons of both sexes in several isles, separated about forty or fifty leagues from one another. The inhabitants of many of these isles never had the least converse by word or writing, and this faculty of seeing visions having continued, as we are informed by tradition, ever since the plantation of these isles, without being disproved by the nicest sceptic after the strictest inquiry, seems to be a clear proof of its reality.

It's observable that it was much more common twenty or thirty years ago than at present, for one in ten does not see it now that saw it then.

The second-sight is not confined to the Western Isles alone, the author having an account that it is in several parts of Holland, but particularly in Bom-

## IN THE ISLE OF MAN

mel, where a woman has it, for which she is courted by some and dreaded by others. She sees a smoke about one's face, which is the forerunner of the death of a person so seen, and she actually foretold the deaths of several that lived there. She was living in that town a few winters ago.

The second-sight is likewise in the Isle of Man, as appears by this instance. Captain Leathes, the chief commander of Belfast, in his voyage, 1690, lost thirteen men by a violent storm, and upon his landing in the Isle of Man, an ancient man, clerk to a parish there, told him immediately that he had lost thirteen men there, the captain inquired how he came to the knowledge of that, he answered, that it was by thirteen lights which he had seen come into the churchyard, as Mr. Sacheverell tells us in his late description of the Isle of Man. Note — that this is like the sight of the corpse-candles in Wales, which is also well attested.

Here the author adds many other instances concerning the second-sight, of which I shall set down only a few.

A man in Knockow, in the parish of St Mary's, the northernmost part of Skye, being in perfect health, and sitting with his fellow servants at night, was on a sudden taken ill, dropped from his seat backward, and then fell a-vomiting, at which the family was much concerned, he having never been subject to the like before, but he came to himself soon after, and had no sort of pain about him. One of the family, who was accustomed to see the second-sight, told them that the man's illness proceeded from a very

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strange cause, which was thus:—An ill-natured woman (whom he named) who lives in the next adjacent village of Bornskittag, came before him in a very angry and furious manner, her countenance full of passion and her mouth full of reproaches, and threatened him with her head and hands till he fell over, as you have seen him. This woman had a fancy for the man, but was like to be disappointed as to her marrying of him. This instance was told the author by the master of the family and others who were present when it happened

Sir Norman Macleod and some others playing at tables, at a game called in Irish “*falmermore*,” wherein there are three of a side, and each of them throw the dice by turns, there happened to be one difficult point in the disposing of one of the table-men. This obliged the gamester to deliberate before he was to change his man, since upon the disposing of it the winning or losing of the game depended, at length the butler, who stood behind, advised the player where to place the man, with which he complied and won the game. This being thought extraordinary, and Sir Norman hearing one whisper him in the ear, asked who advised him so skilfully? He answered, it was the butler, but this seemed more strange, for it was generally thought he could not play at tables. Upon this Sir Norman asked him how long it was since he had learned to play? And the fellow owned that he had never played in his life, but that he saw the spirit Brownie (a spirit usually seen in that country) reaching his arm over the player’s head, and touching the part with his finger where the table-man was to be placed.

## IN THE ISLE OF SKYE

This was told the author by Sir Norman, and others who happened to be present at the time.

Daniel Bow, alias Black, an inhabitant of Bornskittag, who is one of the precisest seers in the isles, foretold the death of a young woman in Minginis within less than twenty-four hours before the time, and accordingly she died suddenly in the fields, though at the time of the prediction she was in perfect health, but the shroud appearing close about her head was the ground of his confidence that her death was at hand

The same person foretold the death of a child in his master's arms by seeing a spark of fire fall on his left arm, and this was likewise accomplished soon after the prediction.

Some of the inhabitants of Harris, sailing round the Isle of Skye with a design to go to the opposite mainland, were strangely surprised with an apparition of two men hanging down by the ropes that secured the mast, but could not conjecture what it meant, they pursued their voyage, but the wind turning contrary they were forced into Broadford, in the Isle of Skye, where they found Sir Donald Macdonald keeping a sheriff's court, and two criminals receiving sentence of death there. The ropes and mast of that very boat were made use of to hang those criminals. This was told the author by several who had this instance related to them by the boat's crew

Several persons living in a certain family told the author that they had frequently seen two men standing at a gentlewoman's left hand, who was their master's daughter; they told the men's names, and

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being her equals, it was not doubted but she would be married to one of them, and perhaps to the other after the death of the first. Some time after a third man appeared, who seemed always to stand nearest to her of the three, but the seers did not know him, though they could describe him exactly, and within some months after, this man, who was seen last, actually came to the house, and fully answered the description given of him by those who never saw him but in a vision, and he married the woman shortly after. They live in the Isle of Skye, and both themselves and others confirmed the truth of this instance when the author saw them.

- Archibald Macdonald, of the parish of St Mary's, in the Isle of Skye, being reputed famous in his skill of foretelling things to come by the second-sight, happening to be in the village Knockow, one night, and before supper told the family that he had just then seen the strangest thing he ever saw in his life, viz., a man with an ugly long cap always shaking his head, but that the strangest of all was a little kind of a harp which he had with four strings only, and that it had two hart's horns fixed in the front of it. All that heard this odd vision fell a-laughing at Archibald, telling him that he was dreaming, or had not his wits about him, since he pretended to see a thing which had no being, and was not so much as heard of in any part of the world. All this could not alter Archibald's opinion, who told them that they must excuse him if he laughed at them after the accomplishment of the vision. Archibald returned to his own house, and within three or four

## A GRUESOME APPARITION

days after a man with a cap, harp, &c., came to the house, and the harp, strings, horns, and cap answered the description of them at first view, and he shook his head when he played, for he had two bells fixed to his cap. This harper was a poor man, who made himself a buffoon for his bread, and was never seen before in those parts, and at the time of the prediction he was in the Isle of Barray, which is about twenty leagues distant from that part of Skye. This relation is vouched by Mr Daniel Martin, and all his family, and such as were then present, and they live in the village where this happened.

One Daniel Nicholson, minister of St. Mary's, in Skye, the parish in which Mr Archibald Macdonald lived, told the author that one Sunday, after sermon, at the Chapel Uig, he took an occasion to inquire of Archibald if he still retained that unhappy faculty of seeing the second-sight, and wished him to get rid of it, if possible, for, said he, it's no true character of a good man. Archibald was highly displeased, and answered that he hoped he was no more unhappy than his neighbours, for seeing what they could not perceive. "I had," said he, "as serious thoughts as my neighbours in time of hearing a sermon to-day, and even then I saw a corpse laid on the ground close to the pulpit, and I assure you it will be accomplished shortly, for it was in the day-time." There were none in the parish then sick, and few are buried at that little chapel, nay, sometimes, not one in a year. Yet when Mr Nicholson returned to preach in the said chapel, a fortnight or three weeks after, he found one buried in the very

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spot named by Archibald. This story is vouched by Mr. Nicholson, the minister, and several of the parishioners still living

Note, that it's counted by many an argument of somewhat evil attending this faculty of the second-sight, because there are instances given of some persons who have been freed of it, upon using some Christian practices. But I shall hereafter show that this opinion cannot be entirely true

Sir Norman Macleod, who has his residence in the Isle of Bernera, which lies between the Isles of N. Uist and Harris, went to the Isle of Skye about business, without appointing any time for his return, his servants, in his absence, being all together in the large hall at night, one of them, who had the second-sight, told the rest they must remove, for there would be abundance of company in the hall that night. One of his fellow servants answered, that there was very little likelihood of that, because of the darkness of the night, and the danger of coming through the rocks that lay round the isle; but within an hour after one of Sir Norman's men came to the house, bidding them provide lights, &c., for his master had newly landed.

Sir Norman being told of this, called for the seer and examined him about it. He answered, that he had seen the spirit Brownie, in human shape, come several times and make a show of carrying an old woman, that sat by the fire, to the door, and at last seemed to carry her out by neck and heels; which made him laugh heartily, and gave occasion to the rest to conclude him mad, to laugh so much without

## INVISIBLE SINGERS

any reason. This instance was told the author by Sir Norman himself.

Four men, from the Isle of Skye and Harris, went to Barbadoes, and stayed there some years; who, though they had went to see the second-sight in their native country, never saw it in Barbadoes, but upon their return to England, the first night after their landing they saw the second-sight, as the author was told by several of their acquaintance.

John Morrison, who lives in Bernera of Harris, wears the plant called *fuga daemonum* sewed in the neck of his coat, to prevent his seeing visions, and says he never saw any since he first carried that plant about him.

A spirit, by the country people called Brownie, was frequently seen in all the most considerable families in the isles and north of Scotland, in the shape of a tall man, having very long brown hair. But within these twenty years past he has been seen but rarely.

There were spirits also that appeared in the shape of women, horses, swine, cats, and some like fiery balls, which would follow men in the fields, but there have been but few instances of these for upwards of forty years past.

These spirits used also to form sounds in the air, resembling those of a harp, pipes, crowing of a cock and of the grinding of hand-mills. And sometimes voices have been heard in the air at night, singing Irish songs, the words of which songs some of the author's acquaintances still retain, one of them resembled the voice of a woman, who died some time



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before, and the song related to her state in the other world. All these accounts, the author says, he had from persons of as great integrity as any in the world

So far Mr. Martin, whose account is so long that I have given the reader only a short abridgment thereof, and shall therefore satisfy myself, without relating any further passages, by directing the reader to others also, learned men, who have written on the same subject. Laudentius Ananias printed a volume in Latin, at Venice, anno 1571, about the nature of Demons, where, in the third book, he writes concerning the second-sight. The learned Camerarius does the like, and names a person of his own acquaintance, whom he testifies to have had that gift. St Austin himself testifies something (not very different from what we now call the gift of the second-sight) of one Curma, who lived in the country of Hippo in Africa. Bonaysteau tells us something like it in his "Disc de Excell et Dig Hominis," concerning the spirit of Hermodimus. So do likewise Herodotus and Maximus Tyrius about the spirit of Aristæus. Cardan does the same in his "De rerum variet.," l 8, c 84, of his kinsman Baptista Cardan, a student at Pavia. Baptista Fulgosus tells us of what we call the second-sight, in other words, in his l 1, "Fact. et dict memorab.," c. 6. Among our own countrymen, the Lord Henry Howard, in the book he wrote against the supposed prophecies, in his seventeenth chapter, tells us a wonderful story of this kind of sight, and sure that noble lord may be looked upon as an unexceptionable testimony in a story he relates

## CHARLES I OF ENGLAND

of his own knowledge, he having otherwise little faith in things of this kind Mr. Cotton Mather, a minister of New England, in his relation of the wonders of the invisible world, inserted in his "Ecclesiastical History" of that country, printed in London, anno 1702, in folio, has given us several instances of this kind, as also of many other diabolical operations Mr. Baxter's book concerning the "Certainty of the World of Spirits," has the like proofs in it Mr Aubrey, Fellow of the Royal Society, has written largely concerning second-sighted persons, so has Mr Beaumont, in his book of genii and familiar spirits, who has collected almost all the other accounts together, and many others whose very names it would be tedious to recite However, as there are a few more passages very curious in themselves, I will venture so far upon the reader's patience as not only to recite the names of the authors, but the accounts themselves, in as succinct and brief a manner as it is possible for any one to do.

Mr Th May, in his History, lib. 8, writes, that an old man (like an hermit) second-sighted, took his leave of King James I. when he came into England He took little notice of Prince Henry, but addressing himself to the Duke of York (since King Charles I.), fell a-weeping to think what misfortunes he should undergo, and that he should be one of the most miserable and most unhappy princes that ever was

A Scotch nobleman sent for one of these second-sighted men out of the Highlands, to give his judg-

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ment of the then great George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. As soon as ever he saw him, "Pish," said he, "he will come to nothing, I see a dagger in his breast;" and he was stabbed in the breast by Captain Felton, as has been at large recounted in some of the foregoing pages.

Sir James Melvil hath several the like passages in his History.

A certain old man, in South Wales, told a great man there, of the fortune of his family, and that there should not be a third male generation. It has fallen out accordingly

Sir William Dugdale, with his own mouth, informed several gentlemen, that Major-General Middleton (since lord) went into the Highlands of Scotland, to endeavour to make a party for King Charles I. An old gentleman (that was second-sighted) came and told him that his endeavour was good, but he would be unsuccessful, and moreover, that they would put the king to death, and that several other attempts would be made, but all in vain, but that his son would come in, but not reign a long time, but would at last be restored. This Lord Middleton had a great friendship with the Laird Boccon, and they made an agreement, that the first of them that died should appear to the other in extremity. The Lord Middleton was taken prisoner at Worcester fight, and was prisoner in the Tower of London, under three locks. Lying in his bed, pensive, Boccon appeared to him; my Lord Middleton asked him if he were dead or alive? He said, dead, and that he was a ghost; and told him

## CONSENSUS OF SCHOLARS

that within three days he should escape, and he did so, in his wife's clothes. When he had done his message he gave a frisk, and said —

“Givanni, Givanni, 't is very strange  
In the world to see so sudden a change.

And then gathered up and vanished. This account Sir William Dugdale had from the Bishop of Edinburgh. And this account he hath written in a book of Miscellanies, which is now deposited (with other books of his) in the Museum at Oxford.

Thus the reader sees what great authorities may be produced to prove that wonderful and true predictions have been delivered by many persons gifted with the second-sight. The most learned men in almost all nations, who are not in all likelihood deceived themselves, the most celebrated and authentic historians, and some divines, in England, who, it is not to be thought, have combined together and made it their business to obtrude upon us falsehoods, persons of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, in Scotland, who it would be even madness to think, would join in a confederacy to impose tricks upon us, and to persuade us to the greatest of impostures as solemn truths delivered from their own mouths, all these, I say, have unanimously and (as it were) with one voice asserted, repeated, and confirmed to us, that there have been at all times, and in many different nations, and that still there are persons who, possessed with the gift of a second-sight, predict things that wonderfully come to pass, and seem to merit very little less than the name of

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prophets, for their miraculous discoveries. Now if any man should come, and without giving the least manner of reason for it (for there is no reason to be given against such assertions) declare his disbelief of all these authentic, though strange accounts, can he with reason imagine that his incredulity shall pass for a token of wisdom? Shall his obstinacy confute the learned? Shall his want of faith be thought justly to give the lie to so many persons of the highest honour and quality, and of the most undoubted integrity? In fine, shall his infidelity, by a reverse kind of power to that which is attributed to the philosopher's stone, be able to change the nature of things, turn and transmute truth into falsehood, and make a downright plain matter of fact to be no more than a *chimera* or an *ens rationis*? And shall a manifest experience be so easily exploded?

Taking it therefore for granted that no modest man whatsoever, though never so hard of belief, which is certainly as great a weakness as that of too much credulity, will make bold openly to declare his disbelief of things so well attested, and taking it much more for granted still, that it is impossible for any man of common sense to have the front of declaring his disbelief of them in such a manner as to urge it for an argument and a reason why others should disbelieve them too, taking this, I say, as I think I very well may, for granted, I think there remains nothing further for me to offer, before I conclude this chapter, except a few remarks as to the similitude there is between those actions, which I have related above to have been performed by Mr. Campbell, and

## A GAMBLING BROWNIE

these actions, which so many learned, ingenious, and noble authors, as I have just now quoted, have asserted to have been performed by persons whom they knew to be gifted with the second-sight.

As to what is said (several pages above) concerning Duncan Campbell, when a boy at Edinburgh, that he even told his little companions who would have success at their little matches when they played at marbles, and that he informed a great gamester there, whose name I have disguised under that of Count Cog, what times he should choose to play if he would win, as ludicrous as it may have appeared to be, and as much as it may have seemed to my readers to carry with it nothing better than the face of invention and the air of fiction, yet if they will be at the pains of comparing that passage of Duncan Campbell's with the account given in this chapter from the mouth of Sir Norman Macleod, concerning a man who, though he never played at tables in his life, instructed a skilful gamester, when he was at a stand, to place one of his men right, upon which the whole game depended, which the ignorant fellow, when asked how he came to do it, said he was directed to by the spirit Brownie, whoever, I say, will be at the pains of comparing these passages together, will find they bear a very near resemblance, and that the way we may most reasonably account for Duncan Campbell's prediction, when he was a boy, must be that he was at that time directed by his little genius or familiar spirit, which I described in the precedent pages, as this fellow was by the spirit Brownie, according to Sir Norman Macleod's

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assertion, which spirit Brownie, as Mr. Martin, a very good and credited writer, assures us in his "History of the Western Islands," dedicated to the late Prince George of Denmark, is a spirit usually seen all over that country

If the reader recollects, he will remember likewise that in the little discourse which I mentioned to have been held between me and this Duncan Campbell when a boy concerning his little genius, I there say the boy signified to me, that he smelt venison, and was sure that some would come to his mother's house shortly after, accordingly I came thither that morning from the death of a deer, and ordered a part of it to be brought after me to her house. Now Mr. Martin's twelfth observation about the second-sight in this chapter clears it plainly up that this knowledge in the boy proceeded from the gift of second-sight. Not to give the reader too often the trouble of looking back in order to judge of the truth of what I say, I will here repeat that observation, which is as follows. Things are also foretold by smelling sometimes, for example, fish or flesh is frequently smelt in the fire, when at the same time neither of the two are in the house or in any probability like to be had in it for some weeks or months. This smell several persons have who are endued with the second-sight, and it is always accomplished soon after.

But I will here omit any further remarks by way of accounting how he compassed his predictions when a boy, either by the intervention of his genius or the gift of a second-sight; and examine how

## A PROBLEM SOLVED

nearly those things which I have related have been done by him in his more advanced years, when he took up the profession of a predictor in London, correspond with the accounts given in this chapter about a second-sight, and how near a resemblance the things done by him bear to those things that are so well attested to have been performed by others, through the efficacious power of this wonderful faculty.

First, then, if we have a mind to make a tolerable guess which way Mr. Campbell came acquainted that the death of the beautiful young lady, Mrs. W[e]l-w[oo]d, was so near at hand, and that, though she was so universally admired, she would die unmarried, the accounts given of other second-sighted persons in the like cases, will put us in the most probable way of guessing right. This is explained by the seventh observation in this chapter, where it is said from Mr Martin that when a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person, for if it be not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year or longer, but as it comes nearer to the head it is expected sooner; if to the very head, it is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours. Of this we have an example, of which Mr. Martin was an eye-witness, concerning the death of his own acquaintance, but he did not in the least regard it till the death of the person, about the time foretold, confirmed to him the certainty of the prediction.

Secondly, as to the ignominious death that Irwin came to, and which he predicted to his mother so



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long before when she was in flourishing circumstances, and when there was no appearance that any of her children should be brought to a beggarly condition, and learn among base gangs of company to thief and be carried to the gallows. The story told in this chapter of some of the inhabitants of Harris sailing round the Isle of Skye, and seeing the apparition of two men hanging by the ropes on the mast of their vessel, and when they came to the opposite mainland finding two criminals just sentenced to death by Sir Donald Macdonald, and seeing their own very masts and ropes made choice of for their execution, clears up the manner how Mr Campbell might predict this of Irwin likewise by the force of the second-sight.

Thirdly, as to Mr Campbell's telling Christallina, the belle and chief toast of the court, and Urbana, the reigning beauty of the city, that they should shortly be married, and who were to be their husbands, it is a thing he has done almost every day in his life to one woman or other that comes to consult him about the man she is to be married to, the manner he probably takes in doing this, may be likewise explained by the foregoing story in this chapter about the servants who said they saw three men standing by the left hand of their master's daughter, and that he that was nearest would marry her first, whom they plainly and exactly described, though they had never seen him but in their vision, as appeared afterwards. For within some months after the very man described did come to the house and did marry her. *Vide* the eighth observation of the second-sight.

## PREDICTIONS EXPLAINED

Fourthly, as to the predictions delivered by Mr. Campbell to the merchant, which are set down at length in the foregoing chapter, I know no better way at guessing the manner how the second-sight operated in him at that time, than by comparing them to these two instances, which I briefly repeat, because they are set down at length before in this chapter. And first it may be asked how did the second-sight operate in Mr. Campbell when it gave him to know that the merchant's ships, which repeated intelligences had in appearance confirmed to be lost, were at that time safe, and would return securely home into the harbour designed? The best way of accounting for it that I know, is by the story that Sir Norman Macleod is above affirmed to have told with his own mouth concerning a servant of his who rightly foretold his returning home and landing on the isle of Bernera one night, where his residence was, when there was very little or no likelihood of it, because of the darkness of the night and the danger of coming through the rocks that lie round the isle. When Sir Norman examined him about it, he answered that he knew it by a vision of the spirit Browne, and hence it may be the most probably conjectured that Mr. Campbell's knowledge of the merchant's ships being safe, came from a vision of his particular genius or familiar spirit, which we spoke of before. What I have already instanced in, is, I think, sufficient with regard to the wonderful things which Mr. Campbell has performed, either by the intervention of a genius or the power of a second-sight. But as he has frequently done a great many

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amazing performances, which seem to be of such a nature that they can't be well and clearly explained to have been done either by the intervention of his familiar spirit and genius, or by the power of the second-sighted faculty, we must have recourse to the third means, by which only such predictions and practices can be compassed, before we expound these new mysteries, which appear like incredible riddles and enigmas at the first, and this third means which we must have recourse to for expounding these strange acts of his, is a due consideration of the force and power of natural magic, which, together with a narrative of the acts which he seems magically to bring about, will be the subject of the following chapter.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### A DISSERTATION UPON MAGIC

**B**UT before we proceed to our disquisitions concerning the power and efficacy of natural magic, and examine what mysterious operations may be brought about and compassed by magical practices, and before we take a further survey of what Mr. Campbell has performed in this kind, that relates to his profession and the public part of his life, which concerns other people as well as himself, I shall here relate some singular adventures that he passed through in his private life, and which regard only his own person. In order to this, I must return back to the year 1702, about which time some unaccountable turns of fortune attended him in his own private capacity, which must be very surprising and entertaining to my readers, when they find a man, whose foresight was always so great a help and assistance to others who consulted him in their own future affairs, helpless (as it has been an observation concerning all such men in the account of the second-sight), and blind in his own future affairs, tossed up and down by inevitable and spiteful accidents of fortune, and made the May-game of chance and hazard, as if that wayward and inconsistent goddess was resolved to punish him, when she

## MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL

caught him on the blind side, for having such a quick insight and penetrating faculty in other people's matters, and scrutinising too narrowly into her mysteries, and so sometimes preventing those fatal intentions of hers, into which she would fain lead many mortals hoodwinked, and before they knew where they were. In this light, these mighty and famous seers seem to be born for the benefit and felicity of others, but at the same time to be born to unhappiness themselves. And certainly, inasmuch as we consider them as useful and beneficial, often, but always satisfactory, to persons who are curious in their inquiries about their fortunes, it will be natural to those of us, who have the least share of generosity in our minds, to yield our pity and compassion to them, when they are remarkably unfortunate themselves, especially when that calamity seems more particularly to light upon them for their ability and endeavour to consult the good fortune of other folks.

About the above-mentioned year 1702, Duncan Campbell grew a little tired of his profession. Such a multitude of followers troubled him, several of whom were wild youths and came to banter him, and many more too inquisitive females, to tease him with endless impertinences, and who, the more he told them, had still the more to ask, and whose curiosity was never to be satisfied, and besides this he was so much envied, and had so many malicious artifices daily practised against him, that he resolved to leave off his profession. He had, I know, followed it pretty closely, from the time I first saw him in London, which was, I think, in the beginning of the

## PERPLEXITIES

year 1698, till the year 1702, with very good success ; and in those few years, he had got together a pretty round sum of money. Our young seer was now at man's estate, and had learned the notion that he was to be his own governor, so far as to be his own counsellor too in what road of life he was to take , and this consideration, no doubt, worked with deeper impression on his mind than it usually does on others that are in the same blossoming pride of manhood, because it might appear more natural for him to believe that he had a sufficient ability to be his own proper adviser, who had given so many others, and some more aged than himself, counsel with very good success. Now every experienced person knows that when manhood is yet green it is still in the same dangerous condition as a young plant, which is liable to be warped by a thousand cross fortuitous accidents if good measures be not taken to support it against all the contingent shocks it may meet with from the weather or otherwise. Now, it was his misfortune to be made averse to business which he loved before by having too much of it, and to be so soured by meeting with numerous perplexities and malicious rubs laid in his way by invidious people (who are the useless and injurious busybodies, that always repine at the good of others, and rejoice to do harm to the diligent and assiduous, though they reap no profit by it themselves), that he was disgusted and deterred entirely from the prosecution of a profession, by which he got not only a competent but a copious and plentiful subsistence. Nay, indeed, this was another mischief arising to him from his having so much

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business that he had got money enough to leave it off, when the perplexities of it had made him willing to do so, and to live very comfortably and handsomely like a gentleman without it for a time ; and we know the youngest men are not wont to look the furthest before them in matters that concern their own welfare. Now, inasmuch as he had thus taken a disgust to business and application, and was surfeited (as I may say) with the perplexities of it, it must be as natural for him, we know, to search for repose in the contrary extreme, viz., recreation and idleness, as it is for a man to seek rest after toil, to sleep after a day's labour, or to sit down after a long and tiresome walk.

But there are two very distinct sorts of idleness, and two very different kinds of recreations, there is a shameful idleness which is no better than downright sloth, and there is a splendid kind of indolence where a man, having taken an aversion to the wearisomeness of a business which properly belongs to him, neglects not, however, to employ his thoughts, when they are vacant from what they ought more chiefly to be about, in other matters not entirely unprofitable in life, the exercise of which he finds he can follow with more abundant ease and satisfaction. There are some sorts of recreations too that are mean, sordid and base, others that are very innocent, though very diverting, and that will give one the very next most valuable qualifications of a gentleman after those which are obtained by a more serious application of the mind.

The idea which I have already given my readers of

## DOOM OF THE IDLER

our Duncan Campbell will easily make them judge before I tell them, which way, in these two ways, his genius would naturally lead him, and that when he grew an idle man he would rather indulge himself with applying his mind to the shining trifles of life than be wholly slothful and inactive; and that when he diverted himself he would not do it after a sordid base manner, as having a better taste and a relish for good company, but that his recreations would still be the recreations of a gentleman. And just accordingly as my readers would naturally judge beforehand in his case, so it really happened. The moment he shook off business, and dismissed the thoughts of it, his genius led him to a very gallant way of life, in his lodgings, in his entertainments, in paying and receiving visits, in coffee-houses, in taverns, in fencing-schools, in balls, and other public assemblies, in all ways, in fine, both at home and abroad, Duncan Campbell was a well-comported and civil gentleman, he was a man of pleasure, and nothing of the man of business appeared about him. But a gentleman's life without a gentleman's estate, however shining and pleasant it may be for a time, will certainly end in sorrow, if not in infamy, and, comparing life, as moralists do, to a day, one may safely pronounce this truth to all the splendid idlers I have mentioned, that if they have sunshiny weather till noon, yet the afternoon of their life will be very stormy, rainy, and uncomfortable; and perhaps just at the end of their journey, to carry on the metaphor throughout, close in the darkest kind of night. Of this, as I was a man of years, and more experienced in the world than he, I took upon me to



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forewarn Mr Campbell, as soon as I perceived the first dangerous fit of this elegant idleness had seized him. But when will young men, by so much the more headstrong as they have less of the beard, be guided and brought to learn, and when shall we see that happy age, in which the grey heads of old men shall be clapped upon the shoulders of youth? I told him, that in this one thing he ought to consult me, and acknowledge me to be a true prophet, if I told him the end of the seeming merry steps in life he was now taking would infallibly bring him to a labyrinth of difficulties, out of which, if he extricated himself at all, he would at least find it a labourious piece of work.

His taste had been already vitiated with the sweets which lay at the top of the bitter draught of fortune, and my honest rugged counsel came too late to prevail, when his fancy had decoyed and debauched his judgment, and carried it over into another interest. I remember I writ down to him the moral story, where vicious pleasure and virtue are pictured by the philosopher to appear before Hercules, to court him into two several paths. I told him more particularly, since he had not an estate to go through with the gentlemanly life, as he called it, that if he followed the alluring pleasures, which endeavoured to tempt Hercules, he would involve himself at last in a whole heap of miseries, out of which it would be more than an Herculean labour for him to disentangle himself again. If he had been a man that could have ever heard with either, I would have told the reader, in a very familiar idiom, that he turned the deaf ear to me; for he did not mind one syllable nor tittle of

## A DOWNRIGHT FOOL

the prescriptions I had set down for him, no more than if he had never read them, but varying the phrase a little, I may say at least, when he should have looked upon my counsel with all the eyes he had, he turned the blind side upon it. I was resolved to make use of the revenge natural to a man of years, and therefore applied that reproachful proverb to him, which we ancients delight much in making use of to youths that follow their own false and hot imaginations, and will not heed the cooler dictates of age, experience, and wisdom. Accordingly I wrote down to him these words, and left him in a seeming passion — “I am very well assured, young man, you think me that am old to be a fool, but I, that am old, absolutely know you who are a young fellow, to be a downright fool, and so I leave you to follow your own ways, till sad and woeful experience teaches you to know it your own self, and makes you come to me to own it of your own accord”

As I was going away after this tart admonition and severe reprimand, I had a mind to observe his countenance, and I saw him smile, which I rightly construed to be done in contempt of the advice of age, and in the gaiety and fulness of conceit which youth entertains of its own fond opinions and hair-brained rash resolves. He was got into the company of a very pretty set of gentlemen, whose fortunes were superior to his, but he followed the same genteel exercises, as fencing, &c, and made one at all their public entertainments, and so being at an equal expense with those who could well afford to spend what they did out of their estates, he went

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on very pleasantly for a time, still spending and never getting, without ever considering that it must, by inevitable consequence, fall to his lot at last to be entirely reduced to a state of indigence and want. And what commonly heightens the misfortune of such men (and so of all gentlemen's younger brothers), who live upon the ready money that is given them for their portions, is, that the prosperity they live in for a time gains them credit enough just to bring them in debt, and render them more miserable than those very wretches who never had either any money or credit at all. They run themselves into debt out of shame, and to put off the evil day of appearing ruined men as long as they can, and then, when their tempers are soured by adversity, they grow tired of their own lives, and then, in a quarrel, they or some other gentleman, perhaps, is run through, or else, being hunted by bailiffs, they exercise their swords upon those pursuers. Thus, where gentlemen will not consider their circumstances, their very prosperity is a cause of and aggravates their misery, their very pride (which was a decent pride at first), in keeping up and maintaining their credit, subjects them too often to the lowest and the meanest acts, and their courage, which was of a laudable kind, turns into a brutish and savage rage, and all the fine, esteemed, flourishing, and happy gentleman ends and is lost in the contemned poor and miserable desperado, whose portion at last is confinement and a gaol, and sometimes even worse, and what I shall not so much as name here.

## DUNCAN AT BAY

Into many of these calamities Mr. Campbell had brought himself, before it was long, by his heedlessness, and running, according to the wild dictates of youth, counter to all sound and wholesome advice. He had, it seems, run himself into debt, and one day, as he was at a coffee-house, the sign of the Three Crowns, in Great Queen Street, in rushed four bailiffs upon him, who, being directed by the creditor's wife, had watched him into that house, and told him they had a warrant against him, and upon his not answering, they being unacquainted with his being deaf and dumb, offered to seize his sword. He started at their offering of violence, and taking them for ruffians (which he had often met with), repelled his assaulters, and drawing his sword, as one man more bold than the rest closed in with him, he shortened his blade, and in the fall, pinned the fellow through the shoulder, and himself through the leg, to the floor. After that he stood at bay with all the four officers, when the most mischievous assailant of them all, the creditor's wife, ventured to step into the fray, and very barbarously took hold of that nameless part of the man, for which, as she was a married woman, nature methinks should have taught her to have a greater tenderness, and almost squeezed and crushed those vitals to death. But at last he got free from them all, and was going away as fast as he could, not knowing what consequences might ensue. But the woman, who aimed herself at committing murder in the most savage and inhuman manner, ran out after him, crying out "Murder! murder!" as loud as she could, and alarmed the

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whole street. The bailiffs following the woman, and being bloody from head to foot, by means of the wound he received, gave credit to the outcry. The late Earl Rivers's footmen happening to be at the door, ran immediately to stop the supposed murderer, and they indeed did take him at last, but perceived their mistake, and discovered that, instead of being assistants in taking a man whom they thought to be a murderer endeavouring to make his escape from the hands of justice, they had only been tricked in, by that false cry, to be adjutants to a bailiff in retaking a gentleman, who by so gallant a defence, had rescued himself from the dangers of a prison, and when they had discovered this their mistake, they were mighty sorry for what they had done. The most active and busy among the earl's footmen was a Dutchman, and the earl happening to be in a room next the streets and hearing the outcry of murder, stepped to the window, and seeing his own servants in the midst of a bustle, examined the Dutchman how the matter stood, and being told it, chid the man for being concerned in stopping a gentleman that was getting free from such troublesome companions. But the Dutchman excused himself like a Dutchman, by making a very merry blunder for a reply. "Sacramento," said he, to his lord, "if I had thought they were bailiffs, I would have fought for the poor dumb gentleman, but then why had not he told me they were bailiffs, my lord?"

In short, Duncan Campbell was carried off as their prisoner, but the bailiff that was wounded was led back to the coffee-house, where he pretended the

## IMPRISONMENT

wound was mortal, and that he despaired of living an hour. The proverb, however, was of the fellow's side, and he recovered sooner than other people expected he could. As soon as all danger was over, an action for damages and smart money, as their term is, was brought against Mr Campbell, the damages were exaggerated, and the demand was so extravagant, that Duncan Campbell was neither able, just at that time, nor willing, had he been able, to pay so much, as he thought, in his own wrong, and having no bail, and being ashamed to make his case known to his better sort of friends, who were both able and willing to help him at a dead lift, he was hurried away to gaol by the bailiffs, who showed such a malignant and insolent pleasure as commonly attends powerful revenge, when they put him into the Marshalsea. There he lay in confinement six weeks, till at last four or five of his chief friends came by mere chance to hear of it. Immediately they consulted about his deliverance, and unanimously resolved to contribute for his enlargement, and they accordingly went across the water together, and procured it out of hand.

Two of his benefactors were officers, and were just then going over to Flanders. Duncan Campbell, to whom they communicated their design, was resolved to try his fortune in a military way, out of a roving kind of humour, raised in him partly by his having taken a sort of aversion to his own profession in town, and partly by his finding that he could not live, without following a profession as he had done, any longer. He, over a bottle, frankly imparted his

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mind to them at large ; he signified to them that he hoped, since they had lately done him so great a favour in freeing him from one captivity, they would not think him too urgent, if he pressed for one favour further, upon natures so generous as theirs, by whom he took as great a pleasure in being obliged, as he could receive, in being capable of obliging others. He wrote to them that the favour he meant was to redeem him from another captivity, almost as irksome to him as that out of which they had lately ransomed him. "This captivity," continued he, "is, being either forced to follow my old profession, which I have taken an entire disgust to, for a maintenance, or being forced to live in a narrower way than suits with my genius, and the better taste I have of higher life. Such a state, gentlemen, you know, is more unpalatable than half-pay ; it is like, either being forced to go upon the forlorn hope, or else, like a man's being an entirely cashiered and broken officer, that had no younger brother's fortune, and no other support but his commission. Thus, though you have set my body at liberty, my soul is still under an imprisonment, and will be till I leave England, and can find means of visiting Flanders, which I can do no otherwise than by the advantage of having you for my convoy. I have a mighty longing to experience some part of a military life, and I fancy, if you will grant me your interest, and introduce me to the valiant young Lorne, and be spokesman for a dumb man, I shall meet with a favourable reception, and as for you, gentlemen, after having named that great patron and pattern

## IN ROTTERDAM

of courage and conduct in the field, I cannot doubt but the very name I bear, if you had not known me, would have made you take me for a person of a military genius, and that I should do nothing but what would become a British soldier and a gentleman ; nothing, in fine, that should make you repent the recommendation ”

These generous and gallant friends of his, it seems, complied with his request, and promised they would make application for him to the Lord Lorne, and Duncan Campbell had nothing to do but to get his bag and baggage ready and provide himself with a pass His baggage was not very long a getting together, and he had it in tolerable good order, and as for his pass, a brother of the Lord Forbes was so kind as to procure him one, upon the first application Duncan made to him.

Accordingly, in a few days afterwards they went on board, and having a speedy and easy passage, arrived soon at Rotterdam Duncan met with some of his English acquaintance in that town, and his mind being pretty much bent upon rambling, and seeing all the curiosities, customs, and humours he could in all the foreign places he was to pass through, he went, out of a frolic, with some gentlemen next day, in a boat, to an adjacent village, to make merry over a homely Dutch entertainment, the intended repast being to consist of what the boors there count a great delicacy, brown bread and white beer. He walked out of sight from his company, and they lost one another, and strolling about by himself at an unseasonable hour, as they call it



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there, after the bell has tolled, Duncan Campbell, who neither knew their laws, nor, if he had, was capable of being guided by the notice which their laws ordain, was taken into custody in the village for that night, and carried away the next day to Willemstad, where he was taken for a spy, and put into a close imprisonment for three or four days

But some Scotch gentlemen, who had been in company with Mr. Campbell at Mr. Cloyster's, a painter in Covent Garden, made their application to the magistrate and got him released. He knew his friends, the officers that carried him over, were gone forward to the camp, and that there was no hope of finding them at Rotterdam, if he should go thither, and so he resolved, since he had had so many days' punishment in Willemstad, to have three or four days' pleasure there too, by way of amends, before he would set out on his journey after his friends. But on the third night he got very much in drink, and as he went very boisterously and disorderly along, a sentry challenged him, and the want of the sense of hearing had like to have occasioned the loss of his life. The sentry fired at him and narrowly missed him; he was taken prisoner, not without some resistance, which was so far innocent as that he knew not any reason why he should be seized, but very troublesome and unwarrantable in so orderly a town; so the governor's secretary, after the matter was examined into, judging it better for the unhappy gentleman's future safety, advised him to return home to his own country, and accordingly

## CAPTURE AT SEA

bespoke him a place in a Dutch ship called "Yowfrow Catherine," for his passage to England.

Duncan Campbell had taken up this humour of rambling, first of his own accord, and the troubles which he had run himself into by it, we may reasonably suppose, had pretty well cured him of that extravagant itch, and there is very little doubt to be made, but that he rejoiced very heartily when he was got on board the ship to return to England; and that, in his new resolutions, he had reconciled himself to the prosecution of his former profession, and intended to set up for a predictor again as soon as he could arrive at London. But now fortune had not a mind to let him go off so he had had his own fancy for rambling, and now she was resolved to have hers, and to give him his bellyful of caprice. Accordingly, when the Dutch ship called "Yowfrow Catherine" was making the best of her road for London, and each person in the vessel was making merry, filled with the hopes of a quick and prosperous passage, a French privateer appeared in sight, crowding all the sails she could, and bearing towards them with all haste and diligence. The privateer was double-manned, and carried thirty guns, the Dutch vessel was defenceless in comparison, and the people on board had scarce time to think, and to deplore that they should be made a prey of, before they actually were so, and had reason enough given them for their sorrow. All the passengers, to a single man, were stripped, and had French seamen's jackets in exchange for their clothes. Duncan Campbell had now a taste given him of the fate of war, as

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well as of humour of travelling, and wished himself again, I warrant him, among his greatest crowd of consulters, as tiresome as he thought things to be, instead of being in the middle of a crew of sea-savages. The town where the dumb prisoner was at last confined was Denain. There happened to be some English friars there, who were told by the others who he was, and to them he applied himself in writing, and received from them a great deal of civil treatment. But a certain man of the Order of Recollects, happening to see him there, who had known him in England, and what profession he followed, caused him to be called to question as a man that made use of ill means to tell fortunes. When he was questioned by a whole society of these religious men, he made them such pertinent and satisfactory answers in writing, that he convinced them he had done nothing for which he deserved their reprimand, and they unanimously acquitted him. The heads of his defence, as I have been informed, were these —

First, he alleged that the second-sight was inborn and inbred in some men, and that every country had had examples of it more or less; but that the country of Scotland, in which he was educated from an infant, abounded the most of any with those sort of people, and from thence, he said, he thought he might very naturally draw this conclusion, that a faculty that was inborn and inbred to men, and grown almost a national faculty among a people, who were remarkably honest, upright, and well-meaning people, could not, without some impiety, be imputed to the

## A COMMON ERROR

possessors of it as a sin, and when one of the fathers rejoined, that it was remarked by several writers, of the second-sight, that it must be therefore sinful, because it remained no longer among the people when the doctrines of Christianity were fully propagated, and the light of the gospel increased among them, and that afterwards it affected none but persons of vicious lives and an ill character, to this objection Mr Campbell replied, that he knew most, even ingenious writers, had made that remark concerning the second-sight, but begged leave to be excused if he ventured to declare that it was no better than a vulgar and common error, and the reasons were these, which he alleged in his own behalf, and to confirm his assertion, he told them that men of undoubted probity, virtue, and learning, both of their own religion (*viz.*, the Roman Catholic), and also of the reformed religion, and in several nations, had been affected, and continued all their lives to be affected with this second-sighted power, and that there could be, therefore, no room to fix upon it the odious character of being a sinful and vicious (not to say that some called it still worse, a diabolical) talent. He said he would content himself with making but two instances, because he believed those two would be enough to give content to them, his judges too, in that case.

In his first instance he told them that they might find somewhat relating to this in Nicholaus Hemmingius, who, in his tracts "*De Superstitionibus Magicis*," printed at Copenhagen, anno 1575, informs the world that Petrus Palladius, a bishop of Zealand and pro-

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fessor of divinity at Copenhagen, could, from a part of his body affected, foretell from what part of the heavens tempests would come, and was seldom deceived. One of the fathers immediately asked him if he understood Latin? To this Duncan Campbell replied no. "Oh!" said the friar then, "I do not remember that book was ever translated into English that you mention." "But," rejoined Duncan Campbell, "the passage I mentioned to you I have read in an English book, and word for word, according to the best of my memory, as I have written it down to you." "In what English book?" said the friar. "I do not remember the name of the book," Duncan Campbell answered, "but very well I remember the passages, and that it was in a book of authority, and which bore a credit and good repute in the world, and you, being scholars, may, if you please, have recourse to the learned original, and I doubt not but you will find what I say to be a truth." For the second instance, he told them that in Spain there are those called *Saludadores* that have this kind of gift. "There was," continued he in writing, "one of your own religion, venerable fathers, and of a religious order, nay, a friar too, that had this gift, he was a noted Dominican," said he, "and though I forget his name, you may, by writing a letter to England, learn his name. He was a devout Portuguese, belonging to Queen Catherine Dowager's Chapel, and had the second-sight to a great degree, and was famous and eminent for it." They then asked him what was the full power he had to do by the second-sight. He answered, that as they had inti-

## OCCULT KNOWLEDGE

mated that they had perused some of the skilful writers concerning the second-sight, he did not doubt but they found, as well as he could tell them, that as to the extent of people's knowledge in that secret way, it reached both present, past, and future events. "They foresee murders, drownings, weddings, burials, combats, manslaughters, &c, all of which there are many instances to be given. They commonly foresee sad events a little while before they happen; for instance, if a man's fatal end be hanging, they will see a gibbet, or rope about his neck, if beheading, they will see a man without a head, if drowning, they will see water up to his throat, if stabbing, they will see a dagger in his breast, if unexpected death in his bed, they will see a winding-sheet about his head; they foretell, not only marriages, but of good children, what kind of life men shall lead, and in what condition they shall die, also riches, honours, preferments, peace, plenty, and good weather. It is likewise usual with persons that have lost anything to go to some of these men, by whom they are directed, how, with what persons, and in what place they shall find their goods. It is also to be noted, that these gifts bear a latitude, so that some have it in a far more eminent degree than others, and what I have here written down to you, you need not take as a truth from me, but as it concerned me so nearly, I remember the passage by heart, and you will find it very near word for word in Dr Beaumont's book of Familiar Spirits." — "Ay," said the friars, "but you have a genius too that attends you, as we are informed." — "So," replied Duncan Campbell, "have

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all persons that have the second-sight in any eminent degree ; and to prove this I will bring no less a witness than King James, who, in his ‘ Demonology,’ book the third and chapter the second, mentions also a spirit called Brownie, that was wont formerly to haunt divers houses, without doing any evil, but doing, as it were, necessary turns up and down the house, he appeared like a rough man, nay, some believed that their house was all the sonsier, as they called it, that is, the more lucky or fortunate that such spirits resorted there.”

With these replies the friars began to own they were very well satisfied, and acquiesced in the account he had given of himself, as a very good, true, and honest account, but they told him they had still a further accusation against him, and that was, that he practised magic arts, and that he used, as they had been informed, unlawful incantations To this he made answer that there were two kinds of magic, of which he knew they, that were men of learning, could not be ignorant. “ The art magic, which is wicked and impious,” continued he, “ is that which is professed, and has been professed at all times in the world, by witches, magicians, diviners, enchanters, and such-like notorious profligates, who, by having an unnatural commerce with the devil, do many strange, prodigious, and preternatural acts above and beyond all human wisdom, and all the arguments I ever did or ever will deduce,” continued he, “ from that black art, is a good and a shining argument, it is this, O fathers, I draw a reason from these prodigious practices of wizards, magicians,

## THE MAGIC ART

enchanters, &c., and from all the heathen idolatry and superstition, to prove that there is a deity, for, from these acts of theirs being preternatural and above human wisdom, we may consequently infer that they proceed from a supernatural and immaterial cause, such as demons are. And this is all the knowledge I ever did or ever will draw from that black hellish art. But, fathers, there is another kind of art magic, called natural magic, which is directly opposite to theirs, and the object of which art is to do spiritual good to mankind, as the object of theirs is to torment them and induce them to evil. They afflict people with torments, and my art relieves them from the torments they cause. The public profession of these magical arts has (as you know, fathers, it is a common distinction between black and white magic) been tolerated in some of the most famous universities in Christendom, though afterwards, for a very good reason in politics, making it a public study to such a degree was very wisely retrenched by a prohibition. If this, therefore, be a fault in your own opinions, hear my accusers, but if not, you will not only excuse but commend me."

The friars were extremely well pleased with his defence but one of them had a mind to frighten him a little if he could, and asked him what he would say, if he could produce some witches, lately seized, that would swear he had been frequently at their unlawful assemblies, where they were making their waxen images and other odd mischievous inventions in black magic to torment folks. "What if I can produce such evidence against you," wrote the father



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to him by way of strengthening the question, "will you not own that we have convicted you then?" And when he had written the note, he gave it Duncan Campbell, with a look that seemed to express his warmth and earnestness in the expostulation. Duncan Campbell took the paper and read it, and far from being startled, returned this answer, with a smile continuing in his face while he wrote it "No," said he, "fathers, by your leave, they will only prove me a good magician by that oath, and themselves more plainly witches. They will prove their love to torment good folks, and only show their hatred to me, an innocent man, but wise enough to torment them by hindering them from tormenting others." The fathers were well pleased with the shrewdness of the answer but Duncan Campbell had a mind to exert his genius a little farther with the good friar, who thought likewise he had put him a very shrewd question, so taking up another sheet of paper "Fathers," said he, "shall I entertain you with a story of what passed, upon this head, between two religious fathers (as you all of you are) and a Prince of Germany, in which you will find that mine ought to be reputed a full answer to the question the last learned father was pleased to propose me? The story is somewhat long, but very much to the purpose, and entertaining I remember it perfectly by heart, and if you will have patience while I am writing it, I don't doubt but that I shall not only satisfy you, but please you and oblige you with the relation. The author I found it in quotes it from Fromanus (I

## A TALE OF WITCHCRAFT

think the man's name was so, and I am sure my author calls him a very learned man), in his third book of 'Magical Incantation,' and, though I do not understand the language the original is written in, yet, I dare venture to say, upon the credit of my English author, from whom I got the story by heart, that you will find me right, whenever you shall be pleased to search."

The friars were earnest for the story, and expressed a desire that he would write it down for them to read, which he did in the following words. — Note, that I have since compared Mr Duncan Campbell's manuscript with the author's page, out of which he took it, and find it word for word the same, which shows how incomparable a memory this deaf and dumb gentleman has got, besides his other extraordinary qualifications. — The story is this

"A Prince of Germany invited two religious fathers, of eminent virtue and learning, to a dinner. The prince, at table, said to one of them 'Father! think you we do right in hanging persons, who are accused by ten or twelve witches to have appeared at their meetings or sabbaths? I somewhat fear we are imposed on by the devil, and that it is not a safe way to truth, that we walk in by these accusations, especially, since many great and learned men everywhere begin to cry out against it, and to charge our consciences with it, tell me therefore your opinion.' To whom the fathers being somewhat of an eager spirit, said, 'What should make us doubtful in this case? or what should touch our consciences, being convicted by so many testimonies?' Can we make it

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a scruple, whether God will permit innocent persons should be so traduced ? - There is no cause for a judge to stick at such a number of accusations, but he may proceed with safety.' To which, when the prince had replied, and much had been said *pro* and *con* on both sides about it, and the father seemed wholly to carry the point, the prince at length concluded the dispute, saying, 'I am sorry for you, father, that in a capital cause you have condemned yourself, and you cannot complain if I commit you to custody, for no less than fifteen witches have deposed that they have seen you — ay, start not you, your own self, at their meetings, and to show you that I am not in jest, I will presently cause the public acts to be brought for you to read them' The father stood in amaze, and with a dejected countenance had nothing here to oppose but confusion and silence for all his learned eloquence "

As soon as Mr. Campbell had written down the story, the fathers perused it, and seemed mightily entertained with it. It put an end to all further questions, and the man, whom they had been trying for a conjurer, they joined in desiring, upon distinct pieces of paper, under their several hands, to come frequently and visit them, as being not only a harmless and innocent but an extraordinary well-meaning, good, and diverting companion. They treated him for some time afterwards during his stay, with the friendship due to a countryman, with the civility that is owing to gentlemen, and with the assistance and support which belonged to a person of merit in distress. Money they had none themselves, it seems,

## DUNCAN IN PORTSMOUTH

to give him, being mendicants by their own profession, but they had interest enough to get him quite free from being prisoner; he participated of their eleemosynary table, had a cell allowed him among them in what they called their dormitory, he had an odd coat and a pair of trousers made out of some of their brown coarse habits, by the poor unfashionable tailor or botcher belonging to the convent, and at last they found means of recommending him to a master of a French vessel, that was ready to set sail, to give him a cast over the Channel to England, and to provide him with the necessaries of life till he got to the port. This French vessel was luckier than the Dutch one had been before to our dumb gentleman; it had a quick and prosperous passage, and arrived at Portsmouth, and as soon as he had landed there, he having experienced the misfortunes and casualties that a man in his condition, wanting both speech and hearing, was liable to, in places where he was an utter stranger to everybody, resolved to make no stay, but to move on as fast as he could towards London. When he came to Hampton Town, considering the indifferent figure he made in those odd kind of clothes which the poor friars had equipped him with, and that his long beard and uncombed wig added much to the disguise, he was resolved to put on the best face he could in those awkward circumstances, and stepped into the first barber's shop he came at, to be trimmed and get his wig combed and powdered.

This proved a very lucky thought to him, for, as soon as he stepped into the first barber's shop, who should prove to be the master of it, but one Tobit

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Yeats, who had served him in the same capacity at London, and was but newly set up in the trade of a barber-surgeon at Hampton Town, and followed likewise the profession of schoolmaster. This Tobit Yeats had shaved him quite, before he knew him in that disguise, and Mr Campbell, though he knew him presently, had a mind to try if he should be known himself first. At length, the barber, finding him to be a dumb man, by his ordering everything with motions of the hand and gestures of the body, looked at him very earnestly, remembered him, and in a great surprise called for pen, ink, and paper, and begged to know how he came in that disguise, whether he was under any misfortune and apprehension of being discovered, that made him go in so poor and so clownish a habit, and tendered him any services, as far as his little capacity would reach, and desired him to be free, and command him, if he was able to assist him in anything. These were the most comfortable words that Duncan Campbell had read a great while. He took the pen and paper in his turn, related to him his whole story, gave the poor barber thanks for his good-natured offer, and said he would make so much use of it as to be indebted to him for so much money as would pay the stage-coach, and bear him in his travelling expenses up to London, from whence he would speedily return the favour with interest. The poor honest fellow, out of gratitude to a master whose liberality he had formerly experienced, immediately furnished Mr. Duncan Campbell with that little supply, expressing the gladness of his heart that it lay in his power, and the stage-coach being to set

## DUNCAN IN LONDON

out within but a few hours, he ran instantly to the inn to see if he could get him a place. By good luck there was room, and but just room for one more, which pleased Duncan Campbell mightily when he was acquainted with it by his true and trusty servant the barber, for he was as impatient to see London again, it seems, as he had been before to quit it. Well, he had his wish, and when he came to London, he had one wish more for fortune to bestow upon him, which appeared to begin to grow kind again, after her fickle fit of cruelty was over, and this wish was, that he might find his former lodgings empty, and live in the same house as when he followed his profession. This too succeeded according to his desire, and he was happily fixed once more to his heart's content in his old residence, with the same people of the house round about him, who bore him all that respect and affection, and showed all that readiness and willingness to serve him on every occasion, and at every turn, which could be expected from persons that let lodgings in town to a gentleman whom they esteemed the best tenant they ever had in their lives, or ever could have.

Immediately the tidings of the dumb gentleman's being returned home from beyond sea spread throughout all the neighbourhood, and it was noised about from one neighbourhood to another, till it went through all ranks and conditions, and was known as well in a day or two's time all the town over, as if he had been some great man belonging to the state, and his arrival had been notified to the public in the *Gazette* as a person of the last importance. And such

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a person he appeared indeed to be taken for, especially among the fair sex, who thronged to his doors, crowd after crowd, to consult with him about their future occurrences in life.

These curious tribes of people were as various in their persons, sex, age, quality, profession, art, trade, as they were in the curiosity of their minds, and the questions they had intended to propound to this dumb predictor of strange events, that lay yet as embryos in the womb of time, and were not to come, some of them, to a maturity for birth for very many years after, just as porcelain clay is stored up in the earth by good artificers, which their heirs make china of half a century, and sometimes more than an age afterwards.

These shoals of customers, who were to fee him well for his advice, as we may suppose, now he stood in need of raising a fresh stock, were, unquestionably, as welcome and acceptable to him as they appeared too troublesome to him before, when he was in a state of wealth and plenty

Fortune, that does nothing moderately, seemed now resolved, as she had been extremely cruel before, to be extremely kind to him. He had nothing to do from early in the morning till late at night, but to read questions, and resolve them as fast as much-frequented doctors write their prescriptions and recipes, and like them also, to receive fees as fast. Fortune was, indeed, mightily indulgent to the wants she had so suddenly reduced him to; and relieved him as suddenly by these knots of curiosos, who brought him a glut of money. But one single fair lady, that was one of his very best consulters

## GENEROUS SYMPATHY

after his return, and who had received satisfactory answers from him in other points, before he went abroad, proved (so good fortune would have it) worth all the rest of his customers together, as numerous as they were, and as I have accordingly represented them.

This lady was the relict or widow of a gentleman of a good estate, and of a very good family, whose name was Digby, and a handsome jointure she had out of the estate. This lady, it seems, having been with him in former days, and seen him in a more shining way of life (for he had taken a humour to appear before all his company in that coarse, odd dress, made out of the friar's habit, and would not be persuaded by the people of the house to put on a night-gown till he could provide himself with a new suit), was so curious, among other questions, as to ask him whether he had met with any misfortunes, and how he came to be in so slovenly and wretched a habit? Here Mr Campbell related the whole story of his travels to her, and the crosses and disappointments he had met with abroad. The tears, he observed, would start every now and then into her eyes when she came to any doleful passage, and she appeared to have a mighty compassionate kind of feeling when she read of any hardship more than ordinarily melancholy that had befallen him. Mr Campbell, it is certain, had then a very good presence, and was a handsome and portly young man, and, as a great many young gentlemen derive the seeming agreeableness of their persons from the tailor and peruke-maker, the shoemaker and hosier,



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so Mr. Campbell's person, on the other hand, gave a good air and a good look to the awkward garb he had on, and I believe, it was from seeing him in this odd trim (as they call it) the ladies first took up the humour of calling him the handsome sloven, add to this, that he looked his misfortune in the face with a jolly countenance, and smiled even while he was penning the relation of his calamities, all which are certainly circumstances that first soothe a generous mind into a state of compassion, and afterwards heighten it in the breast wherein it is conceived Hence it came that this pretty and good-natured widow, Mrs. Digby, when she had expressed her commiseration of him by her looks, began to take the pen and express it in very tender terms neither did she think that expression in words a sufficient testimony of the compassion she bore to him, the generosity of her mind did lead her to express it in a more substantial manner still, and that was, to show it plainly by a very benevolent action. She laid a purse of twenty guineas before the table, and at the same time smiling, pointed to the table, as signifying her desire that he would accept it, and, running to the door, dropped a curtsy, and scuttled away; and, by the same civil act as she obliged him, she put it out of his power to refuse being so obliged, so that, though the present was very handsome, the manner of giving it was still handsomer.

If being a handsome young man of merit in distress, and bearing his misfortunes with an equal mind, are powerful motives to excite compassion in

## COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

the mind of a generous lady, so the generosity of a young agreeable widow, expressed in so kind and so benevolent a way to a young gentleman, when he had been tasting nothing but the bitter draughts of fortune before, must stir up an affection in a mind that had any sense of gratitude and truly, just such was the effect that this lady's civility had upon Mr. Duncan Campbell. He conceived from that moment a very great affection for her, and resolved to try whether he could gain her, which he had no small grounds to hope, from the esteem which she appeared to bear towards him already. 'I remember Mr Dryden makes a very beautiful observation of the near alliance there is between the two passions of pity and love in a woman's breast, in one of his plays. His words are these "For pity still fore-runs approaching love as lightning does the thunder." Mr Bruyere, a most ingenious member of the French Academy, has made another remark, which comes home to our present purpose. He says, that many women love their money better than their friends; but yet value their lovers more than their money. According to the two reflections of these fine writers upon the tempers of the pair, Mr Campbell had hopes enough to ground his courtship upon, and it appeared so in the end by his proving successful. She, from being a very liberal and friendly client, became at last a most affectionate wife. He then began to be a housekeeper, and accordingly took a little neat one, and very commodious for his profession, in Monmouth Court. Here I must take leave to make this observation, that if Mr. Campbell in-

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herited the talents of his second-sighted mother, he seemed likewise to be an heir to his father, Mr. Archibald Campbell, both in his strange and accidental sufferings by sea, and likewise in his being relieved from them, after as accidental and strange a manner, by an unexpected marriage, just like his father's.

And here we return again to take a new survey of him in the course of his public practice as a predictor. The accounts I shall give of his actions here, will be very various in their nature from any I have yet presented to the reader they are more mysterious in themselves, and yet I shall endeavour to make the manner of his operating in this kind as plain as, I think, I have the following ones, and then, I flatter myself, they must afford a fresh entertainment for every reader that has any curiosity and a good taste for things of so extraordinary a kind, for what I have all along propounded to myself from the beginning, and in the progress, and to the end of this history, is, to interweave entertaining and surprising narratives of what Mr Campbell has done, with curious and instructive inquiries into the nature of those actions, for which he has rendered himself so singularly famous. It was not, therefore, suitable to my purpose to clog the reader with numerous adventures, almost all of the same kind, but out of a vast number of them to single some few of those that were most remarkable and that were mysteries, but mysteries of very different sorts. I leave that method of swelling distorted and commented trifles into volumes, to the writers of fable and romance.

## THE SEER IN ACTION

if I was to tell his adventures with regard, for instance, to women that came to consult him, I might, perhaps, have not only written the stories of eleven thousand virgins that died maids, but have had relations to give of as many married women and widows, and the work would have been endless. All that I shall do, therefore, is to pick out one particular, each of a different kind, that there may be variety in the entertainment

Upon application to this dumb man, one is told, in the middle of her health, that she shall die at such a time, another, that she shall sicken, and upon the moment of her recovery, have a suitor and a husband; a third, who is a celebrated beauty, with a multitude of admirers round about her, that she shall never become a wife, a fourth, that is married, when she shall get rid of an uneasy husband, a fifth, that hath lost her goods, who stole them, where and when they shall be restored, a sixth, that is a merchant, when he shall be undone, and how and when he shall recover his losses, and be as great on the Exchange as ever, a seventh, that is a gamester, which will be his winning and his losing hour; an eighth, how he shall be involved in a lawsuit, and whether the suit will have a prosperous issue, a ninth, that is a woman with choice of lovers, which she shall be most happy with for life, and so on to many others, where every prediction is perfectly new and surprising, and differs from the other in almost every circumstance. When a man has so extensive a genius as this at foretelling the future occurrences of life, one narrative of a sort is

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enough in conscience to present the reader with , and several of each kind would not, methinks, be entertaining but tiresome , for he that can do one thing in these kinds by the power of prediction, can do ten thousand , and those who are obstinate in extenuating his talents, and calling his capacity in question, and that will not be convinced by one instance of his judgment, would not own the conviction if ten thousand instances were given them. The best passages I can recommend to their perusal, are those where persons, who came purposely to banter him under the colour of consulting him, and covered over their sly intentions with borrowed disguises, and came in masquerades, found all the jest turned upon themselves in the end, which they meant to our famous predictor , and had the discouragement of seeing their most-concealed and deepest-laid plots discovered, and all their most witty fetches and wily contrivances defeated, till they were compelled universally to acknowledge, that endeavouring to impose upon the judgment of our seer by any hidden artifice and cunning whatsoever was effectually imposing upon their own . His unusual talent in this kind was so openly known and so generally confessed, that his knowledge was celebrated in some of the most witty weekly papers that ever appeared in public. Isaac Bickerstaff, who diverted all the beau-monde for a long space of time with his lucubrations, takes occasion in several of his papers to applaud the speculations of this dumb gentleman, in an admirable vein of pleasantry and humour, peculiar to the writer, and to the subject he wrote upon , and

## A LETTER OF INQUIRY

when that bright author, who joined the uttermost facetiousness with the most solid improvements of morality and learning in his works, laid aside the title of a Tatler, and assumed the name of a Spectator and censor of men's actions, he still every now and then thought our Duncan Campbell a subject worthy enough to employ his farther consideration upon. I must take notice of one letter sent concerning him to the *Spectator*, in the year 1712, which was at a time when a lady wanted him, after he had removed from Monmouth Street to Drury Lane.

“MR. SPECTATOR, — About two years ago, I was called upon by the younger part of a country family, by my mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. Campbell, the dumb man, for they told me that was chiefly what brought them to town, having heard wonders of him in Essex. I, who always wanted faith in such matters, was not easily prevailed on to go; but lest they should take it ill, I went with them, when, to my own surprise, Mr. Campbell related all their past life (in short, had he not been prevented, such a discovery would have come out as would have ruined their next design of coming to town, viz., buying wedding clothes) Our names, though he never heard of us before, and endeavoured to conceal, were as familiar to him as to ourselves. To be sure, Mr. Spectator, he is a very learned and wise man. Being impatient to know my fortune, having paid my respects in a family Jacobus, he told me, after his manner, among several other things, that in a year and nine months I should fall ill of a new fever,

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be given over by my physicians, but should with much difficulty recover, that the first time I took the air afterwards, I should be addressed to by a young gentleman of a plentiful fortune, good sense, and a generous spirit Mr Spectator, he is the purest man in the world, for all he said is come to pass, and I am the happiest woman in Kent. I have been in quest of Mr. Campbell these three months, and cannot find him out now, hearing you are a dumb man too, I thought you might correspond and be able to tell me something, for I think myself highly obliged to make his fortune, as he has mine "T is very possible your worship, who has spies all over this town, can inform me how to send to him, if you can, I beseech you be as speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige your constant reader and admirer,

"DULCIBELLA THANKLEY."

### THE "SPECTATOR'S" ANSWER.

"Ordered that the inspector I employ about wonders inquire at the Golden Lion, opposite to the Half Moon Tavern in Drury Lane, into the merit of this silent sage, and report accordingly" — *Vide* the seventh volume of *Spectator*, No. 474, being on Wednesday, September the 3rd, 1712.

But now let us come to those passages of his life the most surprising of all, during the time that he enjoyed this reputation, and when he proved that he deserved the fame he enjoyed Let us take a survey of him while he is wonderfully curing persons labouring under the misfortune of witchcraft, of which the

## SUSANNA JOHNSON

following story will be an eminent instance, and likewise clear up how he came by his reputation in Essex, as mentioned in the above-mentioned letter to the *Spectator*.

In the year 1709, Susanna Johnson, daughter to one Captain Johnson, who lived at a place adjacent to Romford, in Essex, going one morning to that town to buy butter at the market, was met there by an old miserable-looking woman, just as she had taken some of her change of the market-woman in copper, and this old woman rather demanded than begged the gentlewoman to give her a penny Mrs. Johnson, reputing her to be one of those hateful people that are called sturdy beggars, refused it her, as thinking it to be no act of charity, and that it would be rather gratifying and indulging her impudence than supplying or satisfying her indigence Upon the refusal, the old hag, with a face more wrinkled still, if possible, by anger than it was by age, took upon her to storm at young Mrs. Johnson very loudly, and to threaten and menace her, but when she found her common threats and menaces of no avail, she swore she would be revenged of the young creature in so signal a manner, that she should repent the denial of that penny from her heart before she got home, and that it should cost her many pounds to get rid of the consequences of that denial and her anger. The poor innocent creature despised these last words likewise, and getting up on horse-back, returned homewards ; but just as she got about half way her horse stopped, and no means that she could use would make him advance one single step ,



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but she stayed a while, to see if that would humour him to go on. At last the beast began to grow unruly, and snorted and trembled as if he had seen or smelt something that frightened him, and so fell a kicking desperately till he threw the girl from the saddle, not being able to cling to it any longer, though a pretty good horsewoman of her years, so much were the horse's motions and plungings more than ordinarily violent.

As Providence would have it, she got not much harm by the fall, receiving only a little bruise in the right shoulder, but she was dreadfully frightened. This fear added wings to her feet, and brought her home as speedily of herself as she usually came on horseback. She immediately, without any other sign of illness than the pallid colour with which fear had disordered the complexion of her face, alarmed all the family at home with the story, took her bed upon it, complained of inward rackings of the belly, and was never at ease unless she lay doubled up together, her head to her knees, and her heels to her rump, just like a figure of 8. She could not be a single moment out of that posture without shrieking out with the violence of anxious torments and rack-ing pains.

In this condition of misery, amidst this agony of suffering, and in this double posture, was the poor wretched young gentlewoman brought to town. Physicians were consulted about her, but in vain. She was carried to different hospitals for assistance, but their endeavours likewise proved ineffectual. At last she was conducted to the College of Physicians,

## A LAST RESORT

and even the collective wisdom of the greatest sages and adepts in the science of physic was posed to give her any prescription that would do her service, and relieve her from the inexplicable malady she laboured under. The poor incurable creature was one constant subject of her complaining mother's discourse in every company she came into. It happened at last, and very providentially, truly, that the mother was thus condoling the misfortune of her child among five or six ladies, and telling them, among other things, that by the most skilful persons she was looked upon to be bewitched, and that it was not within the power of physic to compass her recovery. They all having been acquainted with our Mr. Duncan Campbell, unanimously advised her to carry her daughter to his house, and consult with him about her. The mother was overjoyed at these tidings, and purposed to let no time slip where her child's health was so deeply concerned. She got the ladies to go with her and her child, to be eye-witnesses of so extraordinary a piece of practice, and so eminent a trial of skill.

As soon as this dismal object was brought into his room Mr Duncan Campbell lifted up her head and looked earnestly in her face, and in less than a minute's time signified to the company that she was not only bewitched, but in as dreadful a condition almost as the man that had a legion of fiends within him.

At the reading of these words, the unhappy creature raised up her head, turned her eyes upwards, and a smile (a thing she had been a stranger to for many months) overspread her whole face, and such a

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kind of colour as is the flushing of joy and gladness, and with an innocent tone of voice she said she now had a firm belief she should shortly be delivered. The mother and the rest of the company were all in tears, but Mr Campbell wrote to them that they should be of good heart, be easy and quiet for a few moments, and they should be convinced that it was witchcraft, but happily convinced, by seeing her so suddenly well again. This brought the company into pretty good temper, and a little after, Mr. Campbell desired she might be led upstairs to his chamber, and left there alone with him for a little while. This occasioned some small female speculation, and as much mirth as their late sorrow, alleviated with the hopes of her cure, would permit.

This, you may be sure, was but a snatch of mirth, just as the nature of the thing would allow of, and all sorts of waggery being laid instantly aside, and removed almost as soon as conceived, the poor young thing was carried in that double posture upstairs. She had not been much above half-an-hour there, when, by the help only of Mr. Campbell's arm, she was led downstairs, and descended into that room full of company, as a miracle appearing in a machine from above, she was led backward and forward through the room, while all gazed at her for a while with joyful astonishment, for no arrow was more straight than she. Mr Campbell then prevailed with her to drink a glass of wine, and immediately after she evacuated wind, which she had not done some months before, and found herself still more amended and easy, and then the mother, making

## THE SCIENCE OF MAGIC

Mr. Campbell some small acknowledgment at that time, with the promise of more, and her daughter giving thanks, and all the company commending his skill, took their leave and departed with great demonstrations of joy. I shall here, to cut the story short, signify that she came frequently afterwards to make her testimonials of gratitude to him, and continues to enjoy her health to this very day at Greenwich, where she now lives, and will at any time, if called upon, make oath of the truth of this little history, as she told me herself with her own mouth.

The next thing, therefore, it behoves me to do in this chapter is, to give some satisfactory account of magic, by which such seeming mysterious cures and operations are brought about

This task I would perform in the most perspicuous and most convincing manner I can, for magic, I know, is held to be a very hard and difficult study by those learned, and universally unlawful and diabolical by those unlearned, who believe there is such a science attainable by human genius. On the other hand, by some learned men, who believe there is no such science, it is represented as an inconsistent system of superstitions and chimeras, and again laughed at as such by the unlearned, who are of an incredulous temper. What I would therefore undertake to do in this place is to show the learned men, who believe there is such an art, that the attainment to a tolerable knowledge of the manner how magical practices may be brought about is no such difficult matter as they have represented it to themselves; and by doing this I shall make the system of it so plain, that while

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the learned approve of it, the unlearned, too, who are not of an unbelieving kind, may understand clearly what I say ; and the learned men who have rejected this science as chimerical, may be clearly convinced it is real, and then there is nothing left but obstinate, unbelieving ignorance, which I shall not here pretend by arguments to lead into sense, but leave it to the work of time. In fine, I will endeavour to induce men of sense to say, that what has been accounted mysterious is delivered in a plain, easy, and convincing manner, and to own that they approve, while men of the lower class of understanding shall confess and acknowledge that they themselves understand it, and that what has hitherto been represented as arduous and difficult to a great genius is adapted and rendered not only clear but familiar to persons of middling talents. In this work, therefore, I shall follow the strictest order I can (which of all things renders a discourse upon any subject the most clear); and that it may be plain to the commonest capacity, I will first set down what order I intend to follow.

First, I will speak of magic in general.

Secondly, of magic under its several divisions and subdivisions

Thirdly, concerning the object of art, as it is good or bad.

Fourthly, of the persons exercising that art in either capacity of good or bad, and by what means they become capacitated to exercise it.

In the fifth place I shall come to the several objections against the art of magic, and the refutation of those objections.

## MAGIC IN GENERAL

The first objection shall be against the existence of good and bad spirits, the refutation of which will consist in my proving the existences of spirits both good and bad, by reason, and by experience.

The second objection that will be brought, is to contain an allegation that there are no such persons as witches now, and an argument to support that allegation, drawn from the incapacity and impossibility of anything making (while itself is incarnate) a contract with a spirit. This objection will be answered by proving the reality of witches from almost universal experience, and by explaining rationally the manner how the devils hold commerce with witches, which explication is backed and authorised by the opinion of the most eminent divines and the most learned physicians.

From hence, sixthly and lastly, we shall conclude on the side of the good magic, that as there are witches on the one hand that may afflict and torment persons with demons, so on the other hand there are lawful and good magicians that may cast out demons from people that are possessed with them.

And, first, as to magic in general. Magic consists in the spirit by faith, for faith is that magnet of the magicians by which they draw spirits to them, and by which spirits they do great things, and appear like miracles.

Secondly, magic is divided into three sorts, viz., divine, natural, and diabolical; and natural magic is again subdivided into two kinds, simple and compound, and natural compound magic is again likewise divided into two kinds, viz., natural divine

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**magic and natural diabolical magic** Now, to give the reader a clear and distinct notion of each several species of magic here mentioned, I set down the following definitions — Divine magic is a celestial science, in which all operations that are wonderfully brought about are performed by the Spirit of God. Natural magic is a science in which all the mysterious acts that are wrought are compassed by natural spirits, but this natural magic may be exercised about things either in a manner indifferent in themselves, or mere morally good, and then it is mere natural magic, or else about things theologically good and transcendently bad, and then it is not merely and natural magic but mixed and compound. If natural magic be exercised about the most holy operations, it is then mixed with the divine, and may then be called, not improperly, natural divine magic, but if natural magic troubles itself about compassing the wickedest practices, then is it promiscuous with the demoniacal, and may not improperly be called natural diabolical magic.

Thirdly, the object of this art is doing wonders out of the ordinary appearing course of nature, which tend either to great good or bad, by the help and mediation of spirits good and bad.

Fourthly, as to the persons exercising that art in either way, whether good or bad, and by what means they become capacitated to act it, the notion of this may be easily deduced from the notions of the art itself, as considered above in its each different species: for as all magic consists in a spirit, every magician acts by a spirit.

## PRO AND CON

Divine magicians that are of God are spoken of in the sacred book, and therefore I shall not mention the passages here, but pass them over, as I ought to do in a book like this, with a profound and reverential silence, as well as the other passages, which speak of natural and demoniacal magicians; and in all I shall speak of them in this place, I shall only speak of them with regard to human reason and experience, and conclude this head with saying, that natural magicians work all things by the natural spirits of the elements, but that witches and demoniacal magicians, as Jannes and Jambres in Egypt were, work their magical performances by the spirit of demons, and it is by the means of these different spirits that these different magicians perform their different operations.

These things thus distinctly settled and explained, it is now we must come and ground the dispute, between those who believe there are no such things as magicians of any kind, and those who assert there are of all the kinds above specified.

Those who contend there are, have recourse to experience, and relate many well-witnessed narratives, to prove that there have been at all times, and that there are still, magicians of all these kinds; but those who contend that there are no such persons, will give no ear to what the others call plain experience; they call the stories, let whatever witnesses appear to justify them, either fabulous legends invented by the authors, or else tricks of intellectual legerdemain imposed by the actors upon the relaters of those actions. Since, therefore, they say, though



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the believers in magic brag of experience never so much, it may be but a fallible experience, they reasonably desire to know whether these gentlemen that stand for magic can answer the objections which they propose, to prove that the practice of magic, according to the system laid down, is inconsistent with reason, before they will yield their assent. Let the stories be never so numerous, appear never so credible, these unbelieving gentlemen desire to be tried by reason, and aver, till that reason is given, they will not be convinced by the number of stories, because, though numerous, they are stories still, neither will they believe them because they appear credible, because seeming so is not being so, and appearances, though never so fair, when they contradict reason, are not to be swallowed down with an implicit faith as so many realities. And thus far, no doubt, the gentlemen who are on the unbelieving side, are very much in the right on it. The learned gentlemen, on the other hand, who are persuaded of this mighty mysterious power being lodged in the hands of magicians, answer, that they will take upon them to refute the most subtle objections brought by the learned unbelievers, and to reconcile the practicability of magical mysteries, by the capacity of men who study that art to right rules and laws of reasoning, and to show that some stories, though never so prodigious, which are told of magicians, demand the belief of wise men on two accounts; because, as experience backs reason on the one hand, reason backs experience on the other, and so the issue of the whole argument (whether there are magicians

## FIRST OBJECTION

or not) is thrown upon both experience and reason. These arguments on each side I shall draw up fairly, *pro* and *con*, for I do not pretend to be the inventor of them myself, they belong to other authors many years ago ; be it enough for me to boast of, if I can draw them up in a better and closer form together than they have yet appeared in in that I take upon myself a very great task , I erect myself as it were into a kind of a judge , I will sum up the evidences on both sides, and I shall, wherever I see occasion, intimate which side of the argument bears the most weight with me , but when I have enforced my opinion as far as I think needful, my readers, like a jury, are still at liberty to bring in their verdict just as they themselves shall see fit , and this naturally leads me where I promised to come to in the fifth part of this discourse, to the several objections against the power of art magic and refutation of those objections

### THE FIRST OBJECTIONS BEING AGAINST THE EXISTENCE OF SPIRITS, AND THE REFUTATIONS THEREOF.

The first objection, which they who reject magic make use of, is, denying that there are any such things as spirits, about which, since those who defend the art say it entirely exerciseth itself, the objectors contend, that if they can make out that there are no such beings as spirits, all pretensions to the art must be entirely groundless, and for the future exploded.

To make this part out, that there are no spirits,

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the first man they produce on their side is undoubtedly one of very great credit and authority, inasmuch as he has justly borne for many centuries the title of a prince of philosophers. They say that Aristotle, in his book "De Mundo," reasons thus against the existence of spirits, viz, That since God can do all things of Himself, He doth not stand in need of ministering angels and demons, a multitude of servants showing the weakness of a prince.

The gentlemen who defend the science make this reply · they allow the credit and authority of Aristotle as much as the objectors ; but as the objectors themselves deny all the authorities for the spirits, and desire that reason may be the only ground they go upon, so the refuters, on their parts, desire that Aristotle's *ipse dixit* may not be absolutely passed upon them for argument, but that his words may be brought to the same touchstone of reason, and proved if they are standard. If this argument, say they, will hold good, Aristotle should not suppose intelligences moving the celestial spheres, for God sufficeth to move all without ministering spirits , nor would there be need of a sun in the world, for God can enlighten all things by Himself, and so all second causes would be taken away ; therefore there are angels and ministering spirits in the world, for the majesty of God, not for His want of them, and for order, not for His omnipotency. And here, if the objectors return and say, Who told you that there are spirits? Is not yours a precarious hypothesis? may not we have leave to recriminate in this place, Pray who told Aristotle that there were in-

## SPIRITUAL SUBSTANCE

telligences that moved the celestial spheres ? Is not this hypothesis as precarious as any man may pretend that of spirits to be ? and we believe there are few philosophers at present who agree with Aristotle in that opinion , and we dare pronounce this to be ours, that Aristotle took his intelligences from the Hebrews, who went according to the same whimsical though pretty notion, which first gave rise to the fiction of the nine Muses , but more than all this, it is a very great doubt among learned men, whether this book “ De Mundo,” be Aristotle’s or no.

The next thing the objectors bring against the existence of spirits, is, that it is nonsense for men to say that there are such beings of which it is impossible for a man to have any notion, and they insist upon it that it is impossible for any man to form an idea of a spiritual substance. As to this part, the defendants rejoice, that they think our late most judicious Mr. Locke, in his elaborate and finished “ Essay on Human Understanding,” has fairly made out, that men have as clear a notion of a spiritual substance as they have of any corporeal substance, matter, or body , and that there is as much reason for admitting the existence of the one as of the other ; for that if they admit the latter, it is but humour in them to deny the former. It is in book the second, chapter 29, where he reasons thus “ If a man will examine himself, concerning his notion of pure substance in general, he will find he has no other idea of it, but only a supposition of he knows not what support of such quality which are capable of producing simple ideas in us, which qualities are commonly called ac-

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cidents. Thus if we talk or think of any particular sort of corporeal substance, as horse, stone, &c., though the idea we have of either of them be but the complication or collection of those several simple ideas, or sensible qualities, which we use to find united in the thing called horse or stone, yet because we cannot conceive how they should subsist alone, not one in another, we suppose them to exist in and be supported by some common subject, which support we denote by the name of substance, though it be certain we have no clear or distinct idea of that thing we suppose a support. The same happens concerning the operations of our mind, viz., thinking, reasoning, and fearing, &c., which we concluding not to subsist of themselves, and not apprehending how they can belong to body, we are apt to think these the actions of some substance which we call spirit. Whereby it is evident, that having no other notion of matter, but something wherein those many sensible qualities, which affect our senses, do subsist by supposing a substance wherein thinking, knowing, doubting, and a power of moving, &c., do subsist, we have as clear a notion of the nature or substance of spirit, as we have of body, the one being supposed to be, without knowing what is the substratum to those simple ideas which we have, from without, and the other supposed, with a like ignorance of what it is, to be the substratum of the operations which we experiment in ourselves within. 'T is plain then, that the idea of corporeal substance in matter, is as remote from our conceptions and apprehensions as that of spiritual substance, and therefore from our not hav-

## LOCKE AND LE CLERC

ing any notion of the substance of spirit we can no more conclude its non-existence, than we can for the same reason deny the existence of body, it being as rational to affirm there is no body, because we cannot know its essence, as it's called, or have the idea of the substance of matter, as to say, there is no spirit, because we know not its essence, or have no idea of a spiritual substance." Mr. Locke, also comparing our idea of spirit with our idea of body, thinks there may seem rather less obscurity in the former than the latter. Our idea of body, he takes to be an extended solid substance, capable of communicating motion by impulse, and our idea of soul is a substance that thinks, and has a power of exciting motion in body by will or thought. Now, some perhaps will say, they comprehend a thinking thing, which perhaps is true, but, he says, if they consider it well, they can no more comprehend an extended thing, and if they say they know not what it is thinks in them, they mean they know not what the substance is of that thinking thing, no more, says he, do they know what the substance is of that solid thing, and if they say, they know not how they think, he says, neither do they know how they are extended, how the solid parts are united, or where to make extension, &c.

The learned Monsieur Le Clerc, who generally knows how far human reason can bear, argues consonantly to what is before delivered by Mr Locke, in his "Coronis" added to the end of the fourth volume of his philosophical works, in the third edition of them, where he writes as followeth.

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“When we contemplate the corporeal nature, we can see nothing in it but extension, divisibility, solidity, mobility, and various determinations of quantity, or figures, which being so, it were a rash thing, and contrary to the laws of right reasoning, to affirm other things of bodies; and consequently from mere body, nothing can be deduced by us, which is not joined in a necessary connection with the said properties. Therefore those, who have thought the properties of perceiving by *sense*, of understanding, willing, imagining, remembering, and others the like, which have no affinity with corporeal things, to have risen from the body, have greatly transgressed in the method of right reasoning and philosophising, which hath been done by Epicurus, and those who have thought as he did, having affirmed our minds to be composed of corporeal atoms. But whence shall we say they have had their rise? truly, they do not owe their rise to matter, which is wholly destitute of sense and thought, nor are they spontaneously sprung up from nothing, it being an ontological maxim of most evident truth, that nothing springs from nothing.”

Having thus given the reader the first objections made against the existence of spirits, and the refutations thereof, I must now frankly own on which side my opinion leans, and for my part, it seems manifest to me that there are two beings we conceive very plainly and distinctly, viz., body and spirit, and that it would be as absurd and ridiculous to deny the existence of the one, as of the other: and really, if the refuters have got the better in their way of

## SPIRITS MAY BE SEEN

reasoning, they have still a much greater advantage over the objectors, when they come to back these reasons with fresh arguments drawn from experience. Of this, there having been many undoubted narratives given in the foregoing pages, concerning the apparitions of spirits, I shall refer the reader back again to them, and only subjoin here one or two instances, which may, if required, be proved upon oath, of spirits seen by two persons of our Duncan Campbell's own acquaintance. In the year 1711, one Mrs. Stephens and her daughter were, together with Mr. Campbell, at the house of Mr. Ramell's, a very great and noted weaver at Haggerstone, where the rainy weather detained them till late at night. Just after the clock struck twelve, they all of them went to the door to see if the rain had ceased, being extremely desirous to get home. As soon as ever they had opened the door and were all got together, there appeared before them a thing all in white; the face seemed of a dismal pallid hue, but the eyes thereof fiery and flaming like beacons, and of a saucer size. It made its approaches to them, till it came up within the space of about three yards of them; there it fixed and stood like a figure agaze, for some minutes; and they all stood likewise stiff like the figure, frozen with fear, motionless, and speechless. when all of a sudden it vanished from their eyes; and that apparition to the sight was succeeded by a noise, or the appearance of a noise, like that which is occasioned by the fighting of twenty mastiff dogs.

Not long after, Mrs. Anne Stephens, who lived in



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Spitalfields, a woman well known by her great dealings with mercers upon Ludgate Hill, sitting in her house alone, and musing upon business, happened by accident to look behind her, and saw a dead corpse, to her thinking, he extended upon the floor just as a dead corpse should be, excepting that the foot of one leg was fixed on the ground as it is in a bed, when one lies with one knee up, she looked at it a long while, and by degrees at last stole her eyes from so unpleasant and unexpected an object. However, a strange kind of a curiosity overcame her fears, and she ventured a second time to turn her head that way, and saw it, as before, fixed for a considerable time longer, but durst not stir from her seat, she again withdrew her eyes from the horrible and melancholy spectacle, and resumed the courage, after a little reflection, of viewing it again, and resolving to ascertain herself if the vision was real, by getting up from her seat and going to it, but upon this third retrospection she found it vanished. This relation she writ down to Mr. Duncan Campbell, and has told it before Mrs. Ramell, her own sister, and many other very creditable persons. Now as to these arguments from experience, I shall also deliver my opinion; I dispute not but that learned men, who have obstinate prepossessions, may produce plausible arguments, why all things should be thought to be done by imposture which seem strange to them, and interfere with their belief, and truly thus far their humour may be indulged, that if only one person relates a very strange and surprising story, a man may be more apt to think it is possible for that person to lie, than that so strange

## SECOND OBJECTION

a relation should be true ; but if a considerable number of persons of several countries, several religions, several professions, several ages, and those persons looked upon to be of as great sagacity as any the country afford, agree in relations of the same kind, though very strange, and are ready to vouch the truth of them upon oath after having well considered circumstances, I think it a violation of the law of nature to reject all these relations as fabulous, merely upon a self-presuming conceit, unless a man can fairly show the things to be impossible, or can demonstrate wherein those persons were imposed on ; for from hence I form the following conclusive argument . What is possible according to reason grows probable according to belief, where the possibility is attested to have reduced itself into action by persons of known credit and integrity. Now, not only the possibility of the existence of spirits, but the actual existence thereof, is proved above by logical demonstration , therefore are we to believe both by the course of logical reason, and moral faith, that those existences have appeared to men of credit, who have attested the reality thereof upon oath

### SECOND OBJECTION AGAINST THE EXISTENCE OF WITCHES.

These objections go on to say that, provided they should allow there is an existence of spirits, yet that would be still no argument how magic should subsist, because they deny that it is possible for a man in his body to have a commerce, much less make a contract

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with spirits; but here again the refuters allege they have both experience and reason on their sides. As a joint argument of reason and experience, they tell you that the numerous witches which have in all countries been arraigned and condemned upon this occasion, are evident testimonies of this commerce and contract being held and made with spirits. They pretend to say that these objectors call not their, the refuters', judgment so much in question, who contend that there is a magic art, as they call in question the judgment of all the wisest legislative powers in Christendom, who have universally agreed in enacting penal laws against such capital offenders.

But here the objectors return and say that it being impossible for us to show the manner how such a contract should be made, we can never, but without reason, believe a thing to be of which we can form no perfect idea. The refuters, on the other hand, reply with the learned Father le Brune it's manifest, that we can see but two sorts of beings, spirits and bodies, and that since we can reason but according to our own ideas, we ought to ascribe to spirits what cannot be produced by bodies. Indeed, the author of the "Republic of Learning," in the month of August, anno 1686, has given us a rough draft for writing a good tract of witchcraft, which he looks upon as a desideratum, where among other things he writes thus. "Since this age is the true time of systems, one should be contrived concerning the commerce that may be betwixt demons and men."

On this passage, Father le Brune writes thus. "Doubtless here the author complies with the lan-

## SYSTEM IN MAGIC

guage of a great many persons, who for want of attention and light, would have us put all religion in systems. Whatever regard I ought to have for many of those persons, I must not be afraid to say that there is no system to be made of those truths, which we ought to learn distinctly by faith, because we must advance nothing here but what we receive from the oracle. We must make a system to explain the effects of the loadstone, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, the motion of the planets ; for that the cause of these effects is not evidently signified to us, and many may be conceived by us , and to determine us, we have need of a great number of observations, which by an exact induction, may lead us to a cause that may satisfy all the phenomena. It's not the same in the truths of religion, we come not at them by groping , it were to be wished men spoke not of them, but after a decisive and infallible authority. It's thus we should speak of the power of demons, and of the commerce they have with men , it's of faith that they have power, and that they attack men, and try to seduce them divers ways. It is true indeed, they are sometimes permitted to have it over the just, though they have it not ordinarily but over those that want faith, or fear not to partake of their works , and that to the last particularly, the disordered intelligences try to make exactly succeed what they wish ; inspiring them to have recourse to certain practices by which those seducing spirits enter into commerce with men." Thus far Father le Brune. But still these objectors demand to know by what means this commerce may be held between

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demons and men, and urge us to describe the manner; or pretend that they have still reason to refuse coming into the belief of a thing which we would impose upon them, though wholly ignorant of it ourselves. To that, the refuters answer thus: That both Christian divines, and physicians agree (as to the manner how, which they are so curious in inquiring after), that demons stir up raptures and ecstasies in men, binding or loosing the exterior senses, and that either by stopping the pores of the brain, so that the spirits cannot pass forth (as it's done naturally by sleep), or by recalling the sensitive spirits from the outward senses to the inward organs, which he there retains. So the devil renders women witches ecstatical and magicians, who, while they lie fast asleep in one place, think they have been in divers places and done many things. This the learned objectors say proceeds from no demon, but from the disease called an epilepsy, but, on the other hand, the more learned refuters insist upon it that these ecstasies are not epileptic seizures. This, say they, appears from Bodin, in his "Theatre of Universal Nature," where he says that "those that are wrapt by the devil feel neither stripes nor cuttings, nor no wresting of their limbs, nor burning tortures, nor the application of a red-hot iron, nay, nor is the beat of the pulse, nor the motion of the heart perceived in them, but afterwards, returning to themselves, they feel most bitter pains of the wounds received, and tell of things done at 600 miles distance, and affirm themselves to have seen them done." The ingenious Dr. Ader makes an admirable physical

## NATURAL MAGIC

distinction between this kind of ecstasy and a syncope or stupor caused by narcotic medicines. Sennertus, in his "*Institutio Medica*," writes of the demoniacal sopor of witches, who think they are carried through the air, dance, feast, and have copulation with the devil, and do other things in their sleep, and afterwards believe the same things waking. Now he says, "Whether they are really so carried in the air, &c., or being in a profound sleep, only dream they are so carried, and persist in that opinion after they are awake, these facts or dreams cannot be natural, for it cannot be that there should be so great an agreement in dreams, of persons differing in place, temperament, age, sex, and studies, that in one night, and at the same hour, they should, in concert, dream of one and the same such meeting, and should agree as to the place, number, and quality of the persons and the like circumstances. But such dreams are suggested from a preternatural cause, viz., from the devil to his confederate, by the divine permission of an Almighty power, where punishments are to be permitted to be inflicted upon reprobate sinners."

Whence also, to those witches sincerely converted, and refusing to be any more present at those diabolical meetings, those dreams no longer happen, which is a proof that they proceeded not, before, from a natural cause.

Here begins the great point of the dispute as to that branch of magic which we call natural magic. The objectors may tell us that they will freely own that there may be an existence of spirits, that there may be an existence of witches, that by a divine

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power men may be influenced so far as to have a communication with good spirits, and that from thence they may become spiritual, divine magicians. They will likewise, perhaps, as freely grant that, by the intervention of a demon, things preternatural may be brought about by persons who have studied the demoniacal magic, but then what they principally insist upon is, that it must be contradictory to all human reason to imagine that there can be such a thing as natural magicians, and thus far they may form their argument. They say that the persons who contend for the magic art own that all that is brought about by magic is by the assistance and help of a spirit, and that consequently what is effected by it must be preternatural. Now they say it is a thing inconsistent by a natural power to bring about a preternatural effect, therefore there can be no such thing as natural magic, which has within itself the efficacy of destroying those acts done by magicians in the diabolical.

To this the refuters take leave to reply, that the foundation upon which the argument is built is wrongly grounded, they have admitted that, in diabolical magic art, there may be a commerce held between men and spirits, by which several preternatural effects may be brought about; and the reason they assign for it there is, because there is a preternatural agent concerned therein, the devil; but then, say they, in natural magic you can pretend to no such agent, and therefore to no such preternatural effect. This argument contains within it two fallacies, first, as to the commerce held between a man

## PRETERNATURAL MAGIC

and a demon, there is nothing preternatural in getting the acquaintance; the will of the man is entirely natural, either naturally good or naturally corrupted. The black spirit that converseth with him, it is acknowledged is not so, but it is from the will of the man, not from the power vested in the devil that the acquaintance first grows, therefore the acquaintance itself is natural, though it arises from the last corruption and depravations of nature; but being made with a preternatural existence, though the cause of the acquaintance be corruptedly natural, yet the intermediate cause or means after that acquaintance is not so, and therefore the effect of that intermediate cause may be wonderful, and seem to be out of the ordinary course of nature. Now, since it is generally allowed that there are natural spirits of the elements as well as divine and infernal, what we have to prove is only this, that man, by natural magic, may have a commerce with natural spirits of their elements, as witches may have with the spirits or demons. Now, as we said before, the commerce itself depends upon the will of the person, and is therefore natural, and consequently may as well subsist between the one as the other, for the devil cannot force a man to hold a commerce with him whether he will or no. The second fallacy is calling the effect preternatural, no otherwise than as it connotes the agent that brought it about, which is a spiritual agent; for the effect is (in itself considered) natural, and brought about by second causes that are natural, by the devil's penetration, who is subtle enough to make use of them for such and such ends. Now men, by



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natural spirits, which are of a faculty thoroughly subtle, may as well, with natural second causes, compass the remedy of an evil-spirit as the devil is able to infect men with it. From these speculations a farther plain consequence may be deduced, how a man may, by the pure force of natural magic, cure a person that is infested with evils by a demon, for how is it that a demon infests any body with his evil motions? 'Tis true he is a preternatural agent, but the evil effect he does is brought about by natural causes. For how does a demon stir up raptures or ecstasies in men? Why, he does it (as we are told above) by binding or loosing the exterior senses, by stopping the pores of the brain, so that the spirits cannot pass forth, and this the art of physic can compass by its drugs, and sleep causes the same thing very naturally of itself, therefore as the evil itself is natural, the remedy that is natural will certainly overcome it. But then, say you, why cannot those persons be cured by physicians? I answer, not because their remedies are not in themselves sufficient to cure the evils themselves, but because generally physicians do not administer their drugs as Christians but as physicians, and when they prescribe them to the sick they generally prescribe to them only purely considered as patients, not as Christians, and therein they come to fail, because the agent, the devil, is a subtle spirit that brings the evil, and alters its situation before the remedy, which would master it otherwise, can take any effect; which agent, the devil, is employed by the horrible and impious faith of the anti-physician, viz., the black magician. But

## MAGIC IN SCRIPTURE

if the physician would act the Christian at the same time, so far as to have a faith that things ordained in the course of nature, for the good of man, would have its effects in spite of a devil, if taken with a good faith by the patient; that all good things ordained to be for the natural recovery of men, if they took it with thankfulness to the sender, would have due effect, why then the natural spirits of the elements would resist the farther agency of the demoniacal spirit, and then nothing but the natural evil (caused at first by the demon) remaining in the person without the farther superintendency of the demon, might demonstratively be taken away by the mere natural remedy or medicine, and thus good and pious physicians, making use of such proper remedies as their skill teaches them, and having an honest faith that the goods of nature intended for the use and benefit of man, if received by the patient with the same good faith, is above the power of the devil to frustrate, may not improperly be called natural magicians. These arguments of mine I shall now take leave to back by experience.

Besides what we have urged from reason, concerning the power of natural magic, we shall only subjoin, that divines themselves hold that natural magic, and also natural divinations and prophecies, are proved by quotations from that venerable writ which is their guide, and bring proofs from the same also, that by natural magic demons are also cast forth, but not all kinds of demons, and so many works of efficacy are wrought by natural magic. They tell you such was the Pythonissa that raised the apparition to Saul,

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which appeared in a body of wind and air. Thus if a person, by natural magic, should cast out demons, it does not follow that this was also from divine magic, and if demons are cast out by natural magic by one that is in the fear of God, it does not follow that he is a true magician of God, but if it exorbitates to demoniacal, then it is condemned, and when natural magic keeps within its bounds, the divines tell us it is not condemned in the venerable book, which is the Christian's sure guide, but, inasmuch as the lawfulness even of natural magic has been called in question by others, I shall, in an Appendix joined to this treatise, examine that matter both according to the reasons of our English laws, and according to the best stated rules of casuistry that I am master of, still submitting my judgment to the superior judgment of those who are professed divines and lawyers, and if my opinions prove erroneous I am willing to retract them. And therefore, in this place, there remains nothing farther for me to do, but only, as I have shown on the one hand, how natural magic and its powerful operations are proved by reason, to show, on the other hand, how far reason in these cases is likewise backed and supported by well-evidenced practice and notorious experience, and to do this, after having mentioned one memorable instance, which I refer the reader to in the body of the book, concerning the performances of Mr. Greatrix, to which a Lord Orrery was a witness in Ireland, I shall, to avoid prolixity, bring the other testimonials of practice, from the success which our Duncan Campbell himself has had in this way on other occasions.

## THE CASE OF MR. COATES

In the year 1713, lived in Fenchurch Street one Mr. Coates, a tobacco merchant, who had been for many years sorely tormented in his body, and had had recourse for a cure to all the most eminent physicians of the age, even up to the great Dr. Radcliffe himself, but all this mighty application for relief was still in vain. Each doctor owned him a wonder and a mystery to physic, and left him as much a wonder as they found him. Neither could the professors of surgery guess at his ailment, or resolve the riddle of his distemper; and after having spent from first to last above a thousand pounds in search of proper remedies, they found the search ineffectual. The learned all agreed that it could proceed from nothing else but witchcraft, they had now, indeed, guessed the source of his illness, but it was an illness of such a kind that, when they had found it out, they thought themselves not the proper persons to prescribe to him any remedies. That task was reserved, it seems, for our Duncan Campbell, who, upon somebody's information or other, was sent for to the bewitched patient, Mr. Coates, who found him the wonder that the others had left him, but did wonders in undertaking and compassing his cure. I remember one of the ingredients made use of was boiling his own water, but I cannot tell how it was used, and, upon turning over the books of some great physician since, I have found that they themselves have formerly delivered that as one part of the prescriptions for the cure of patients in like cases. But as there are other things which Mr. Campbell performs that seem to require a mixture of the second-sight and of this natural magic before

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they can be brought about, I will entertain the reader with one or two passages of that sort likewise, and so conclude the history of this so singular a man's life and adventures.

In the year 1710 a gentlewoman lost about six pounds' worth of Flanders lace, and inasmuch as it was a present made to her husband, she was concerned as much as if it had been of twenty times the value, and a lady of her acquaintance coming to visit her, to whom she unfolded, among other things in discourse, this little disaster, the lady, smiling, replied with this question, "Did you never hear, madam, of Mr Duncan Campbell? It is but making your application to him, things that are lost are immediately found. the power of his knowledge exceeds even the power of laws they but restrain and frighten, and punish robbers, but he makes thieves expiate their guilt, by the more virtuous way of turning restorers of the goods they have stolen" "Madam," rejoined the losing gentlewoman, "you smile when you tell me this, but really, as much a trifle as it is, since 't was a present to my husband, I can't help being sensibly concerned at it, a moment's disappointment to him in the least thing in nature creates in me a greater uneasiness than the greatest disappointment to my single self could do in things of moment and importance." "What makes me smile," said the lady, "when I speak of it or think of it, is the oddness and peculiarity of this man's talent in helping one to such things; but without the least jest, I assure you that I know by experience these things come within the compass of his knowl-

## AN EAGER CLIENT

edge ; and I must seriously tell you, for your farther satisfaction, that he has helped me and several of my friends to the finding again things lost, which were of great value." "And is this, without laughing, true ?" said the losing fair, very gravely and demurely, like a person half believing, and desirous to be fully confirmed in such a belief. The lady she advised with did then ascertain her of the truth of the matter, alleging that for a single half-guinea he would inform her of her things, and describe the person that conveyed them away. No sooner was this gentlewoman convinced, but she was eager for the trial, solicited her friend to conduct her to Mr. Campbell, and upon the first word of consent, she was hooded and scarfed immediately, and they coached it away in a trice to Mr. Campbell's house, whom they luckily found within.

The ladies had not been long seated before he wrote down the name of this new client of his, exactly as it was, viz., Mrs. Saxon. Then she was in good hopes, and with much confidence, propounded to him the question about the lace. He paused but a very little while upon the matter before he described the person that took it, and satisfied her that in two or three days she would be mistress of her lace again, and find it in some book or corner of her room. She presented him a half-guinea, and was very contentedly going away ; but Mr. Campbell very kindly stopped her, and signified to her that if she had no more to offer to him, he had something of more importance to reveal to her. She sat full of expectation while he wrote this new matter ; and the paper

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he delivered to her contained the following account :  
“ As for the loss of a little bit of lace, it is a mere trifle ; you have lost a great many hundreds of pounds, which your aunt (naming her name) left you, but you are bubbled out of that large sum. For while you was artfully required downstairs, about some pretended business or other, one Mr. H—tt—n conveyed your aunt’s will out of the desk, and several other things of value ” and writing down the names of all the persons concerned, which put Mrs. Saxon in a great consternation, he concluded this paper with bidding her go home with a contented mind, she should find her lace in a few days, and as she found that prediction prove true, she should afterwards come and consult about the rest

When she came home, it seems, big at first with the thoughts of what she had been told, she rifled and ransacked every corner, but no lace was to be met with. All the next day she hunted in the like manner, but frightened the whole time, as if she thought the devil was the only person could bring it, but all to no purpose, the third day her curiosity abated, she gave over the hopes of it, and took the prediction as a vain delusion, and that what she gave for it was only more money thrown away after what had been lost before. That very day, as it commonly happens in such cases, when she least dreamt of it, she lighted on it by accident and surprise. She ran with it in her hand immediately to her husband, and now she had recovered it again, told him of the loss of it, and the whole story of her having been at Mr. Campbell’s about it ; and then amplifying the dis-

## A WELCOME DISCLOSURE

course about what he had told her besides, as to more considerable affairs, she said she resolved to go and consult him a little farther about them, and begged her husband to accompany her. He would fain have laughed her out of that opinion and intent, but the end was she persuaded him into it, and prevailed upon him to seem at least very serious about the matter, and go with her to the oracle, assuring him there was no room for doubting the same success.

Well, to Mr. Campbell's they accordingly came, and after Mr. Saxon, in deference to his wife's desire, had paid our predictor a handsome compliment of gold, Mr. Duncan Campbell saluted him in as grateful a manner, with the assurance that there was in Kent a little country house with some lands appertaining to it, that was his in right of his wife; that he had the house, as it were, before his eyes, that though he had never substantially seen it, nor been near the place where it stood, he had seen it figuratively, as if in exact painting and sculpture; that particularly it had four green trees before the door, from whence he was positive, that if Mr. Saxon went with him in quest of it, he should find it out, and know it as well the moment he came near it, as if he had been an inhabitant in it all his life.

Mr. Saxon, though somewhat of an unbeliever, yet must naturally wish to find it true, you may be sure, and yet partly doubting the event, and partly pleased with the visionary promise of a fortune he never expected, laughed very heartily at the oddness of the adventure, and said, he would consider whether it would not savour too much of Quixotism to be at the



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expense of a journey on such frolics, and on such a chimerical foundation of airy hopes, and that then he would call again and let Mr. Campbell know his mind upon that point

In every company he came into, it served for laughter and diversion, they all, however, agreed 't was worth his while, since the journey would not be very expensive, to go it by way of frolic. His wife, one morning, saying that she did remember some talk of a house, and such things as Mr. Campbell had described, put him forward upon the adventure; and upon Mr. Saxon's proposing it to his brother Barnard, Mr Barnard favoured the proposal as a joke, and agreed upon the country ramble. They came on horseback to Mr. Campbell's, with a third horse, on which the dumb predictor was mounted, and so on they jogged into Kent towards Sevenoaks, being the place which he described. The first day they set out was on a Saturday morning in June, and about five that afternoon they arrived at the Black Bull at Sevenoaks in Kent. It being a delicate evening, they took an agreeable walk up a fine hill, gracefully adorned with woods, to an old seat of the Earl of Dorset's. Meeting, by the way, with an old servant of the earl's, one Perkin, he offered Mr. Barnard, who, it seems, was his old acquaintance, to give them all a sight of that fine ancient seat.

After they had pleased themselves with viewing the antique nobility of that stately structure, this Perkin went back with them to their inn, the Bull at Sevenoaks. They that could talk were very merry in chat; and the dumb gentleman, who saw

## SCENTING A JACOBITE

them laugh, and wear all the signs of alacrity in their countenances, was resolved not to be behind with their tongues, and by dint of pen, ink, and paper, that he made signs should be brought in, was resolved (if one might be said to crack without noise) to crack his jest as well as the best of them ; for it may be truly said of him, that he seldom comes into any even diverting company where he is not the most diverting man there, and the head, though we can't call him the mouth, of the cheerful society. After having eyed this Perkin a little, and being grown, by his art, as we may suppose, as familiar with the man's humour, as if he had known him as many years as Mr. Barnard — "Pray, Mr. Barnard," quoth he, in writing, "how comes it you, that are so staunch and so stiff a Whig, should be so acquainted, and so particularly familiar with such an old Papist, and so violent a Jacobite as I know that Mr. Perkin, whom I never saw nor had any notice of in my life, to be?" "And pray," replied Mr. Barnard, "what reason have you beyond a pun, to take him for a Jacobite? Must he be so because his name is Perkin? I do assure you in this, you show yourself but little of a conjurer; if you can tell no more of houses than you do of men, we may give over our search after the house you spoke of" (here the reader must understand they discoursed on their fingers, and wrote by turns). Mr. Campbell replied, seriously, "Laying a wager is no argument in other things, I own, but in this I know it is, because I am sure, after we have laid the wager, he will fairly confess it among friends, since it will

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go no farther, and I," said Mr. Campbell, "will lay what wager you will apiece with you all round" Hereupon Mr. Barnard, who had known him a great many years, was the first that laid, and many more, to the number of five or six followed his example. The decision of the matter was deferred till next day at the return of the old man to the inn; they being about to break up that night, and go to bed.

The next day being Sunday, the landlord carried his guests to see the country, and after a handsome walk, they came through the churchyard. They were poring upon the tombs, no delight can be greater to Mr. Campbell than that, and really, by the frequent walks he usually takes in Westminster Abbey, and the churchyards adjacent to this metropolis, one would imagine he takes delight to stalk along by himself on that dumb silent ground, where the characters of the persons are only to be known as his own meaning is, by writings and inscriptions on the marble. When they had sufficiently surveyed the churchyard, it grew near dinner-time, and they went homewards, but before they had got many yards out of the churchyard, Mr. Campbell makes a full stop, pointing up to a house, and stopping his friends a little, he pulls out of his pocket a pencil and paper, and notes down the following: — "That, that is the house my vision presented to me, I could swear it to be the same, I know it to be the same, I am certain of it." The gentlemen with him remarked it, but would not take any further notice at that time, intending to inquire into it with secrecy, and so went on to the inn to dinner.

## JOCULAR TRAVELLERS

As merry as they had been the night before after supper, they were still more innocently cheerful this day after dinner till the time of service begun. When the duty of the day was performed and over, they returned to divert and unbend their minds with pleasant but harmless conversation. I suppose nobody but a set of very great formalists will be offended with scandal or scruples that, to travellers just ready to depart the town, Mr. Perkin came on that good day and decided the wagers by owning to all the company (secrecy being first enjoined) that he was a Roman Catholic, though nobody of the family knew it in so many years as he had lived there, which was before Mr. Campbell was born. This and other innocent speeches afforded as much cheerfulness as the Lord's Day would allow of.

On the next day, being Monday, they sent for one Mr Toland Toler, an attorney of the place, to find out to whom that house belonged, but by all the inquiry that could possibly be made with convenient secrecy, nobody could find it out for a long time, but at last it came to light, and appeared to be justly to a tittle as Mr. Campbell had predicted.

Being now satisfied, the next day our three travellers returned for London; and the two vocal men were very jocular upon their adventure, and by their outward gesticulations gave the prophetic mute his share of diversion. Mr. Barnard, as they passed into a farmhouse yard, remarked that all the hogs fell a grunting and squeaking more and more; and as Mr. Campbell came nearer (who, poor man! could know nothing of the jest, nor the cause of it, till

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they alighted and told it him by signs and writing), said to Mr. Saxon, laughing, "Now we have found out our house, we shall have only Mr. Campbell home again by himself, we have no further need of the devil that accompanied him to the country up to town with us, there are other devils enow to be met with there he knows, and so this, according to the fashion of his predecessor devils, is entered into the herd of swine."

However, the event of this journey, to cut the story short, procured Mr. Saxon a great insight, upon inquiry, into several affairs belonging to him, of which he would otherwise have had no knowledge; and he is now engaged in a Chancery suit to do himself justice, and in a fair way of recovering great sums of money, which, without the consultation he had had with this dumb gentleman, he had in all likelihood never dreamt of.

In the year 1711 a gentleman, whose name shall be, in this place, Amandus, famed for his exquisite talents in all arts and sciences, but particularly for his gentlemanlike and entertaining manner of conversation, whose company was affected by all men of wit, who grew his friends, and courted by all ladies of an elegant taste, who grew his admirers, — this accomplished gentleman, I say, came to Mr. Campbell, in order to propound a question to him, which was so very intricate, and so difficult to answer, that if he did answer it, it might administer to himself and the ladies he brought with him, the pleasure of admiration in seeing a thing so wonderful in itself performed; or, on the other hand, if he did not make a satisfactory reply to it, then it

## A SECRET DISCOVERED

might afford him and the ladies a very great delight in being the first that puzzled a man who had had the reputation for so many years of being capable of baffling all the wittiest devices and shrewd stratagems that had been, from time to time, invented to baffle his skill, and explode his penetration in the second-sight and the arts which he pretended to. The persons whom Amandus brought with him were the illustrious Lady Delphina, distinguished for her great quality, but still more celebrated for her beauty ; his own lady, the admired Amabella ; and a young, blooming, pretty virgin, whom we will call by the name of Adeodata, about which last lady the question was to be put to Mr. Campbell. Adeodata, it seems, was the natural daughter of this very fine gentleman, who had never let her into the knowledge of her own birth, but had bred her up from her infancy, under a borrowed name, in the notion that she was a relation's daughter, and recommended to his care in her infancy. Now the man that had the second-sight was to be tried. It was now to be put to the proof whether he could tell names or no. Amandus was so much an unbeliever as to be willing to hazard the discovery. Amabella and Delphina were strangers to her real name, and asked Duncan Campbell, not doubting but he would set down that which she ordinarily went by. Amabella had indeed been told by Amandus that Adeodata was the natural daughter of a near friend of his ; but who this near friend was remained a secret. That was the point which lay upon our Duncan Campbell to discover. When the question was proposed to him what her name was, he

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looked at her very steadfastly and shook his head, and after some time he wrote down that it would be a very difficult name for him to fix upon; and truly so it proved: he toiled for every letter till he sweated; and the ladies laughed incontinently, imagining that he was in an agony of shame and confusion at finding himself posed. He desired Amandus to withdraw a little, for that he could not so well take a full and proper survey of ladies' faces when a gentleman was by. This disturbance and perplexity of his afforded them still more subject of mirth, and that excuse was taken as a pretence and a put-off to cover his shame the better, and hide from one at least, that he was but a downright bungler in what he pretended to be so wonderful an artist. However, after two hours' hard sweat and labour, and viewing the face in different shades and lights (for I must observe to the reader that there is a vast deal of difference, some he can tell in a minute or two, with ease, some not in less than four or five hours, and that with great trouble), he undeceived them with regard to his capacity. He wrote down that Adeodata's real name was Amanda, as being the natural daughter of Amandus. Delphina and Amabella were surprised at the discovery, and Amandus, when he was called in, owning it a truth, his wife Amabella applauded the curious way of her coming by such a discovery, when Adeodata was just marriageable; took a liking to her as if her own daughter; and everything ended with profit, mirth, and cheerfulness.

I could add a thousand more adventures of Mr. Campbell's life, but that would prove tedious; and

## CONCLUSION

as the town has made a great demand for the book it was thought more proper to conclude it here. The most diverting of all are to be found best to the life in original letters that passed between Mr. Campbell and his correspondents, some select ones of which will be shortly published in a little pocket volume for the further entertainment of such readers as shall relish this treatise; in which the author hopes he shall be esteemed to have endeavoured at the intermingling of some curious disquisitions of learning, with entertaining passages, and to have ended all the merriest passages with a sober, instructive, and edifying moral, which even to those who are not willing to believe the stories, is reckoned sufficient to recommend even fables themselves.





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**I**T is not that Mr. Duncan Campbell stands in need of my arguments to prove that he is in no respect liable to the Acts of Parliament made against fortune-tellers, &c., that I undertake the writing of this appendix, the true reason thereof being the more completely to finish this undertaking. For having in the body of the book itself fully proved a second-sight, and that the same frequently happens to persons, some of them eminently remarkable for piety and learning, and have from thence accounted for the manner of Mr. Campbell's performing those things he professes, to the great surprise, and no less satisfaction of all the curious who are pleased to consult him, and at the same time proved the lawfulness of such his performances from the opinions of some of the most learned in holy science, I thought it not improper to add the following short appendix (being a summary of several Acts of Parliament made against fortune-tellers, conjurers, Egyptians, sorcerers, pretenders to prophesy, &c., with some proper remarks, suited to our present purpose), as well to satisfy them who are fantastically wise, and obstinately shut their eyes against the most refulgent reason, and are wilfully deaf to the most convincing and

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persuasive arguments, and thereupon cry out that Mr. Campbell is either an impostor and a cheat, or at least a person who acts by the assistance of unlawful powers; as also to put to silence the no less waspish curs, who are always snarling at such, whom Providence has distinguished by more excellent talents than their neighbours. True merit is always the mark against which traducers level their keenest darts, and wit and invention oftentimes join hands with ignorance and malice to foil those who excel. Art has no greater enemy than ignorance, and were there no such thing as vice, virtue would not shine with half its lustre. Did Mr. Campbell perform those wonderful things he is so deservedly famous for, as these cavillers say, by holding intelligence with infernal powers, or by any unjustifiable means, I am of opinion he would find very few in this atheistical age who would open their mouths against him, since none love to act counter to the interest of that master they industriously serve. And did he, on the other hand, put the cheat upon the world, as they maliciously assert, I fancy he would then be more generally admired, especially in a country where the game is so universally, artfully, and no less profitably played, and that with applause, since those pretenders to wisdom merrily divide the whole species of mankind into the two classes of knaves and fools, fixing the appellation of folly only upon those whom they think not wise, that is, wicked enough to have a share with them in the profitable guilt.

Our laws are as well intended by their wise makers

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to screen the innocent as to punish the guilty, and where their penalties are remarkably severe, the guilt they punish is of a proportionable size. Art, which is a man's property when acquired, claims a protection from those very laws which false pretenders thereto are to be tried and punished by, or else all science would soon have an end, for no man would dare make use of any talent Providence had lent him, and his own industrious application had improved, should he be immediately tried and condemned by those statutes which are made to suppress villains by every conceited and half-learned pedant.

'Tis true, indeed, those excellent statutes which are made against a sort of people who pretend to fortune-telling, and the like, are such as are well warranted, as being built upon the best foundation, viz, religion and policy, and were Mr Campbell guilty of any such practice as those are made to punish, I openly declare that I should be so far from endeavouring to defend his cause that I would be one of the first that should aggravate his crime, thereby to enforce the speedier execution of those laws upon him which are made against such offenders. But when he is so far from acting that he doth not even pretend to any such practice, or for countenancing the same in others, as is manifest from the many detections he has made of that sort of villainy which the book furnishes us with, I think myself sufficiently justified for thus pleading in his defence.

I cannot but take notice, in reading the statutes made against such offenders, our wise legislature hath not in any part of them seemed so much as

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to imply that there are in reality any such wicked persons as they are made against, to wit, conjurers, &c., but that they are only pretenders to those infernal arts, as may reasonably be inferred from the nature of the penalties they inflict, for our first laws of that sort only inflicted a penalty which affected the goods and liberty of the guilty, and not their lives, though indeed they were afterwards forced to heighten the punishment with a halter, not that they were better convinced, as I humbly conceive, but because the criminals were most commonly persons who had no goods to forfeit, and to whom their liberty was no otherwise valuable, but as it gave them the opportunity of doing mischief. Indeed, our law-books do furnish us with many instances of persons who have been tried and executed for witchcraft and sorcery, but then the wiser part of mankind have taken the liberty to condemn the magistrate at that time of day of too much inconsideration, and the juries of an equal share of credulity. And those who have suffered for such crimes have been commonly persons of the lowest rank, whose poverty might occasion a dislike of them in their fellow creatures, and their too artless defence subject them to their mistaken justice, so that upon the whole I take the liberty to conclude, and I hope not without good grounds, that those laws were made to deter men from an idle pretence to mysterious and unjustifiable arts, which, if too closely pursued, commonly lead them into the darkest villainy, not only that of deceiving others, but, as far as in them lie, making themselves slaves to

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the devil ; and not to prevent and hinder men from useful inquiries, and from the practice of such arts which, though they are in themselves mysterious, yet are and may be lawful.

I would not, however, be thought in contradiction to my former arguments, to assert that there never were, or that there now are, no persons such as wizards, sorcerers, &c , for by so doing I should be as liable to be censured for my incredulity as those who defame Mr Campbell on that account are, for their want of reason and common honesty. Holy and profane writ, I confess, furnishes us with many instances of such persons , but we must not from thence hastily infer, that all those men are such, who are spitefully branded with the odious guilt , for were it in the devil's power to make every wicked man a wizard, and woman a witch, he soon would have agents enough to shake this lower world to atoms , but the Almighty, who restrains him, likewise restrains those.

Having premised thus much, I shall now proceed to consider some of the Acts of Parliament themselves, the persons against whom they were made, and the necessity of making the same , and some of the first Acts we meet with were those which were made against a sort of people called Egyptians ; persons who, if in reality such, might, if any, be suspected of practising what we call the black art, the same having been for many ages encouraged in their country ; nay, so much has it been by them favoured, that it was introduced into their superstitious religion (if I may, without an absurdity, call it so),



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and made an essential part thereof; and, I believe, Mahometanism has not much mended the matter since it has imperiously reigned there, or in any respect reformed that idolatrous nation. Now the mischief these persons might do (being so much in the devil's power), among the unwary, was thought too considerable not to be provided against, and therefore our wise legislature, the more effectually to prevent the same by striking at the very foundation, made an Act in the 22 Hen VIII, 8, that if any, calling themselves Egyptians, do come into this realm, they shall forfeit all their goods, and being demanded, shall depart the realm within fifteen days, upon pain of imprisonment, and the importers of them, by another Act, were made liable to heavy penalty. This Act was continued by the 1 Phil and Mary, conjuration, witchcraft, enchantment and sorcery, to get money, or consume any person in his body, members, or goods, or to provoke any person to unlawful love, was by the 33 Hen VIII, 14, the 5 Eliz, 16, and the 1 Jac. I, 12, made felony, and by the same 33 Hen VIII, 14, it was made felony to declare to another any false prophecies upon arms, &c., but this Act was repealed by the 1 Edw VI, 12, but by another Act of the 3 & 4 Edw. VI., 15, it was again enacted, that all such persons who should pretend to prophecies, &c, should, upon conviction, for the first offence forfeit ten pounds, and one year's imprisonment; and for the second offence all his goods, and imprisonment for life. And by the 7 Edw. VI., 11, the same was made to continue but till the then next session of Parliament. And by

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the 5 Eliz, 15, the same Act was again renewed against fantastical prophesiers, &c , but both those Acts were repealed by the 1 Jac I., 12

Thus far we find, that for reasons of state, and for the punishment of particular persons, those Acts were made and repealed, as occasion required, and not kept on foot, or indeed were they ever made use of, as I can remember in my reading, against any persons whose studies led them into a useful inquiry into the nature of things, or a lawful search into the workings of nature itself, by which means many things are foretold long before they come to pass, as eclipses, and the like, which astrologers successfully do, whose art has been in all ages held in so great esteem, that the first monarchs of the east made it their peculiar study, by which means they deservedly acquired to themselves the name of Magi, or wise men, but, on the contrary, were provided against persons profligate and loose, who, under a pretence and mask of science, commit vile and roguish cheats. And this will the more plainly appear, if we consider the letter and express meaning of the following Acts, wherein the persons I am speaking of are described by such characters, which sufficiently prove the assertion, for in the 39 of Eliz, 4, it was enacted, "That all persons calling themselves scholars, going about begging, seafaring men, pretending losses of their ships and goods at sea, and going about the country begging, or using any subtil craft, feigning themselves to have knowledge in physiognomy, palmistry, or any other the like crafty science, or pretending that they can tell destinies, fortunes, or such like

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fantastical imaginations, shall be taken and deemed rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall be stripped naked from the middle upwards, and whipped till his or her body be bloody " And by the 1 Jac. I, 12, for the better restraining of the said offences, and for the further punishing the same, it was further enacted, "That any person or persons using witchcraft, sorcery, &c, and all their aiders, abettors, and counsellors, being convicted, and attainted of the same offences, shall suffer pain of death, as felons, without the benefit of clergy, or to tell and declare in what place any treasure of gold and silver should or might be found in the earth, or other secret places, or where goods or things lost or stolen should be found or become, or to provoke any person to unlawful love, such offender to suffer imprisonment for one whole year, without bail or mainprize, and once in every quarter of the said year, shall in some market town, or upon the market day, or at any such time as any fair shall be kept there, stand openly in the pillory by the space of six hours, and there shall openly confess his or their offence, and for the second offence shall suffer death as felons without the benefit of clergy "

That these laws were made against a set of villains, whose natural antipathy to honesty and labour furnished them with pretensions to an uncommon skill, thereby the more easily to gull and cheat the superstitiously credulous, and by that means discover from them some such secrets that might further them in perpetrating the more consummate villainy, is plain, from the very words and expressions of the very Acts

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themselves, and the description of the persons they are made against, and not, as I before observed, to prevent and hinder men from the lawful inquiry after useful, delightful, and profitable knowledge.

Mr Campbell, who has been long a settled and reputable inhabitant in many eminent parts of the city of London, cannot, I am sure, be looked upon as one of those these Acts of Parliament were made against, unless we first strip the Acts themselves of their own natural, express, and plain meaning, and clothe them with that which is more obscure, unnatural, forced, and constrained; a practice which, if allowed, would make them wound the innocent and clear the guilty, and render them not our defence, but our greatest evil. They would, by that means, become a perfect enigma, and be so far from being admired for their plainness, that they would be even exploded, like the oracles of the heathen, for their double meaning.

If Mr Campbell has the second-sight, as is unquestionable from the allowed maxim, that what has been may be again, and by that means can take a view of contingencies and future events, so long as he confines these notices of approaching occurrences to a good purpose, and makes use of them only innocently and charitably to warn persons from doing such things that, according to his conceptions, would lead them into misfortune, or else in putting them upon such arts that may be of use and benefit to themselves and posterity, always having a strict regard to morality and religion, to which he truly adheres. certainly, I think he ought so much the

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more to be admired for the same, by how much the more this his excellent knowledge is surpassing that of other men, and not be therefore unjustly upbraided with the injurious character of a cheat, or an ill man. However, this I will presume to affirm, and I doubt not but to have my opinion confirmed by the learned sages of the law, that this his innocent practice, and I venture to add honest one too, doth by no means entitle him to the penalties of the before-mentioned laws made against fortune-tellers, and such sort of profligate wretches, which it is as great an absurdity to decry as it would be to call him, who is a settled and reputable inhabitant, a stroller, or wandering beggar

Again, it is true that Mr Campbell has relieved many that have been supposed to have been bewitched, as is related and well attested in the book of his life, but will any one from thence argue that he himself is a real conjurer or wizard, because he breaks the chains by which those unhappy wretches were bound? No, surely, for if that were the case, we might then as well indict the physician who drives away a malignant distemper, and roots out its latent cause by his mysterious skill in plants and drugs, or conclude that the judge who condemns a criminal is, for the same reason, guilty of the self-same crime for which the offender is so by him condemned. Persons who delight in such unnatural conclusions must certainly be in love with the greatest absurdities, and must entirely abandon their natural reason, before they can be brought to conclude that the prince of darkness would assist men in destroying his own power.

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The best answer I can afford those men is silence ; for if they will not argue upon the principles of reason, or be guided by her dictates, I think them no more fit to be contended with in a rational and decent manner than bedlamites, and such who are bereft of all understanding. A rod is the best argument for the back of a fool, and contempt the best usage that ought to be shown to every headstrong and ignorant opponent.

In a word, I know of no branch of Mr. Campbell's practice that bears the least resemblance to those crimes mentioned in the foregoing Acts That he can and doth tell people's names at first sight, though perfect strangers to him, is confessed by all who have made the curious inquiry at his hands ; but what part of the Acts, I would fain know, is that against Knowledge, and a clear sight into things not common, is not only an allowable, but a commendable qualification , and whether this knowledge in him be inherent, accidental, or the result of a long study, the case is still the same, since we are assured he doth it by no unlawful intelligence, or makes use of the same to any ill purpose, and therefore is undoubtedly as lawful as to draw natural conclusions from right premises. Hard is the fate of any man to be ignorant, but much harder would his lot be, if he were to be punished for being wise, and, like Mr. Campbell, excelling others in this kind of knowledge

Much more might be said in defence of Mr. Campbell and the art he professeth, but as the arguments which are brought against him by his enemies, on

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the one hand, are trivial and ill-grounded, I therefore think they deserve no farther refutation ; so, on the other, his innocency is too clear to require it.

After having thus taken a survey of Mr. Campbell's acts, with regard to their legality according to the statutes and the laws of the nation wherein he lives, we will consider next, whether, according to the stated rules of casuistry among the great divines eminent for their authority, it may be lawful for Mr. Campbell to predict, or for good Christian persons to visit his house, and consult him about his predictions. I have, upon this head, examined all the learnedest casuists I could meet with in ancient times, for I cannot meet, in my reading, with any moderns that treat thoroughly upon this case, or I should rather have chosen them, because, perhaps, the second-sight was less known in those ancient days than it has been since, and so might escape their notice.

My design is first to give the reader a distinct summary of all that has been said of this matter, and to do it as succinctly and briefly as possible, and then to argue myself, from what they agree upon, as to this man's particular case.

That the reader may have recourse to the authors themselves, if they have a curiosity, and find that I don't go about to impose upon their judgments, I will here tell the reader where he may find the whole contents of the following little abstract of divinity and casuistry, because it would be a tedious piece of work to set down the words of each of them distinctly, and quote them every one round at the end of their several

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different sentences, which tend to the same meaning, but I will strictly keep to the sense of them all, and I here give the reader their names, and the places, that he may consult them himself if his inclination leads him to be so curious. Thomas Aquinas, 4, Distin. 34, quæstio 1, art 3, Bona, 2, Dist 7, art. 2, quæst 1, Joannes Major, 4, Dist 34, quæst. 2; Sylvester, "Verbo Malefic," quæst. 8; Rosella, "Verb Impedimentum," 15, cap 18, Tabiena, "Verb. Imped." 12 vers, Cajetan, tom 2, opusc. 12, "De Malefic.," Alphonsus, a Cast lib 10, "De Justâ Hæreticorum punitione," cap 15, Cosmus Philarchus, "De Offic Sacerdot.," p 2, l 3, cap. 11., Toletus, in "Summa," lib 4, cap 16, Spineus, in "Tract de Strigibus," Petrus Binsfield, in "Tract de Confessionibus Maleficorum."

These divines have generally written upon impious arts of magic, which they call by the name of divination, and this divination (as they term it) they divide into two kinds, the one in which the devil is expressly invoked to teach hidden and occult things, the other, in which he is tacitly called upon to do the same. An express invocation is by word or deed, by which a real pact is actually made with the devil, and that is a sin that affects the death of the soul, according to the laws of theology, and ought to affect the death of the body, according to civil and political laws. The tacit invocation of demons is then only, when a man busies himself so far with such persons, that it is meet and just that the devil should be permitted to have to do with him, though it was opposite to the intention of the man



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But then this express invocation again is subdivided into several species, according to the diverse manners by which the devil instructs these men.

The first is enchantment, which I need not describe, and of which I will speak no more, because it is what everybody knows to be detestable, and nobody ought to know the art thereof.

The second is divination by dreams, when any instructions are expected from the devil by way of dream, which is a capital crime

The third is called necromancy, which is, when by the use of blood and writing, or speaking certain verses, the dead seem to rise again, and speak and teach future things. For though the devil cannot recall a soul departed, yet he can (as some have thought) take the shape of the dead corpse, himself actuate it by his subtlety, as if it was informed with a soul. And some affirm, that by the divine permission the devil can do this, and spake so in the case of Samuel and Saul. But divines of a more solid genius attribute that power only to the Deity, and say, with reason, that it is beyond the devil's capacity. But it is certain this was a divination done in dead animals by the use of their blood, and therefore the word is derived from the Greek *νεκρὸν*, which signifies dead, and *Μαντήα*, which signifies divination.

The fourth species is called divination by the Pythians, which was taken from Apollo, the first diviner, as Thomas Aquinas says in his "Secundâ secundæ," qu. 95, artic. 3.

The fifth is called geomancy, which is when the

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devil teaches anything by certain signs appearing in the earthly bodies, as in wood, iron, or polished stones, beryls, or glass

The sixth is named hydromancy, as when a demon teaches anything by appearances in the water

The seventh is styled aeromancy; and it is when he informs people of such things by figures in the air

The eighth is intituled pyromancy, that is, when it instructs people by forms appearing in the fire.

The ninth is termed aruspicy, which is, when by signs appearing in the bowels of sacrificed animals the demon predicts at altars

Thus far as to express divination or invocation of the devil, which is detestable, and the very consulting of persons that use such unlawful means, is, according to the judgment of all casuists, the high road to eternal damnation

Now as to tacit divination or invocation of the devil, that is divided into two subaltern kinds. The first kind is, when, for the sake of knowing hidden things, they make use of a vain and superstitious disposition existing in things to judge from, which disposition is not of a sufficient virtue to lead them to any real judgment. The second kind of tacit divination is, when that knowledge is sought by the disposition of those things, which men effect on purpose and of their own accord, in order to come by and acquire that knowledge

Both these kinds of tacit divination are again subdivided into several species, as are particularly mentioned by St. Thomas, "*Secundâ secundæ*," quæst.

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95, artic 3 ; Gregory de Valentine, tom. 3, disput. 6, quæst. 12, puncto 2, Toletus, in "Summâ," lib. 4, cap. 15, and Michael Medina, lib. 2, "De rectâ in Deum fide post sanctum Augustinum," lib. 2, "De Doct. Christ," cap 19, et sequen.

The first of these kinds of tacit divination contains under it the following several species.

The first species is called *genethliacal*, which is when, from the movement or situation of the stars, men's nativities are calculated and inquired into so far, as that from such a search, they pretend to deduce the knowledge of human effects, and the contingent events that are to attend them This Thomas Aquinas and Sixtus Quintus condemn, but I shall, with humility and submission to greater judgments, inquire hereafter into their reasons, and give my opinion why I think this no evil art, but I submit my opinion, if, after it is given, it is thought erroneous.

The second is *augury*, when anything is predicted from the chattering of birds, or the voice of animals, and this may be either lawful or unlawful. If it comes from natural instinct (for brutes, having only a sensitive soul, have their organs subject to the disposition of the greater bodies in which they are contained, and principally of all to the celestial bodies) his augury is not amiss For if when crows are remarked to caw (as the vulgar phrase is) more than ordinary, it is, judging according to the instinct of their nature, if we expect rain, and we may reasonably depend upon it we shall be right if we foretell rain to be at hand. But sometimes the devils actuate those brute animals to excite vain ideas in men, con-

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trary to what the instinct of their nature compels them to. This is superstitious and unlawful, and forbid in holy writ.

The third is aruspicy, when, from the flight of birds or any other motion of any animals whatsoever, persons pretend to have an insight and a penetrative knowledge into occult and hidden matters.

The fourth consists in omens, when, for example, a man, from any words which others may have spoken on purpose or by accident, pretends to gather a way of looking into and knowing anything of futurity.

The fifth is chiromancy, which consists in making a pretence to the knowledge of future things by the figures and the lines of the hands and if it be by consulting the shoulder-bones of any beast, it goes by the name of spatulamancy.

As the first kind of divination, by a tacit invocation of the devil, is divided into five species above mentioned, so also is the second kind of tacit divination, or invocation of the devil, divided into two species by St. Thomas of Aquin, "*Secundâ secundæ, quæstione nonagesimâ quintâ articulo tertio,*" and too tedious to insert here.

Now all these ways are by these divines counted wicked, and I set them down that people may avoid them. For how many gipsies and pretenders to chiromancy have we in London and in the county? How many that are for hydromancy, that pretend in water to show men mighty mysteries? And how many in geomancy, with their beryls and their glasses, that, if they are not under the instigation of the devil, propagate the scandal at least by being

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cheats, and who ought to be punished to the utmost severity, as our English laws enact? Mr. Campbell, who hates, contemns, and abhors these ways, ought, methinks, to be encouraged by their being restrained, and people of curious tempers, who always receive from him moral and good instructions, which make them happy in the conduct of life, should be animated in a public manner to consult him, in order to divert the curious itch of their humours from consulting such wicked impostors or diabolical practisers, as too frequently abound in this nation, by reason of the inquisitive vulgar, who are more numerous in our climate than any I ever read of

But now to argue the case of conscience with regard to his particular practice by way of the second-sight, whether *in foro conscientiae*, it is lawful for him to follow it, or others to consult him? The divines above-mentioned having never had any notice of that faculty, in all likelihood, or if they had, never mentioning it, makes it a point more difficult for me to discuss, but I think they have stated some cases, by the making of which my premises, I can deduce from all the learned men I have above quoted a conclusion in favour of our Mr. Duncan Campbell, and of those who consult him, but my opinion shall be always corrected by those who are wiser than myself, and to whom I owe entire submission. I take leave to fix these premises from them first, and to form my argument from them afterwards in the following manner.

First, it is allowed by all these divines, that a

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knowledge which one may have of future things within the order of nature is, and may be lawful.

Secondly, they imply that where justice is not violated, it is lawful both to predict and to consult.

Thirdly, many of them, but particularly Aureolus, put this question — “Is it lawful to go to one that deals in the black art, to persuade them to cure any innocent body that another necromancer or dealer in the black art may have maliciously afflicted and tormented with pains?” And some of these casuists, particularly Aureolus, say, it is lawful on such occasion to go to such a conjurer, because the end is not conjuration, but freeing a person from it.

But I take leave to dissent from these great men, and think they are in a double mistake, first, in stating the question, and then in making such an answer, provided the question had been stated right

The question is founded upon this supposition (which is passed by as granted), viz, that one necromancer could release a person bewitched by another, which is absolutely false; for it is against the nature of the devil to be made an instrument to undo his own works of impiety. But admitting and not granting this to be possible, and the question to be rightly stated, why, still these casuists are out in their answer. “It is lawful,” reply they, “because the end of going to the conjurers is not conjuration, but freeing a good person from it.” But the end is not the point here to be considered, it is the medium which is bad that is to be considered. It is by conjuration (according to their hypothesis) the other conjuration is to be dissolved, and does not the

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common rule, that a man must not do evil that good may come of it, forbid this practice? And to speak my opinion plainly in that case, the friend that should consult a conjurer for that end would be only so kind to put his own soul in danger of being guilty of hell-torments to relieve his afflicted friend from some bodily pains, which 't would be a virtue in him to suffer with patience and resignation.

Others, almost all divines indeed, agree, that it is and may be lawful to go to a conjurer that torments another, and give him money not to afflict the patient any longer; because that 's only feeling him to desist from acting after his conjuring manner

These premises thus settled, if we allow the second-sight to be inborn and inbred, and natural and common to some families, which is proved in the book, and if all that Mr. Campbell has predicted in that second-sighted way terminates with moral advice, and the profit of the consulter, and without the violation of justice to others, as the book shows all throughout, if he can relieve from witchcraft, as it seems oath is to be had he can, which no one that deals in black art can do, why then I need not draw the conclusion, every reader will do it naturally, they will avow all the stricter laws of casuistry and morality to be in favour of Mr Campbell and his consulters.

**A REMARKABLE PASSAGE OF  
AN APPARITION**





# A REMARKABLE PASSAGE *of* AN APPARITION

RELATED BY THE REV DR RUDDLE, OF  
LAUNCESTON IN CORNWALL,  
IN THE YEAR 1665

**I**N the beginning of this year, a disease happened in this town of Launceston, and some of my scholars died of it. Among others who fell under the malignity then triumphing, was John Elliot, the eldest son of Edward Elliot of Treherse, Esq., a stripling of about sixteen years of age, but of more than common parts and ingenuity. At his own particular request, I preached at the funeral, which happened on the 20th day of June 1665. In my discourse (*ut mos reique locique postulabat*), I spoke some words in commendation of the young gentleman, such as might endear his memory to those that knew him, and, withal, tended to preserve his example to the fry which went to school with him, and were to continue there after him. An ancient gentleman, who was then in the church, was much affected with the discourse, and was often heard to repeat, the same evening, an expression I then used out of Virgil :—

“*Et puer ipse fuit cantari dignus.*”

The reason why this grave gentleman was so concerned at the character, was a reflection he made

## A REMARKABLE PASSAGE

upon a son of his own, who being about the same age, and, but a few months before, not unworthy of the like character I gave of the young Mr Elliot, was now, by a strange accident, quite lost as to his parent's hopes and all expectation of any further comfort by him.

The funeral rites being over, I was no sooner come out of the church, but I found myself most courteously accosted by this old gentleman, and with an unusual importunity, almost forced against my humour to see his house that night, nor could I have rescued myself from his kindness, had not Mr Elliot interposed and pleaded title to me for the whole of the day, which, as he said, he would resign to no man. Hereupon I got loose for that time, but was constrained to leave a promise behind me to wait upon him at his own house the Monday following. This then seemed to satisfy, but before Monday came I had a new message to request me that, if it were possible, I would be there on the Sunday. The second attempt I resisted, by answering that it was against my convenience, and the duty which mine own people expected from me. Yet was not the gentleman at rest, for he sent me another letter on the Sunday, by no means to fail on the Monday, and so to order my business as to spend with him two or three days at least. I was indeed startled at so much eagerness, and so many dunnings for a visit, without any business, and began to suspect that there must needs be some design in the bottom of all this excess of courtesy. For I had no familiarity, scarce common acquaintance with the gentleman or

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his family ; nor could I imagine whence should arise such a flush of friendship on the sudden.

On the Monday I went, and paid my promised devoir, and met with entertainment as free and plentiful as the invitation was inopportune. There also I found a neighbouring minister who pretended to call in accidentally, but by the sequel I suppose it otherwise. After dinner this brother of the coat undertook to show me the gardens, where, as we were walking, he gave me the first discovery of what was mainly intended in all this treat and compliment.

First he began to tell the infortunity of the family in general, and then gave an instance in the youngest son. He related what a hopeful, sprightly lad he lately was, and how melancholic and sottish he was now grown. Then did he with much passion lament, that his ill-humour should so incredibly subdue his reason, for, says he, the poor boy believes himself to be haunted with ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an evil spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place, as often as he goes that way to school.

In the midst of our twaddle, the old gentleman and his lady (as observing their cue exactly) came up to us. Upon their approach, and pointing me to the arbour, the parson renews the relation to me, and they (the parents of the youth) confirmed what he said, and added many minute circumstances, in a long narrative of the whole. In fine, they all three desired my thoughts and advice in the affair.

I was not able to collect thoughts enough on the sudden to frame a judgment upon what they had said, only I answered, that the thing which the youth re-

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ported to them was strange, yet not incredible, and that I knew not then what to think or say of it, but if the lad would be free to me in talk, and trust me with his counsels, I had hopes to give them a better account of my opinion the next day.

I had no sooner spoken so much, but I perceived myself in the springe their courtship had laid for me ; for the old lady was not able to hide her impatience, but her son must be called immediately This I was forced to comply with and consent to, so that drawing off from the company to an orchard near by, she went herself and brought him to me, and left him with me.

It was the main drift of all these three to persuade me that either the boy was lazy, and glad of any excuse to keep from the school, or that he was in love with some wench and ashamed to confess it, or that he had a fetch upon his father to get money and new clothes, that he might range to London after a brother he had there, and therefore they begged of me to discover the root of the matter, and accordingly to dissuade, advise, or reprove him, but chiefly, by all means, to undeceive him as to the fancy of ghosts and spirits

I soon entered into a close conference with the youth, and at first was very cautious not to displease him, but by smooth words to ingratiate myself and get within him, for I doubted he would be too distrustful or too reserved But we had scarcely passed the first situation, and begun to speak to the business, before I found that there needed no policy to screw myself into his breast ; for he most openly, and with

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all obliging candour did aver, that he loved his book, and desired nothing more than to be bred a scholar, that he had not the least respect for any of woman-kind, as his mother gave out; and that the only request he would make to his parents was, that they would but believe his constant assertions concerning the woman he was disturbed with, in the field called the Higher-Broom Quartils. He told me with all naked freedom, and a flood of tears, that his friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him, and that if any man (making a bow to me) would but go with him to the place, he might be convinced that the thing was real, &c.

By this time he found me apt to compassionate his condition, and to be attentive to his relation of it, and therefore he went on in this way —

“This woman which appears to me,” saith he, “lived a neighbour here to my father, and died about eight years since; her name, Dorothy Dingley, of such a stature, such age, and such complexion. She never speaks to me, but passeth by hastily, and always leaves the footpath to me, and she commonly meets me twice or three times in the breadth of the field.

“It was about two months before I took any notice of it, and though the shape of the face was in my memory, yet I did not recall the name of the person, but without more thoughtfulness, I did suppose it was some woman who lived thereabout, and had frequent occasion that way. Nor did I imagine anything to the contrary before she began to meet me constantly, morning and evening, and

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always in the same field, and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it.

"The first time I took notice of her was about a year since, and when I first began to suspect and believe it to be a ghost, I had courage enough not to be afraid, but kept it to myself a good while, and only wondered very much about it. I did often speak to it, but never had a word in answer. Then I changed my way, and went to school the Under Horse Road, and then she always met me in the narrow lane, between the Quarry Park and the Nursery, which was worse.

"At length I began to be terrified at it, and prayed continually that God would either free me from it or let me know the meaning of it. Night and day, sleeping and waking, the shape was ever running in my mind, and I often did repeat these places of Scripture (with that he takes a small Bible out of his pocket), Job vii 14 'Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions.' And Deuteronomy xxviii. 67. 'In the morning, thou shalt say, Would God it were even, and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning, for the fear of thine heart, wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes, which thou shalt see' "

I was very much pleased with the lad's ingenuity in the application of these pertinent Scriptures to his condition, and desired him to proceed.

"When," says he, "by degrees, I grew very pensive, inasmuch that it was taken notice of by all our family, whereupon, being urged to it, I told my

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brother William of it, and he privately acquainted my father and mother, and they kept it to themselves for some time.

“The success of this discovery was only this, they did sometimes laugh at me, sometimes chide me, but still commanded me to keep to my school, and put such fopperies out of my head. I did accordingly go to school often, but always met the woman in the way.”

This, and much more to the same purpose, yea, as much as held a dialogue of near two hours, was our conference in the orchard, which ended with my proffer to him, that, without making any privy to our intents, I would next morning walk with him to the place, about six o'clock. He was even transported with joy at the mention of it, and replied — “But will you, sure, sir? Will you, sure, sir? Thank God! Now I hope I shall be relieved.” From this conclusion we retired into the house.

The gentleman, his wife, and Mr. Sam were impatient to know the event, insomuch that they came out of the parlour into the hall to meet us, and seeing the lad look cheerfully, the first compliment from the old man was, “Come, Mr. Ruddle, you have talked with him, I hope now he will have more wit. An idle boy! an idle boy!” At these words, the lad ran up the stairs to his own chamber without replying, and I soon stopped the curiosity of the three expectants by telling them I had promised silence, and was resolved to be as good as my word; but when things were riper they might know all. At present, I desired them to rest in my faithful



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promise, that I would do my utmost in their service, and for the good of their son With this they were silenced, I cannot say satisfied

The next morning before five o'clock, the lad was in my chamber, and very brisk. I arose and went with him. The field he led me to I guessed to be twenty acres, in an open country, and about three furlongs from any house. We went into the field, and had not gone above a third part, before the spectrum, in the shape of a woman, with all the circumstances he had described her to me in the orchard the day before (as much as the suddenness of its appearance and evanition would permit me to discover), met us and passed by I was a little surprised at it, and though I had taken up a firm resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look back, yet I took care not to show any fear to my pupil and guide, and therefore only telling him that I was satisfied in the truth of his complaint, we walked to the end of the field and returned, nor did the ghost meet us that time above once I perceived in the young man a kind of boldness, mixed with astonishment, the first caused by my presence, and the proof he had given of his own relation, and the other by the sight of his persecutor

In short, we went home I somewhat puzzled, he much animated At our return, the gentlewoman, whose inquisitiveness had missed us, watched to speak with me. I gave her a convenience, and told her that my opinion was that her son's complaint was not to be slighted, nor altogether discredited,

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yet, that my judgment in his case was not settled. I gave her caution, moreover, that the thing might not take wind, lest the whole country should ring with what we had yet no assurance of.

In this juncture of time I had business which would admit no delay, wherefore I went for Launceston that evening, but promised to see them again next week. Yet I was prevented by an occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse, for my wife was that week brought home from a neighbour's house very ill. However, my mind was upon the adventure. I studied the case, and about three weeks after went again, resolving, by the help of God, to see the utmost.

The next morning being the 27th day of July 1665, I went to the haunted field by myself, and walked the breadth of the field without any encounter. I returned and took the other walk, and then the spectrum appeared to me, much about the same place where I saw it before, when the young gentleman was with me. In my thoughts, it moved swifter than the time before, and about ten feet distance from me on my right hand, insomuch that I had not time to speak, as I had determined with myself beforehand.

The evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself, being in the chamber where I lay, I propounded to them our going all together to the place next morning, and after some asseveration that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The morning being come, lest we should alarm the family of servants, they went under the pretence of

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seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse and fetched a compass another way, and so met at the stile we had appointed.

Thence we all four walked leisurely into the Quartils, and had passed above half the field before the ghost made appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with that swiftness that by the time we had gone six or seven steps it passed by. I immediately turned head and ran after it, with the young man by my side, we saw it pass over the stile by which we entered, but no farther. I stepped upon the hedge at one place, he at another, but could discern nothing, whereas, I dare aver, that the swiftest horse in England could not have conveyed himself out of sight in that short space of time. Two things I observed in this day's appearance. 1 That a spaniel dog, who followed the company unregarded, did bark and run away, as the spectrum passed by; whence it is easy to conclude that it was not our fear or fancy which made the apparition. 2 That the motion of the spectrum was not gradation, or by steps, and moving of the feet, but a kind of gliding, as children upon the ice, or a boat down a swift river, which punctually answers the descriptions the ancients gave of their *Lemures*, which was *Κατὰ ῥύμῳ ἂ ἐπίον καὶ ὀρμὴν ἄπζαποδισον* (Heliodorus).

But to proceed. This ocular evidence clearly convinced, but, withal, strangely frightened the old gentleman and his wife, who knew this Dorothy Dingley in her lifetime, were at her burial, and now plainly saw her features in this present apparition.

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I encouraged them as well as I could, but after this they went no more. However, I was resolved to proceed, and use such lawful means as God hath discovered, and learned men have successfully practised in these irregular cases.

The next morning being Thursday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space in meditation and prayer in the field next adjoining to the Quartils. Soon after five I stepped over the stile into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the ghost appeared at the farther stile. I spoke to it with a loud voice, in some such sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached, but slowly, and when I came near, it moved not. I spake again, and it answered, in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it spake again, and gave me satisfaction. But the work could not be finished at this time, wherefore the same evening, an hour after sunset, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words on each side, it quietly vanished, and neither doth appear since, nor ever will more to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

These things are true, and I know them to be so, with as much certainty as eyes and ears can give me; and until I can be persuaded that my senses do deceive me about their proper object, and by that persuasion deprive myself of the strongest inducement to believe the Christian religion, I must

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and will assert that these things in this paper are true.

As for the manner of my proceeding, I find no reason to be ashamed of it, for I can justify it to men of good principles, discretion, and recondite learning, though in this case I choose to content myself in the assurance of the thing, rather than be at the unprofitable trouble to persuade others to believe it, for I know full well with what difficulty relations of so uncommon a nature and practice obtain belief. He that tells such a story may expect to be dealt withal as a traveller in Poland by the robbers, viz., first murdered and then seached, — first condemned for a liar, or superstitious, and then, when it is too late, have his reasons and proofs examined. This incredulity may be attributed —

1 To the infinite abuses of the people, and impositions upon their faith by the cunning monks and friars, &c, in the days of darkness and popery, for they made apparitions as often as they pleased, and got both money and credit by quieting the *terrimenta vulgi*, which their own artifice had raised

2. To the prevailing of Somatism and the Hobbean principle in these times, which is a revival of the doctrine of the Sadducees, and as it denies the nature, so it cannot consist with the apparition of spirits, of which, see “Leviathan,” p 1, c. 12.

3. To the ignorance of men in our age, in this peculiar and mysterious part of philosophy and of religion, namely, the communication between spirits and men. Not one scholar in ten thousand (though otherwise of excellent learning) knows anything of it

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or the way how to manage it This ignorance breeds fear and abhorrence of that which otherwise might be of incomparable benefit to mankind.

But I being a clergyman and young, and a stranger in these parts, do apprehend silence and secrecy to be my best security.

“In rebus abstrusissimis abundans cautela non nocet.”

Sept 4, 1665

## POSTSCRIPT

It is possible that the unacquaintedness of some men with Church history and the writings of the ancient fathers may be one cause of their prejudice against things and narratives of this nature I could cite out of them hundreds of passages in confirmation (*a pari*) of what I have now done and written But a single testimony shall serve to fill up this page

St Cyprian was a father of the third century, contemporary with Origen, Tertullian, Lactantius, Clemens of Alexandria, and other learned men. Observe his words (S. Cyprian Epist. ad Demetrium Ethnicum, p. 328) —

“Si audire velles et videre quando spiritus mali a nobis adjurantur et torquentur spiritualibus flagris, quando dæmones ejulantes et gementes humanâ voce venturum judicium confitentur; videbis nos rogari ab iis quos tu rogas, et tamen ab iis quos tu adoras, videbis sub manu nostrâ stare vinctos et tremere captivos, quos tu veneraris ut dominos. Certè vel sic in erroribus tuis confundi poteris, cum conspexeris et

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audieris deos tuos quid sint, nostrâ interrogatione. statim prodere," &c.<sup>1</sup>

See Pamelius, "Notes on Tertullian," n. 64.

<sup>1</sup> "If you would hear and see when evil spirits are by us adjured and put to spiritual torture, when the very devils, groaning and lamenting with a human voice, confess a future judgment, you shall hear us intreated by those whom you intreat, and by those whom you adore you shall see those stand fettered, as it were, under our hands, and tremble like captive slaves, whom you worship as deities. Certainly you must be thus confounded in your errors when you shall see and hear your gods, upon questions we put to them, immediately betray what they are."

**THE FRIENDLY DEMON; OR, THE  
GENEROUS APPARITION**





## *The* FRIENDLY DEMON; OR, THE GENEROUS APPARITION

*To my anonymous worthy Friend, Physician, and  
Philosopher, whose name, for certain reasons, I  
forbear to mention.*

SIR, — I cannot, without great ingratitude, forget the friendly visits, and kind advice, I frequently received from you, during not only a dangerous but tedious indisposition, which surprisingly seized me in the year 1717, and, notwithstanding your extraordinary care, as well as unquestionable judgment, continued on me till the latter end of the year 1725, in which long interval of time, the attendance you gave, and the trouble you gave yourself, abstracted from all interest, made you truly sensible of my unhappy condition, and myself equally apprehensive of the great obligations I shall ever be under to so sincere a friend

The first occasion of my illness, as I have good reason to imagine, was a very shocking surprise, given me by certain persons, who pretended to be my friends in a considerable affair then depending, wherein their treachery threatened me with succeeding ruin, had not Providence interposed, and delivered the oppressed from the cruel hands of such deceitful enemies. Upon whose hard usage, and the news of my disappointment, I was struck, at first,

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with a kind of epilepsy, and deprived of all my senses in an instant, dropped down in the public coffee-house, under violent agitations, which, it seems, are generally concomitant with this miserable distemper; but being luckily assisted, and kindly supported by some gentlemen present, I happened to escape those ill consequences that might, otherwise, have attended me, during the extremity of my convulsions, which were reported, by those that held me, to be so strong, as to be almost insupportable, till the paroxysm declined, which terminated in a cold sweat, trembling, and weeping, and this was the first attack that ever this terrible assailant made upon me, though afterwards he forced himself into a further familiarity with me (much against my will). Nor could your kind endeavours, by the art of physic, backed with my own strength of constitution, fright away this evil companion from me, till my good genius, by the direction of Providence, communicated a particular secret to me, which, with God's blessing, has lately proved my deliverance, in what manner, before I conclude, I shall very freely acquaint you, in hopes you will favour me with your candid opinion in answer thereunto.

Near eight years was a long time to continue under the frequent returns, and uncomfortable dread of such a shocking affliction, which, upon every little disorder of mind, or disappointment in business, never failed to visit me, till, by convulsive, or other involuntary motions in my head, and other parts of my body, my eyes were buried in their sockets; my other features contracted; my bowels sometimes racked

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with intolerable pains, and all the faculties of my mind so greatly weakened and impaired, that I, who, for many years before, had been esteemed as an oracle by the most polite and curious part of both sexes, was now, for want of strength of mind, and ability of body to employ my talent, and exercise my art, as usual, treated like an old soldier, who had lost his limbs in the service of his country, and thought only worthy, by way of requital, to be made a hobbling pensioner in some starving hospital. But, I thank my stars, it proved not quite so bad with me, for though some ladies were too hasty and importunate to bear with the least disappointment, or admit of any delay, without showing their resentment, or refusing to trust their money till my convulsions afforded me a rational interval, wherein I might be able to give them ample satisfaction, yet others, of a more considerate, easy, and compassionate temper, were so highly concerned for my too apparent indisposition, that, in order to drive out this tormenting demon that possessed me, they brought me all the old recipes they could muster up among their crazy aunts and grandmothers, practised upon all occasions in their several families, perhaps ever since the time of Galen and Hippocrates. But, having been long under the care and friendship of so able a physician as yourself, though to little or no purpose, I could not put faith enough in old women's medicines to receive benefit thereby, so, under a kind of despondency of everything but Providence, I suffered my distemper to take its own course, till my fits increased upon me to at least twenty in a day, and by

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their frequent reiterations, brought, at length, such a dimness upon my sight, such a weakness in my joints, and tremor upon my nerves, that rendered me incapable of all manner of business, especially that which I had so long professed, and successfully performed, to the full satisfaction and great astonishment of thousands, but being now unable to write, and, for want of speech, having no other way of communicating my answers to the demands of the ladies and gentlemen that applied themselves to me, except by digitation, which they understood not, I was forced, sometimes, when much disordered by my convulsions, to send them away dissatisfied, which, if it were any mortification to them, proved a much greater to myself, because, upon my ready performances in the mystery I am master of, depends the welfare of my whole family.

Under these unhappy circumstances I laboured till the month of October, in the year 1724, confined, by my distemper, to my own habitation, not daring to go abroad for fear of falling in the streets, having been surprised by my fits in St James's Park, and several other places. But, about this time, being possessed with a strong inclination to the Cold Bath, near Sir John Oldcastle's, and the great desire I had to experience the same being highly encouraged by your advice and approbation, I summoned all the strength I had to my assistance, and, pursuant to the dictates of my own restless mind, had recourse thither accordingly, attended by a proper person to take due care of me, for fear of the worst.

I had not repeated this cold expedient above

## THE GENEROUS APPARITION

twice or thrice, but I was sensible of the benefits I received thereby, for my distemper began to treat me with less severity than usual, and my fits were succeeded with a greater defluxion of tears than what was common before I applied myself to the bath; so that, after my weeping was over, I found myself much refreshed, and all my faculties abundantly more alert, than at any time they had been since my first illness, insomuch, that, from a timely continuance of this external application, I entertained great hopes of a perfect recovery, but, notwithstanding my diligent prosecution of this sharp and shivering method, I was, to my great sorrow, unhappily disappointed, for my convulsions were as frequent, though not so violent, as formerly, and I was now again divested of all hopes of relief, except by the hand of Providence, having nothing to trust to, but that infallible Physician who can cure all things in an instant.

The despondency I was now under of any assistance from human art, and the slender opinion you seemed to entertain of my recovery, made my intervals as melancholy as my fits were troublesome. Oppressed with these hard circumstances, I supported a burthensome life, and dragged on the tedious hours till the latter end of the year 1725, about which time, as I was slumbering one morning in my bed, after a restless night, my good genius, or guardian angel, clothed in a white surplice, like a singing boy, appeared before me, holding a scroll, or label, in his right hand, whereon the following words were wrote in large capitals:—

## THE FRIENDLY DEMON, OR,

READ, BELIEVE, AND PRACTISE; THE LOADSTONE SHALL BE YOUR CURE, WITH AN ADDITION OF THE POWDER HERE PRESCRIBED YOU, BUT KEEP THE LAST AS A SECRET, FOR WITH THAT AND THE MAGNET YOU SHALL RELIEVE NUMBERS IN DISTRESS, AND LIVE TO DO GREATER WONDERS THAN YOU HAVE HITHERTO PERFORMED; THEREFORE BE OF GOOD CHEER, FOR YOU HAVE A FRIEND UNKNOWN, WHO, IN THE TIME OF TROUBLE, WILL NEVER FAIL YOU.

This comfortable news, though delivered to me after so surprising a manner, yet was it very welcome to a languishing person, under a complication of misfortunes. Notwithstanding, I had a great struggle with my natural reason, before I could convince myself of what I was yet confident my very eyes had seen, or, at least, had been represented to me after an extraordinary manner, for betwixt really seeing a vision, or verily believing we do see it, there is but a slender difference. However, the entire confidence I had put in Providence, and the great desire I had to be relieved, were to me convincing arguments, beyond all objection, that my guardian angel had actually appeared, and communicated to my eyes the very scroll that I had read, the words of which, lest my memory should have proved treacherous, I entered in my pocket-book, as they are before recited, the recipe only excepted

Having thus subjected my reason to my senses, or, at least, my faith (for I either saw, or believed I saw, what I have here reported), I had nothing else to do, but to put in practice the recipe which my good genius had imparted to me, though how to come at

## THE GÉNÉROUS APPARITION

a loadstone, seemed to me as difficult as to find out the Philosopher's Stone, having but a slender knowledge of the thing itself, and much less of its virtues. However, upon inquiry, I soon found out a certain virtuoso, near Moorfields, who is an eminent dealer in such sort of curiosities, and, by his assistance, I presently furnished myself with what I wanted, and sending for some fat amber, and a certain preparation of steel, which I privately dispensed in a very particular manner, according to the recipe communicated by my genius, then applying both as directed, was miraculously delivered, in a great measure, from those racking convulsions which had so long afflicted me, and, in less than a month's time, my whole microcosm was restored to such a happy state of health, strength, and vivacity; that, heaven be praised, I could do anything as usual. But, if I leave off my loadstone for two or three days, which I have sometimes done, merely out of curiosity, my fits, as yet, will remind me of my foolish presumption, and force me to have recourse to my wonderful preservative, which has not only proved so great a friend to myself, but has relieved others in the like distress; and, as I have found by three or four late experiments, is as effectual in suppressing vapours, and removing or preventing hysteric fits in women, as it is in epilepsies and convulsions in our own sex, either men or children.

Now, doctor, since I have happily conquered so stubborn an enemy, by such miraculous means as do not fail to assist others as well as myself, I desire you will vouchsafe me your real sentiments of this



## THE FRIENDLY DEMON; OR,

uncommon way of cure, your notions of the genii, and the wonderful manner of communicating the recipe; your thoughts of the loadstone and the virtues thereof; your opinion of sympathy, and the cures performed thereby, for I know you are a philosopher sufficient, as well as physician, to give a very good light into all these mysteries, in which I own I am to seek; therefore hope you will condescend so far as to spend a leisure hour upon the foregoing particulars, and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your assured friend, and humble servant,

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

*To my deaf and dumb Friend, MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL,  
in answer to his letter to an anonymous worthy  
Friend, Physician, and Philosopher.*

SIR, — I received your letter, and read the same with no less surprise than satisfaction, for, as I am greatly pleased at your miraculous recovery, so I am equally astonished at the wonderful means by which it was obtained. I confess, I have been too great a student in physic and natural philosophy, to entertain any extraordinary opinion of miracles, no ways accountable to human reason, except those that concern religion, which are brought down to our knowledge well attested, and recommended to our faith by unexceptionable authorities, not but that I am ready to admit, that the power of healing is in the hand of Providence, and that some patients, when their distempers, through the frailty of human judgment, derive their essence from so obscure an

## THE GENEROUS APPARITION

original that even puzzles the physician — then, I say, I am so free to acknowledge, when the blessing of God accompanies the administration, that the most trifling application in the eyes of art, may recover such persons from the most dangerous infirmities. This I look upon to be your extraordinary case, and therefore think not the means to which you ascribe your cure, or the manner of the recipe's being communicated to you, a proper subject for a physical inquiry, unless you had sent me the prescription of your genius, which I understand by your letter you are obliged to conceal, and then, perhaps, I should have been able to have judged, in some measure, which of the applications are most essential, the powder or the loadstone, also, how far your guardian angel is a regular proficient in the modern practice of physic

However, as you desire my opinion of the genn, the loadstone, the powder of sympathy, and the like, I shall not be only willing to give you my own thoughts, but the sentiments of others, before I take my leave, who have made the foregoing particulars their principal studies, and are therefore better acquainted with the nature of spirits, than I pretend to be.

As for the genn or familiar spirits, good and bad, believed and reported, by the most wise and learned of the ancients, to attend mankind, and the various operations they have had upon human minds as well as bodies, I cannot but confess, seem very wonderful to my defective understanding; yet, when we observe what innumerable instances have been handed to us

## THE FRIENDLY DEMON; OR,

by the most reputable authors, both ancient and modern, attested from time to time by unquestionable authorities, who, that, before he dived into these mysteries, looked upon the same to be whimsy, can forbear staggering in his opinion? .

The most celebrated instance of a genius among the ancients, is that of Socrates, one of the wisest of the philosophers in the age he lived in, and that he had such a familiar spirit to attend him, which the Greeks called *Dæmon*, and the Latins, *Genius*, is sufficiently testified by three of his cotemporaries, viz, Plato, Xenophon, and Antisthenes, also further confirmed by Laertius, Plutarch, Maximus Tyrius, Dion Chrysostomus, Cicero, Apuleius, and Facinas, besides others more modern, as Tertullian, Origen, Clemens Alexandrinus, &c But that which is of greater authority than all the vouchers aforementioned, is what Socrates says of himself in Plato's *Theage*, viz, "By some divine lot, I have a certain demon, which has followed me from my childhood, as an oracle, and this voice," says he, for so he terms it, "whenever it speaks to me, dissuades me from engaging in what I am about to put in action, but never prompts me to attempt anything" This, I presume, might be the chief reason why Socrates pursued not his own inclinations, which were naturally vicious, as himself confessed to the physiognomist, but was always accompanied with a divine spirit that restrained him from it, for, in speaking to Alcibiades, a vicious nobleman of Athens, but reclaimed by Socrates, says he, "My tutor" (meaning the spirit that attended him) "is wiser and better than you." And

## THE GENEROUS APPARITION

to show further, that what he called his demon was something more than a secret impulse of the mind, or dictates of a good conscience, Theocritus affirms in Plutarch, that a vision attended Socrates from his childhood, going before him, and guiding him in all the actions of his life, being a constant light to him in such affairs as lay not within the reach of human understanding, and that the spirit often spoke to him, divinely governing and inspiring his intentions. A thousand instances of the like nature I could collect from the ancients, to prove that what you have reported to me, in your letter, may be no delusion, but real fact, with all its surprising circumstances, could the task be comprised within the compass of a letter; but, a treatise of this nature being much fitter for a volume, I shall only proceed to a few familiar instances of a more modern date, that your wonderful cure may gain credit with the public, because I know your sincerity.

Froissart reports, that in the time of Edward III. there was a certain knight in France, called Corasse, who could tell everything transacted throughout the whole world, in a day or two at the most, were the distance never so remote, and this he did by an invisible intelligencer or familiar spirit, which he called Orthone, who was always at his command, and brought him news continually for many years, till at last he lost the benefit of so useful a companion, through a vain desire of gratifying his curiosity after the following manner, viz. : the knight, having hitherto only heard the voice of his spiritual emissary, was now infatuated with an earnest inclination to behold his

## THE FRIENDLY DEMON, OR.

shape, which favour he requested of Orthone ; accordingly, whose answer was, that the first thing he should see on the morrow morning, after he was risen from his bed, should be the object he desired, or words to that effect. The knight, the next morning, pursuant to the direction of the spirit, arose from his bed, looked about him, but could not discover anything worthy of remark, upon which disappointment, he upbraided Orthone with being worse than his word, who replied, he had kept his promise, desiring the knight to remind himself of what he had first observed after his rising. The knight, upon recollection, replied, that he saw nothing uncommon, but a couple of straws tumbling upon the ground, and sporting one with another, as if agitated by the wind. "That was I," saith the spirit, "and therefore I kept my word." Then the knight desired to see him once more, in such a shape as might induce him, the next time, to take more notice of him, to which the spirit consented, saying, "The first thing you see on the morrow morning, after your uprising, shall be me again." Accordingly, when the time appointed was come, and the knight risen from his bed, looking out of his chamber-window, the first object he espied, was a lean, ill-favoured sow, so deformed and ugly, that he was not able to abide the sight of her ; and not expecting Orthone to appear to him in so homely a manner, he set his dogs upon the sow to drive her away, who being highly affronted at such an unfriendly usage, immediately vanished, to the knight's great surprise ; and his old acquaintance Orthone never came near him after. This relation Froissart

## THE GENEROUS APPARITION

asserts he had from the knight's own mouth, with whom he was very intimate.

From hence I conclude, that the same sort of spirit that attended Corasse, has been always a friend to you, not only of late, in your miraculous recovery, but has at all times assisted you in writing the name of strangers, discovering the most secret intrigues, and foretelling future events, for which you have been famous. As for a further proof of the existence of spirits, and that, at some other times, as well as in your case, they have prescribed physic to their living friends, I shall quote an instance out of Mr. Glanvil's Reports, attested by the Lord Orrery, the famous Mr. Greatrix, and many others, living in the reign of King Charles the Second.

A gentleman in Ireland, near to the Earl of Orrery's house, sending his butler one afternoon to a neighbouring village to buy cards, as he passed a field, espied a company in the middle thereof, sitting round a table, with several dishes of good cheer before them, and moving towards them, they all rose and saluted him, desiring him to sit down and take part with them. But one of them whispered these words in his ear, viz., "Do nothing this company invites you to;" whereupon, he refusing to accept of their kindness, the table, and all the dainties it was furnished with, immediately vanished, but the company fell to dancing and playing upon divers musical instruments. The butler was a second time solicited to partake of their diversions, but would not be prevailed upon to engage himself with them; upon which, they left off their merrymaking and fell to

## THE FRIENDLY DEMON; OR,

work, still pressing the butler to make one among them, but to no purpose, so that, upon his third refusal, they all vanished and left the butler alone, who, in a great consternation, returned home without the cards, fell into a fit as he entered the house, but soon recovering his senses, related to his master all that had passed.

The following night, one of the ghostly company came to his bedside, and told him, that if he offered to stir out the next day, he would be carried away, upon whose advice, he kept within till towards the evening, and having occasion to make water, ventured to set one foot over the threshold of the door, in order to ease himself, which he had no sooner done, but a rope was cast about his middle, in the sight of several standers-by, and the poor man was hurried from the porch with unaccountable swiftness, followed by many persons, but they were not nimble enough to overtake him, till a horseman, well mounted, happening to meet him upon the road, and seeing many followers in pursuit of a man hurried along in a rope, without anybody to force him, caught hold of the cord and stopped him in his career, but received, for his pains, such a strap upon his back with one end of the rope, as almost felled him from his horse. However, being a good Christian, he was too strong for the devil, and recovered the butler out of the spirits' clutches, and brought him back to his friends.

The Lord Orrery, hearing of these strange passages, for his further satisfaction of the truth thereof, sent for the butler, with leave of his master, to come and

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continue some days and nights at his house, which, in obedience to his lordship, the servant did accordingly, who, after his first night's bedding there, reported to the earl in the morning, that his spectre had again been with him, and assured him, that on that very day he should be spirited away, in spite of all the measures that could possibly be taken to prevent it. Upon which he was conducted into a large room, with a considerable number of holy persons to defend him from the assaults of Satan, among whom was the famous stoker of bewitched persons, Mr. Greatrix, who lived in the neighbourhood, and knew, as may be presumed, how to deal with the devil as well as anybody, besides several eminent quality were present in the house, among the rest, two bishops, all waiting the wonderful event of this unaccountable prodigy.

Till part of the afternoon was spent, the time slid away in nothing but peace and quietness, but, at length, the enchanted patient was perceived to rise from the floor, without any visible assistance, whereupon Mr. Greatrix, and another lusty man, clapt their arms over his shoulders, and endeavoured to weigh him down with their utmost strength, but to no purpose, for the devil proved too powerful, and, after a hard struggle on both sides, made them quit their hold, and snatching the butler from them, carried him over their heads and tossed him in the air, to and fro, like a dog in a blanket, several of the company running under the poor wretch to save him from the ground, by which means, when the spirits' frolic was over, they could not find that in all this



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hurry-scurry, the frightened butler had received the least damage, but was left in *statu quo*, upon the same premises, to prove the devil a liar.

The goblins, for this bout, having given over their pastime, and left their May-game to take a little repose, that he might in some measure be refreshed against their next sally, my lord ordered, the same night, two of his servants to lie with him, for fear some devil or other should come and catch him napping, notwithstanding which, the butler told his lordship the next morning, that the spirit had again been with him in the likeness of a quack doctor, and held in his right hand a wooden dish full of grey liquor, like a mess of porridge, at the sight of which he endeavoured to awake his bedfellows, but the spectre told him, his attempts were fruitless, for that his companions were enchanted into a deep sleep, advising him not to be frightened, for he came as a friend, and was the same spirit that cautioned him in the field against complying with the company he there met, when he was going for the cards, adding, that if he had not refused to come into their measures, he had been for ever miserable, also wondered he had escaped the day before, because he knew there was so powerful a combination against him; that for the future there would be no more attempts of the like nature; further telling the poor trembling butler, that he knew he was sadly troubled with two sorts of fits, and, therefore, as a friend, he had brought him a medicine that would cure him of both, beseeching him to take it. But the poor patient, who had been scurvily used by these sort of doctors,

## THE GENEROUS APPARITION

and fearing the devil might be at the bottom of the cup, would not be prevailed upon to swallow the dose, which made the spirit angry, who told him, however, he had a kindness for him, and that if he would bruise the roots of plantain without the leaves, and drink the juice thereof, it should certainly cure him of one sort of his fits, but as a punishment for his obstinacy in refusing the liquor, he should carry the other with him to his grave. Then the spiritual doctor asked his patient if he knew him; the butler answered no. "I am," says he, "the wandering ghost of your old acquaintance John Hobby, who has been dead and buried these seven years; and ever since, for the wickedness of my life, have been lifted into the company of those evil spirits you beheld in the fields, am hurried up and down in this restless condition, and doomed to continue in the same wretched state till the day of judgment," adding, that "had you served your Creator in the days of your youth, and offered up your prayers that morning before you were sent for the cards, you had not been treated by the spirits that tormented you, with so much rigour and severity."

After the butler had reported these marvellous passages to my lord and his family, the two bishops, that were present, among other quality, were there-upon consulted, whether or no it was proper for the butler to follow the spirit's advice, in taking the plantain juice for the cure of his fits, and whether he had done well or ill, in refusing the liquid dose which the spectre would have given him. The question, at first, seemed to be a kind of moot point,

## THE FRIENDLY DEMON, OR,

but, after some struggle in the debate, their resolution was, that the butler had acted, through the whole affair, like a good Christian, for that it was highly sinful to follow the devil's advice in anything, and that no man should do evil that good might come of it, so that, in short, the poor butler, after his fatigue, had no amends for his trouble, but was denied, by the bishops, the seeming benefit that the spirit intended him.

I do not introduce this old surprising story to amuse you, but to let you know, that it is no new thing for spectres to turn doctors to ailing persons as they retain a respect for, and that your genius was not the first spirit that ever practised physic. Therefore, if this narrative, reported by Glanvil, Beaumont, and others, may obtain credit, upon the authorities of my Lord Orrery, Mr. Greatrix, and divers persons, who were in a great measure eye-witnesses of the matter, I see no reason I have to doubt the truth of your letter, since I know your integrity ; besides, it has always been allowed by such demonologers as have published their thoughts upon the visibility of spirits, that Scotland is never without such a sort of people as they call second-sighted, who have not only the power of discerning apparitions, but, by their frequent conversation with spirits, foretell future events, to the great astonishment of all persons that consult them. That there are such a sort of diviners in the world, especially in Scotland, I am thoroughly convinced ; of which number I take yourself to be one. But how to account for your mysterious performances, I readily confess I know not, and therefore

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shall submit that task to such as are qualified with a more subtle penetration

I doubt I have tired your patience with too much prolixity upon familiar spirits, therefore, to make you amends, I will be but short in my dissertation upon the loadstone, which, in the first place, is a very ponderous fossil, found in different climates, and seems in its nature and qualities to be nearly related to iron ore, from whence it is endowed with a peculiar property of drawing to itself by the power of sympathy, or the natural disposition it has to embrace that particular metal. In Egypt there are large mines of it; some few magnets have been found in Æthiopia, which have attracted iron very forcibly. But two sorts are dug up at the foot of the Sardinian mountains, of such different natures, that as one draws iron, the other will repel it, as you will find it reported by Johannes Jonstonus, in his "History of Nature;" also by Pliny, in his Second Book, who, for the aforesaid reason, calls this stone *Theamedes*. As to the singular virtues hitherto discovered in the common loadstone, the most admirable of all are the strict correspondence it maintains with the two poles, and the wonderful property it communicates by a touch to the needle, for the benefit of mariners. The power of its attraction is thought by some virtuosos to be owing to a clammy bituminous substance, by which the contexture of the more solid parts are closely cemented and confirmed, to prove this, work a loadstone in the fire and it shall cast forth a bluish flame, like that of lighted brimstone, and so continue till it spends its life, and loses the power of attrac-

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tion. There is a great deal of sulphur in iron as well as in the loadstone, which is the principal cause of their sympathising with each other, and if you destroy the first in either, the last will fail in course, which is the reason why the loadstone will not attract the rust of iron, though it will the filings, because in the former the bituminous matter is quite spent, and nothing left but a kind of *caput mortuum*. The loadstone hath also two poles, which answer those in the heavens, if you touch the needle with the north pole of the stone, it will point to the Arctic, if with the south part thereof, as it stood posited in the mine, it will point to the Antarctic, but not with the utmost exactness, except it stands in the meridian. But to be further satisfied in these mysteries, have recourse to Libavius, Cardanus, Pliny, Bodin, Porta, our own "Philosophical Transactions," and such authors as have treated more largely upon this subject, for, I suppose, all that you want to know of me is, if ever I have heard from others, or discovered by my own experience, any such physical virtue in the loadstone, as may tend to the cure of any chronical or other disease incident to human bodies, that may strengthen the opinion you seem to entertain of it in such cases, from the benefit yourself has lately received in so extraordinary a manner.

In answer to this, I confess, I have heard affirmed (but not by a physician), that the loadstone hath withdrawn the inflammation, and given ease in the gout, and by changing the application of it from one side to the other, has at length chased it away, to the perfect recovery of the patient, but in any other

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case, excepting your own, I never heard of a cure so much as facilitated or attempted to be performed thereby ; therefore, as the use of it in any disease is quite foreign to the common practice of physic, if others, as well as yourself, have received benefit by this new discovery, I think not myself obliged to account for it, till it becomes practical among my own fraternity, and then it will be time enough for any physician to give his thoughts thereon. Besides, I am a stranger to the preparation prescribed to you by your genius, and without the knowledge of that material secret, it is impossible for any physician, in your case, to make a clear judgment, or to know which of the two your cure is chiefly owing to, the powder or the loadstone ; for how far the latter may operate upon a body prepared by *pulvis martis* or other chalybeates, I shall not pretend to determine, though, for aught I know, wonderful cures may be performed in that way, but upon what reason in nature such a new system can be founded, seems very remote from my present understanding. But, since you are become sole master of so wonderful a secret, my advice is, that you keep the recipe to yourself, in obedience to your genius, and though you assist others, never do it without fee or reward, for all useful discoveries ought to be rendered profitable.

In answer to the last article of your request, I shall now proceed to say something of sympathy, and the cures reported to have been done thereby. The sympathetic powder, so highly esteemed about a hundred years since, by men of art in this kingdom,

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was first brought into Europe by a religious Carmelite, who, in his travels through India, Persia, and China, had made himself master of this secret, and from some of those eastern countries, came over into Tuscany, where he performed many considerable cures by this occult method, to the great astonishment of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in those parts, insomuch that the Duke of Tuscany himself was very desirous of becoming master of this surprising arcanum, but the honest friar, by many handsome excuses, brought himself off, and would not be prevailed upon to communicate his nostrum to his highness

Some few months after this, our famous English virtuoso, Sir Kenelm Digby, happening, in his travels, to be at the Grand Duke's Court, an opportunity fell accidentally in the knight's way to do the friar a service, which the good old man took so kindly at his hands, that he recompensed the courtesy with a discovery of his secret, and soon after returning into Persia, left no man in Europe master of the same but Sir Kenelm, who was the first person that brought the recipe into England, and that here wrought cures by it himself, and recommended it to the practice of others; so that, in a little time, every mother-midwife and country flaybeard became topping surgeons, especially for the cure of green wounds, for it is not to be trusted to in other cases.

This sympathetic powder, by which many miracles have been performed at great distances, is nothing more than the simple powder of Roman vitriol, either chemically prepared, or imperfectly calcined in the

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beams of the sun, from whence, 't is said, it derives a very balsamic virtue. A little of this applied to any instrument that has done mischief, or to a rag dipped into, or stained with the blood of a wound, never fails of curing the patient at the widest distance, provided the wound be curable.

Sir Kenelm Digby, to advance the credit of this surprising medicine, speaks very largely in commendation thereof, in a little treatise of his, written first in French, upon the same subject, wherein he boasts of a remarkable cure performed by himself, in a most wonderful manner, with only the use of this astonishing powder, and therefore, as in religious cases example goes beyond precept, so, to convince you of the miracles performed by sympathy, instances, perhaps, may prove more effectual than arguments for which reason, I shall proceed to furnish you with a notable experiment of this magical powder, and so conclude

Mr James Howell, a trusty servant to King James I, famous in those days for compiling a treatise, entitled "Dendrologia," and afterwards for his legacy to the world, called "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ," happened, when he was a young gentleman, to accidentally come by, when two of his dearest friends were fiercely engaged in a very dangerous duel, and to prevent further mischief, very likely to ensue, too rashly caught hold, with his naked hand, of his sword, whose passion prompted him to be the most desperate, in which attempt, the weapon being drawn through Mr. Howell's palm, cut the nerves and muscles thereof to the very bone, and, as they were



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thus scuffling, holding up the same hand to defend one of his friends from a blow upon his head, received another cut upon the back of his hand, cross all the veins and tendons, more terrible than the former; which, his friends perceiving, put a sudden stop to their inebrious fury, ran both to embrace him, and express their sorrow for the unhappy accident, lending him their assistance to bind up his wounds with his own garters, and so conducted him to his lodgings, where they sent directly for a surgeon, who found the case desperate, for he bled abundantly

Mr. Howell being a gentleman much respected by the quality, the news of his misfortune soon reached the court, and his Majesty having a great regard for him, sent one of his own surgeons to attend him, who found the case to be so very bad that he seemed doubtful of a cure, without cutting off his hand, which occasioned Mr Howell, about five days after the hurt was received, to apply himself to his good friend and neighbour, Sir Kenelm Digby, who at that time was famous for the sympathetic powder, begging his assistance in that painful extremity, telling him, that his surgeons were apprehensive of a gangrene.

Sir Kenelm, opening the wounds, found a terrible case of it, and a dangerous inflammation upon the part, which, Mr. Howell acknowledged, gave him such intolerable pain as was scarce supportable. The knight asked him if he had any bandage with the blood upon it Mr. Howell answered, yes, accordingly sent his servant for the bloody garter which had first bound up his wounds, and delivered it to

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Sir Kenelm, who, calling for a basin of water, went into his closet for a handful of his powder, which he infused therein, and then soaked the garter in the same liquor, whilst Mr. Howell was talking with another gentleman, at the further end of the room, not knowing in the least what Sir Kenelm was doing, who, after he had bathed the garter in the basin about a minute, called to his patient, and asked him how he found himself, who answered, "So wonderful easy that the inflammation seems to be totally extinguished, the pain quite gone off, and my hand I find as cool and as much refreshed as if it was wrapped up in a wet napkin." "Then," replied the knight, "fling off your dressings, meddle no more with plaisters, only keep your wounds clean and from the air, and I doubt not, but in a few days' time, I shall effectually cure you, without putting you to any further trouble." Much comforted with this assurance, Mr. Howell took a thankful leave of Sir Kenelm, and so departed.

Mr. Howell had not been gone above a quarter of an hour, before the knight took the garter out of the liquor, to dry it before the fire, and carelessly hanging it a little too near, the extraordinary heat, by the concatenation of effluvias, had such an effect upon the patient, that he made as many wry faces as a cook that had burnt his fingers, upon which he despatched his servant, with all imaginable expedition, to let his doctor know what a condition he was relapsed into.

Sir Kenelm, who presently conjectured the cause of this disaster, smiling at the message the servant had delivered, and snatching the garter from the fire, told him that his master should be very easy by the time

## THE FRIENDLY DEMON

he could return to him, which the footman, by the acknowledgment of his master, found to be true accordingly, Sir Kenelm doing nothing more to work this change, than cooling the reeking garter by a speedy repetition of his former application, so that, without any further accident interposing, the patient was thoroughly cured, in five or six days' time, by this extraordinary method, to the inexpressible admiration of all his Majesty's surgeons.

Sir, this is all, at present, I am at leisure to say in answer to your letter, and, I doubt, you will think it enough too, except more to the purpose. What extraordinary cures you happen to perform by your new method, I desire you will communicate to me as soon as you can conveniently, for to hear of your success will be no little satisfaction to, sir, your assured friend, and humble servant.

THE END

